

THREE YEARS  
OF FOOTBALL  
AT DARTMOUTH

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# *Three Years of Football at Dartmouth*



*Being the Story of the Seasons of '01, '02 and '03*



... *By* ...

LOUIS P. BÉNÉZET, '99

*Vos iuvenes quibus haec placeant, in ludum iniisse  
Et viribus validis certare in gloria sitis*



*To that great little man*

*WALTER E. McCORMACK*

*this volume is affectionately  
dedicated*



# FOREWORD.

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The *raison d'être* of this humble and unpretentious narrative is so evident that we need not discuss it at all. It is the simple story of the events of three seasons upon which Dartmouth men will like to dwell.

The writer gave his manuscript to a friend, a Harvard man, to be read and criticised. "Well," was the comment, "anybody would know that it had been written by a Dartmouth man; besides, you didn't need to rub it into us quite so much!" He was assured that no attempt had been made to conceal the fact that it had been written by a Dartmouth man. So it was,—written by a Dartmouth man, of Dartmouth men, for Dartmouth men. As for "rubbing it into" Harvard, nothing was farther from my intention. The facts of Harvard-Dartmouth contests have, of course, been given in a way to make good reading for Hanover men, but no statement has, to the slightest degree, been altered or exaggerated, to Harvard's disparagement, from the strict truth.

For the sake of readers who are not conversant with recent changes in the rule-book, it may be well to explain that the seasons of '02 and '03 were played under a rule requiring the teams to change goals after each touchdown or goal from the field, and that in September, '03, a rule went into effect requiring seven men in the line while the ball lay between the two 25-yard lines, but allowing the quarter-back to run with the ball on a direct pass, provided that he did not cut in within five yards of the spot from which the ball was put in play.

While a work of this kind must talk with the reader of the technicalities of the game as though he thoroughly understood them, it is hoped that the story of these contests will prove interesting, not only to the younger Dartmouth men and those about to enter the institution, but to alumni of riper years, who knew no football in undergraduate days save the old-fashioned game, with half the college kicking toward the north end of the campus, and the rest toward the gym. and the Dartmouth hotel.

I am under great obligations to Professor Charles H. Morse, who has kindly furnished the photographs from which several of our illustrations have been made; to Mr. F. A. Musgrove, '99, and Messrs. Merriam, Smith and Lampee, for courtesy in lending cuts; to Mr. F. C. Walker, of St. Paul's School, for kind assistance and criticism, and to Messrs. Witham, Place and Knibbs, who have done much to aid me in the work of gathering data.

Louis P. Bénézet.

St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., April 19th, 1904.

# THE SEASON OF '01.

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## RECONSTRUCTION.

With the opening of the season of 1901 began a new era in the history of Dartmouth football. The return to college, as head coach, of Walter McCornack, '97, was a turning point in that history. It was time for a change; for three years the Green had been defeated by both Brown and Wesleyan, and had lost quite a little of her former prestige. Year after year we had hoped for a team which would win, but three successive Novembers had found us chagrined, disappointed, and looking forward to the next season to retrieve our fortunes. And now the alumni and students were firmly resolved that to achieve victory no stone should be left unturned. "Mac" should be secured, the team should be shaken up and made over, the system of coaching should be wholly changed, and for the first time in the history of the college there should be a competent trainer to care for the physical condition of the men. Fortunate indeed was Dartmouth in securing the services of Mr. J. W. Bowler, once assistant trainer at Harvard, and for several years director of the Charlesbank Gymnasium, and no small share of the success of the seasons which we are to chronicle is due to his skill and watchfulness.

The class of 1905 was particularly rich in material, having men who had played more than one season under "Mac" at Exeter, as well as other "prep" school stars. The names of

Vaughan, Knibbs, Dillon, Patteson, Gilman, Clough, Belknap, Lillard, Conley, Melvin, Brown, Rix, Grover and Donnelly will show how great a proportion of our football players entered college with this class.

Yet the majority of these were ends and backs, and the great lack of heavy men was a source of anxiety to the coach all through the season.

The schedule was one of the hardest that a Dartmouth team was ever called upon to play, containing games with Williams, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Harvard and Brown.

The first contest was the game with the alumni eleven on September 24th. Played for the amusement of the visitors who were attending the Webster Centennial, it was mere practice for the undergrads. The alumni, however, went into the game "for blood," and by brilliant individual playing scored a victory over the two green teams which were put into the field against them, one in each half. The stars of years gone by had not forgotten their old tricks. "Pills" was the same old center,—a little heavy, perhaps, for good condition, but very much in the game; "Ben" and "Zeus" Marshall made a fierce pair of guards; "Ribsey" Lewis and "Squash" Little taught their opponents a thing or two about old-time football. It seemed good to see "Squash," with all the fierce old fighting blood up, crashing into the line before the ball was put in play, and pulling his vis-a-vis off-side in a style that had been in vogue a dozen years before. "Bill" Craig and "Charley" Whelan put up a great game at end, while "Johnny" Warden, as quarter-back, ran his team with great judgment. Behind the line "Charlie" Proctor lifted his famous kicks into the air, and bucked the center hard and low. "Bill" Stickney with his great shoulders carried everything before him when he struck the line; but it was

“Wife” Jennings, who, had he been permitted to play on Dave Campbell’s Harvard team, would have been praised to the skies as All-America half-back, who did most of the ground gaining for the “old boys.” Starting like a sprinter, wriggling through a hole scarcely big enough to admit a rabbit, dodging and shaking off would-be tacklers, once in the open field he showed the younger generation what a hundred yards in ten and three-fifths looked like—from behind. It was worth going miles to see. The first half resulted 6 to 0 in favor of the “grads.” At the beginning of the second half Charlie Proctor broke his nose and retired in favor of “Phil” Patey. The latter, who made right half his freshman year, only to be debarred from playing for the rest of his course, gave the undergrads a great deal of trouble. Low built, like Jennings, he was a hard man to stop. The alumni had scored again, and it was 12 to 0, but “Dubsy” rallied his men, and rushing the short winded “grads” down the field scored touchdown and goal. But time was soon called, and the “old boys” remained the winners.

On Wednesday, October 2d, Dartmouth met New Hampshire College in the first game of the regular schedule. The “Aggies” had a heavy team, but they were slow and did not play together. Dartmouth showed great team work, pulling and hauling the runner along many yards after he was downed. All the new material was tried out, and everybody was given a show. No less than six men were played at quarter: Witham, Belknap, Farmer, Hausmann, Melvin and Brotherhood. The game was a romp for the Hanover boys, the final score standing 51 to 0.

On Saturday, October 5th, Dartmouth defeated Trinity, 23 to 0, which was exactly the score made by Yale against the same team a week earlier. The game was even more

one-sided than the score would indicate, as Trinity made her distance but twice during the entire contest and held Dartmouth but once.

The Green made her first touchdown in short order. Newick's kick-off was over the goal line and Trinity punted to Dillon on Dartmouth's 50 yard line. He was not downed until he had covered 15 yards. In five plays more the ball had crossed the line. Goal. 6 to 0.

After the next kick-off an exchange of punts gave Dartmouth the ball near the center of the field. An off-side play obliged the Hanover men to kick. From their own 15 yard line the Hartford boys did their only effective rushing, making the 26 yard line before being obliged to punt. Dartmouth rushed the ball to the 25 yard line, where, as time was nearly up, Witham called for a goal from placement. The ball struck a Trinity player and crossed the line, Bullock falling on it for a touchdown. Score, 11 to 0.

In the second half Dartmouth put in an entirely new team. After several kicks back and forth, a fumble gave Griffin a chance to fall on the ball on Trinity's 40 yard line. From this point Colton, Clough and Patteson romped through Trinity's line for Dartmouth's third score. Alling kicked the goal. 17 to 0.

Griffin ran in the kick-off to Dartmouth's 35 yard line, whence Colton, Grover and Patteson, in uninterrupted procession, carried it down the field for another touchdown. Score, 23 to 0.

Again the ball was rushed nearly the length of the field, and was on Trinity's 15 yard line when time was called.

## Summary:

Dartmouth.	Trinity.	
Bullock .....	l. end r.....	Meredith
Hanlon		Garvin
Smith, R. B. ....	l. tackle r.....	Henderson
Alling		
Pratt .....	l. guard r.....	Johnson
Brown		
Lewis .....	center.....	Crane
Riley		
Austin .....	r. guard l.....	Myers
Smith, A. K.		Hill
Whelden		
Place .....	r. tackle l.....	Van Tine
Griffin		
O'Connor .....	r. end l.....	Allen
Lillard		Chapman
Witham .....	quarter.....	Tuke
Farmer		Merriam
Belknap		
Newick .....	l. half-back r.....	Townsend
Colton		Trumbull
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Wyncoop
Knibbs		
Patteson		
Dillon .....	full-back.....	Van Weelden
Morse		
Clough		
Grover		

Score, Dartmouth 23, Trinity 0. Touchdowns, Dillon, Bullock, Clough, Colton. Time, 20 minute halves.

## DARTMOUTH 45, BOSTON COLLEGE 0.

On Wednesday, October 8th, Dartmouth met, at Hanover, the team from Boston College, fully as heavy as herself, which had just succeeded in holding Brown to 12 points.

Dartmouth played 27 men in all, no one man being allowed to play more than one half, yet won the game with ridiculous ease. Boston College could gain ground in no way, and was surprisingly weak in handling punts.

The Green's first two touchdowns were scored in short order and in an unexpected way. Newick sent the ball over the line on the kick-off, and Captain "Jack," who was down the field like the wind, dived for it, while the Boston men stood stupidly looking on. For a moment there was silence, then "Mae's" voice rang out sharply from the side line, "I'm sorry, Boston College," said he, "but that's a touchdown," and from both sides of the field went up a roar of laughter and surprise. It took Boston College five minutes to realize that, as every man on the Dartmouth team had started behind the ball, they were all on-side.

The kick-off went to Newick, who was downed on the 30 yard line. Witham at once punted to Boston College's 15 yard line, whence, after McCusker had failed to pick up the ball, O'Connor dropped it over the line for his second touchdown.

Dartmouth's third touchdown was delayed by three fumbles. With very little opposition on the part of the visitors Vaughan finally carried the ball over.

The fourth touchdown took but ten plays. Score, Dartmouth 24.

A pretty run by little Jaek Belknap took the kick-off back to Dartmouth's 45 yard line. A long punt of Newick's was

fumbled, and it was O'Connor's ball on the 15 yard line. In two plays Morse was dragged over for another score. 29 to 0.

As has been said, Dartmouth put in an entirely new eleven at the beginning of the second half. A fumbled punt gave the Green the ball, near the center of the field, and in four plays Grover crossed the line. Score, 34 to 0.

A fifty yard run by Farmer, a few line plays and a 30 yard gain by Patteson resulted quickly in another touch-down. 40 to 0.

Another romip down the field, and Dartmouth was set back ten yards for off-side. Standing on the 29 yard line Chauncey Colton deftly sent the ball squarely between the posts for a goal from the field. 45 to 0.

Down the field once more. Herman fell on a muffed punt and it was Dartmouth's ball on the 25 yard line. As only 30 seconds of the half remained, Colton dropped back for another try at goal. The kick was partially blocked and the ball fell near the goal line, where Whelden touched it down. The score, however, was not allowed, as it was claimed that time had been up before the play started.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Boston College.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Nickerson
Hanlon	White
Herman	
Smith, R. B. ....	l. tackle r..... McCusker
Whelden	
Pratt .....	l. guard r..... Lucey
Riley	
Lewis .....	center..... Kenney
Smith	

Leach	r. guard	1.....	Rorke
Austin			
Brown			
Place	r. tackle	1.....	Koen
Griffin			
O'Connor	r. end	1.....	Sullivan
Lillard			
Witham	quarter	.....	Riley
Belknap			
Farmer			
Newick	l. half-back	r.....	McCarthy
Colton			Sullivan
Knibbs	r. half-back	1.....	Ford
Patteson			
Vaughan			
Dillon	full-back	.....	McCusker
Morse			Lane
Grover			

Score, Dartmouth 45. Touchdowns, O'Connor (2), Vaughan, Morse (2), Patteson, Grover. Goal from the field, Colton. Time, 20 minute halves.

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### DARTMOUTH 22, TUFTS 0.

On October 12th, Dartmouth defeated, at Hanover, the strong Tufts eleven, which, having just scored on Yale, was confident of a victory over the Green. The game was a romp for the New Hampshire team, which played 29 men before the contest was finished. Tufts fought hard to score, especially toward the end of the game, but with Hausmann, Clough and Foster, who was just out of the hospital, playing the back field positions, and a substitute line, Dartmouth stopped her opponents time after time. Little Jack Belknap

did great work in handling punts in the back field, contributing not a little to the "shut-out." As usual, Dartmouth did not get through the game without injuries. Knibbs was hurt, and Captain O'Connor, who had never been injured before in his life, retired with a twisted knee which kept him out of the line-up for five weeks.

Tufts' kick-off at the beginning of the game was caught by Grover, who ran to the 25 yard line. Colton sent a beautiful punt to Clement, and Tufts, forced to kick after gaining five yards, returned it. Twice more punts were exchanged, Colton gaining steadily, and Tufts making desperate efforts to rush the ball before kicking. Finally Farmer made a fair catch on the visitors' 45 yard line, and Alling tried for a goal from the field. The ball fell short and was caught on the 10 yard line, whence Clement punted 20 yards to Grover. Now for the first time Dartmouth rushed the ball, plunging through the visitors' line for long gains. The first touchdown came in short order, and Alling's goal made it 6.

O'Connor caught Tufts' kick-off and ran the ball in 20 yards. Colton punted to Tufts' 45 yard line, where Pratt, by a long dive, stretched Knight on the ground. On the first play Colton downed Clement for a four yard loss. Now three times in succession, after vainly attempting to rush the ball, Tufts tried the quarter-back kick, catching Dartmouth napping twice. Once Grover secured the ball, but the umpire, for some unexplained reason, took it away and gave it to the visitors. The third kick gave Tufts the ball on Dartmouth's 10 yard line, where Colton's beautiful tackle had saved a touchdown. On the first play Colton dropped the runner behind the line. Tufts tried O'Connor's end, but made no gain and sent Clement back for a goal from the field. He had no time to get the ball away properly, and it went wide of the mark.

Dartmouth kicked out, and Tufts, after trying Bullock's end for a loss, kicked back. The Hanover eleven now began to rush the ball again, and by the steady plunges of Patterson, Knibbs and Dillon the leather was carried two-thirds the length of the field for a touchdown. The goal was missed and the score stood 11 to 0.

After the next kick-off, an exchange of punts gave Dartmouth the ball on her 40 yard line, whence it was rushed to within 20 yards of a touchdown before time was called.

The second half began with Dartmouth's kick-off. Pratt, who had been playing a great game throughout, made another beautiful diving tackle, downing the runner on the 25 yard line. Bullock threw Ray for a loss and Tufts punted. Again the procession to the goal line, resulting in the third touchdown. Griffin's goal made it 17.

O'Connor ran in the kick-off some 15 yards. Newick immediately punted to Tufts' 50 yard line. Dartmouth was now playing a substitute team, with the exception of Griffin and O'Connor, yet the visitors were utterly unable to make any impression on the Green's line, and after three attempts gave up the ball on downs. Once more Newick punted, this time to Tufts' 10 yard line, where Knight's fumble gave the ball to Dartmouth, and the Hanover men's fourth touchdown followed immediately.

With ten minutes of the half still to be played, Dartmouth put in six more substitutes, and resorted to a punting, defensive game. The play was all in Dartmouth's territory yet Tufts never came within 35 yards of scoring. Twice Belknap was tackled back of the goal line with the ball in his possession, but each time it was a touchback and not a safety. The call of time found the ball in Dartmouth's possession on her own 22 yard line.

## Summary:

Dartmouth.	Tufts.	
Bullock .....	l. end r.....	Cannell
Hanlon		Dunham
Alling .....	l. tackle r.....	Coutten
Smith, R. B.		
Pratt .....	l guard r.....	Pierce
Brown		
Riley .....	center.....	Hill
Smith, A. K.		Lennett
Davis		
Place .....	r. guard l.....	Galarneau
Austin		
Leach		
Griffin .....	r. tackle l.....	Chapman
O'Connor .....	r. end l.....	Plunkett
Lillard		
Farmer .....	quarter.....	Sherlock
Witham		
Belknap		
Colton .....	l. half-back r.....	Clements
Patteson		
Newick		
Mulqueeny		
Hausmann		
Knibbs .....	r. half-back l.....	Ray
Vaughan		
Foster		
Grover .....	full-back.....	Knight
Dillon		
Clough		

Score, Dartmouth 22, Tufts 0. Touchdowns, Colton, Knibbs, Dillon, Vaughan. Goals, Alling, Vaughan. Time, 20 minute periods.

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### DARTMOUTH 6, WILLIAMS 2.

At the Cedar Street grounds in Newton Center, on October 19th, Dartmouth defeated Williams in one of the most exciting contests ever played between the two colleges.

It was the first time that the Purple and the Green had met since '99, when, in that never-to-be-forgotten game at Hanover, the Berkshire men had won out, 12 to 10. In memory of this contest, perhaps, two hundred men from Williamstown, six hundred from Hanover, and thousands of the alumni and sympathizers of each college from Boston had gathered to behold the struggle.

Now of all teams in the country Williams desires to beat Dartmouth. They would rather win from the New Hampshire institution than from Harvard. And in anticipation of this game they had been rounding their eleven into shape for some weeks previous. "Mac," on the other hand, not anticipating serious trouble from Williams, and looking rather to the Wesleyan and Brown games, had just picked his team some five days before, and, trusting in his swift-charging linemen, had not made much attempt to develop offensive plays. The Hanover team was not in good shape, physically. The captain was out of the game, as was Knibbs, the best defensive player among the backs. Colton was laid up on account of a bad muscle bruise, Dillon had been knocked senseless in Thursday's practice and was far from strong, Newick could scarcely bear a shoe on his foot, while Witham and Pateson had weak ankles which might give way at any moment.

On the other hand, Williams, with the best team that she had had for years, was all primed, as it were, for this espeial contest. Her men fought hard and died game. On the other hand, the Dartmouth linemen seemed to lack the snap and ginger which had characterized the playing of the team in previous battles.

It was a close, fierce, exciting game, which kept the six thousand spectators at fever heat throughout. Indeed, through the greater part of the second half, Dartmouth's supporters had several kinds of heart disease.

All through the first period Dartmouth showed great superiority to her rivals in both offense and defense. Williams was unable to gain ground at all, while the Hanover boys rushed the ball down the field time after time, only to lose it, when nearing the Purple's goal, on a fumble, on downs or a penalty. With a little more dash and go in the playing, Dartmouth should have scored at least twice in this first half.

With the score 0 to 0, the second half opened disastrously. Witham had a punt bloeked, and it was Williams' ball, dangerously near our goal. Twenty yards they rushed it, but on the three yard line the Hanover men made a wonderful stand, and took away the ball on downs. Witham went back for a punt, but Riley's pass was bad, and the quarter-back was forced to make a safety. The Berkshire rooters were wild with joy, and the Hanover men correspondingly depressed.

After the kiek-out an exchange of punts gave Williams the ball, but unable to rush it, she punted and Dartmouth earried it by short plunges to the Purple's 40 yard line, where it was lost on downs. Williams was immediately penalized for off-side, and Watson sent a poor punt to Patteson, who made a fair catch on the 40 yard line. Alling tried a place kick for a goal, and the Hanover eleven went tearing down the field

after the ball, which, falling on the six yard line, went rolling toward the goal. And now "Mac's" careful lessons bore fruit, and ignorance of the rules cost the Berkshire men the game. For, while Watson and Moore stood stupidly waiting for the ball to roll over the line, Hanlon, who of course was on-side, having started with the kick, hurled himself upon it and rolled over the line for a touchdown. Amidst wild cheers from the Hanover contingent Alling kicked a perfect goal. Dartmouth 6, Williams 2.

Williams kicked off, and Witham fell back once more to punt. Again the Berkshire linemen blocked, and it was the Purple's ball on our 12 yard line. Three charges through Dartmouth's left resulted in a first down on the Green's one yard line, and a groan went up as visions of defeat by a score of 7 to 6 floated before the minds of the rooters. Bullock was badly injured in the last play and took the limit of time. With time nearly up and a sure touchdown for the Purple in sight, it seemed as if no power could save Dartmouth from defeat. But the Hanover linemen were desperate. Two men broke through the center and the Williams quarter was tackled just as he passed the ball. In consequence it struck Peabody's shoulder and bounded into the air. Bullock leaped for it, and started off, with a clear field before him, toward Williams' goal. Had he been uninjured a touchdown of a sensational nature must have followed. But Graves downed him from behind, after he had covered 35 yards. Witham quickly punted out of danger, and after an exchange of punts time was called, with the ball in Williams' territory.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.

Williams.

Hanlon ..... 1. end r ..... Wilbur

Lillard ..... Vose

Alling .....	l. tackle r.....	Hatch
Pratt .....	l. guard r.....	Laurence
Leach		
Riley .....	center.....	Mossman
Smith		
Place .....	r. guard l.....	Cole
Griffin .....	r. tackle l.....	Dennett
Bullock .....	r. end l.....	O'Neil
Farmer .....	quarter.....	Moore
Witham		
Newick .....	l. half-back r.....	Watson
Brown		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Jaeckel Graves
Dillon .....	full-back.....	Peabody
Patteson		

Score, Dartmouth 6, Williams 2. Touchdown, Hanlon. Safety, Witham. Goal from touchdown, Alling. Time, 25 minute halves.

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### DARTMOUTH 35, BOWDOIN 6.

On Saturday, October 26th, Dartmouth met Bowdoin at Portland. Bowdoin had a good team, in excellent condition, and after holding Harvard to 12 to 0, a week or so previously, had great hopes of defeating the wearers of the Green. Indeed, the Boston Globe made no secret of the fact that it was Bowdoin's game, the only question being in regard to the score.

The Dartmouth boys, however, had recovered their morale during the week that had elapsed since the Williams game, and the majority of the cripples were back in the line-up,

with only Bullock, Knibbs and Captain O'Connor on the sick list. The shame that all felt over the narrow escape from defeat by Williams had resulted in hard, earnest work during the week, urged on by the stinging words of the head coach.

The day was a perfect one for the game, which was witnessed by the largest crowd that Portland ever mustered to behold such a contest.

Dartmouth played straight football, fast and furious, getting the jump on Bowdoin's line every time. To this very fact, however, was due Bowdoin's only score, as the umpire, a Bowdoin man, could not believe that the Hanover boys were not off-side.

Aided by three penalties for off-side play, Bowdoin succeeded in carrying the ball to Dartmouth's 45 yard line. From this point the boys in Green carried it straight down the field, losing it once for off-side play, but holding Bowdoin for downs immediately. Three plunges, one each by Brown, Patteson and Vaughan, and the ball was over the line.

Bowdoin's kick-off was fumbled by Patteson, and Fogg fell on the ball. Two gains by Bowdoin, and then the Dartmouth line stood like a stone wall; a third play, and the Brunswick boys were thrown back. The umpire was sure that this was the result of off-side play, and Bowdoin was given a first down, on the five yard line. Towne made a yard, but on the next play was thrown back. Again the umpire was sure that Dartmouth must have been off-side, and it was Bowdoin's ball on the two yard line. Afraid to charge, the Dartmouth line waited, and could not hold Towne back from their goal line. Score, 6 to 6.

Hunt caught the kick-off on the five yard line and was downed in his tracks. He punted immediately, but Dartmouth fumbled, and after trying in vain to make through the line, a second punt was sent to Vaughan by the Bowdoin

captain. Dartmouth's fast offensive machine now got to work, and another touchdown came in short order. Score, 11 to 6.

In the remaining time Dartmouth carried the ball from her own 10 yard line to Bowdoin's 15 yard line.

The beginning of the second half found Dartmouth rushing the Bowdoin team down the field, with Vaughan in the star role, though most of the gains were due to the machine-like precision of the team work. Dartmouth lost the ball on downs once, but soon recovered it, and Dillon, who here went in for Patteson, carried the ball 30 yards in three rushes, and had scored again. Dartmouth 17, Bowdoin 6.

Witham missed the kick-off, but Dillon picked up the ball and ran it in to the 30 yard line. The machine started going, and soon Morse had crossed the line for another score.

Bowdoin kicked off, and Witham, behind magnificent interference, ran in the ball 95 yards for Dartmouth's fifth score. Dartmouth 29, Bowdoin 6.

Time was nearly up, and Witham punted immediately. Hunt made 25 yards on a fake kick. Here the Hanover line held hard, and Hunt punted to Vaughan on Dartmouth's 35 yard line. The latter was off like a shot, running low and hard, dodging man after man, until only Fogg stood between him and the goal. But Witham hurled himself at the latter and they went down together, leaving "Jimmy" to complete his 75 yard run by touching down the ball. Griffin kicked goal and time was called almost immediately.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Bowdoin.
Farmer ..... r. end 1.....	Fogg
Griffin ..... r. tackle 1.....	Dunlap
Place ..... r. guard 1.....	Shaw

Smith .....	center.....	Philoon
Pratt .....	l. guard r.....	Davis
Alling .....	l. tackle r.....	Hamilton
Hanlon .....	l. end r.....	Kelley
Lillard		
Witham .....	quarter.....	Conners
Brown .....	l. half-back r.....	Hunt
Morse		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Munro
Patteson .....	full-back.....	Towne
Dillon		

Score, Dartmouth 35, Bowdoin 6. Touchdowns, Vaughan (3), Dillon, Morse, Witham, Towne. Referee, Kelley of Portland. Umpire, Ross, Bowdoin, '94. Time, 25 minute halves.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

Portland Sunday Times: "Dartmouth gave an exhibition of team work that could not be improved upon. It is no exaggeration to say that Dartmouth had the strongest team ever seen here. It plays as one man; the backs work together like a unit, and fast is no name for the playing they do. Certain it is that all their work so dovetailed together and was so accurately carried out that even the Bowdoin rooters were carried away with admiration for it. Dartmouth plays Harvard a week from next Saturday. She did not put in her best men against Bowdoin. What she can do it is impossible to judge, but if she can do better work than did Saturday's team, it would be safe betting that she will give the Crimson at Cambridge the hardest proposition to solve that has ever gone up against them from a small college."

Another account in a Portland paper said that Dartmouth's line was as good as her backs, the right tackle, in particular, playing like "a raging bull."

It was a proud day for "Jimmy" Vaughan. Playing in his home town, with half Maine there to see him, he was the star of the visiting team. His running in of Bowdoin's last punt was a beautiful piece of work.

Poor old Bowdoin had a fine team and before this disastrous game every prospect of winning the championship of Maine. But this defeat so crippled and discouraged them that even Colby defeated them, later on.

A wonderful man is our little head coach. Silent and inscrutable before the game, after it was over he relaxed entirely. At the theater in the evening the players passed him around as though he were a medicine ball, while he vowed he would put them all on the "second" unless they let him down. Yet on Monday afternoon, he was again like a steel trap, and every man on the team quaked at the sound of his voice. His telegram to the college raised an exultant, joyful yell: "Dartmouth 35, Bowdoin 6. Wesleyan next.

"McCornack."

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#### DARTMOUTH 29, WESLEYAN 12.

On Saturday, November 2d, Dartmouth met, at Hanover, the rival who had been the first to defeat her on her own grounds. For before the disastrous game in the fall of '98, no visiting team had ever won a game on Alumni Field. But for three consecutive years the sturdy Methodists had brought defeat to Dartmouth, and the sight of Inglis plowing through the line, dragging half the green-stockinged team after him, had become all too familiar to Hanover rooters.

This player, whom Charles E. Patterson called the best full-back of the last two years, and of whom he said: "Had he played on a large college team, his praises would have sounded from Maine to California," had been Dartmouth's "*bete noir*" for three years.

This year, however, the two teams were very evenly matched in weight and strength, Wesleyan averaging only a pound or two more.

After Wesleyan had run in the kick-off to the 25 yard line and had made first down once, Thompson broke through Dartmouth's line, and with Nixon interfering for him ran down the field with only "Jimmy" Vaughan between him and the goal line. A groan burst from the crowd, for it seemed a sure touchdown; but suddenly a cheer rang forth,—"Jimmy," by a wonderful tackle, had dodged the quarter-back and stretched the runner on the ground. Plunges by Inglis brought the ball to the 12 yard line. Here, amidst the wildest enthusiasm, Dartmouth held firmly and took the ball away.

A bad punt by Witham sent the ball outside at the 28 yard line, and the trouble began again. On the seven yard line Dartmouth held twice, and in the next play a fumble gave Smith the ball. Again we were sure that the goal was safe; but on the very next play came a fumble, and in two plunges Inglis was over. Score, Wesleyan 6, Dartmouth 0.

The kick-off was caught by Inglis, who was downed by Smith on the 20 yard line. After a small gain or two, Thompson broke through Dartmouth's line for 40 yards. A beautiful tackle by Witham stopped him. Lillard took Bullock's place. Inglis tried right end, but Lillard, by a beautiful long, diving tackle, stretched him on the ground, and he had to be helped off the field. Dartmouth now gained possession of the

ball, the offensive machine went to work, and by three and four yard gains Knibbs and Vaughan smashed their way through the Wesleyan line. A touchdown by the right half-back and a goal by Griffin tied the score.

A fumble gave Wesleyan the ball on the 40 yard line, and 10 yards for off-side play, with two line charges, brought it to the Green's 23 yard line, beyond which it could not be forced. A goal from the field was attempted, but Pratt blocked it. Wesleyan still kept the ball, and being unable to reach the 25 yard line, tried another goal from the field. This, too, was blocked, and Dartmouth secured the ball. Dartmouth now began her march down the field, gaining steadily; when suddenly Thompson, having snatched the ball from Knibbs' hands, emerged from the crowd and with a clear field tore down towards the goal for a touchdown. Protest was made, but the officials had seen nothing, and the play was allowed. Score, Wesleyan 12, Dartmouth 6.

Dartmouth was now desperate. Patteson tackled Thompson viciously on the 15 yard line, and Dartmouth ripped up the Wesleyan line twice, holding the backs for no gain. A short punt was sent to Vaughan, who failed to catch it, and it was Wesleyan's ball in the middle of the field. Again Wesleyan could not gain, and punted to Vaughan on the five yard line. He atoned for his recent muff by a 35 yard run, aided by Farmer's interference. A delayed pass, well executed, sent Vaughan to Wesleyan's 30 yard line. Dartmouth was playing beautiful offensive football, having covered 80 yards in less than 40 seconds. Two more plays and time for the first half was called, with the ball on Wesleyan's 20 yard line. But for Thompson's run, which should not have been allowed, the score would have stood: Dartmouth 12, Wesleyan 6.

Between the halves McCornack had given the team a severe dressing down and they came out with three new backs and a fresh tackle, smarting under the check they had encountered, and eager to retrieve their fortunes. Farmer ran in the kick-off, and Dillon, Morse and Brown smashed the Middletown line for long gains. A touchdown followed in short order and a roar of applause announced the fact that Griffin had kicked a difficult goal, and the score was tied, 12 to 12.

Wesleyan was not beaten yet, however, and held Dartmouth twice, soon after the next kick-off. Witham punted, and Wesleyan, unable to gain, punted back. The ball went outside the 30 yard line, and from here Dillon and Morse carried it down the field and over for the third touchdown. Score, 18 to 12. Dartmouth now led, and everyone breathed easier.

A pretty broken field run by Dillon brought back the kick-off to the 45 yard line. Again the machine got to work, and did not stop until the Methodists' goal line had been crossed again. 24 to 12.

Dillon ran in the kick-off to the 35 yard line, where the ball went to Wesleyan on a fumble. Unable to gain, Calder tried a drop kick. This was blocked, and Griffin fell on the ball. Wesleyan held, and Witham punted to Thompson, who was dropped on his own 40 yard line by Pratt and Smith. Wesleyan could not gain and punted. Smith caught the ball on the 50 yard line. Time was nearly up, and after a few rushes Griffin was sent back to the 37 yard line to try for a goal from the field. "I'll bet a dollar he gets it," cried the little head coach, excitedly, to the crowd near him. Straight as an arrow flew the ball, safely over the heads of the players, squarely between the goal posts. 29 to 12 the score stood

now, yet plucky Wesleyan did not give in. She held Dartmouth for downs and had the ball on the 35 yard line when, in the gathering darkness, time was called.

Summary:

Dartmouth.	Wesleyan.
Farmer .....	l. end r.....
	Ackhart Garrison
Alling .....	l. tackle r.....
Smith, R. B.	Goode
Pratt .....	l. guard r.....
Smith .....	Silliman center.....
Place .....	Espy
Griffin .....	Pike
	Montgomery Newton
Bullock .....	r. end l.....
Lillard	Eyester
Witham .....	quarter.....
Patteson .....	Thompson
Dillon	
Vaughan .....	Dillon
Brown	
Knibbs .....	Corscaden
Morse	
	Inglis
	Calder

Score, Dartmouth 29, Wesleyan 12. Touchdowns, Vaughan, Morse (2), Dillon, Inglis, Thompson. Goal from the field, Griffin. Referee, Mr. Lane of Harvard. Umpire, Mr. Hazen of Yale. Time, 30 and 35 minute halves.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Dartmouth's offense was wonderful, Dillon, Vaughan and Morse excelling in this department; but the defense was not up to its usual standard. Witham and Knibbs did the best backing up of the line.

Wesleyan had a team which was not by any means to be despised. Its center trio averaged 204 pounds in weight, its ends were fast and clever, and its backs stars of the first magnitude. In Newton, too, it had a tackle whom Griffin considered the best man that faced him during the whole season, not even excepting Webb of Brown.

Had Thompson's run for a touchdown been disallowed, the score would have been as good as that made against Bowdoin, 35 to 6.

The injury to Captain Inglis kept him out of the Williams game, which Wesleyan lost, 11 to 5.

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**DARTMOUTH 22, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT 0.**

On Saturday, November 9th, Dartmouth took revenge upon the University of Vermont for the disgraceful 0 to 0 score of the previous year. Encouraged by this game, Vermont came to Hanover with the idea that she was going to repeat the dose, and her men fought hard.

"Mac" had been giving all his attention during the week just past to defense, for the Wesleyan game had shown that this was the weak point in Dartmouth's play. Consequently the offense of the team suffered, and play, except when Vermont had the ball, was not full of snap and dash. Only twice during the whole game did Vermont make first down, so fierce was Dartmouth's defense.

Dartmouth began the game by rushing the ball to Vermont's 30 yard line, where Griffin made a trial for goal from the field. Vermont secured the ball, but could not gain, and punted. Dartmouth again rushed to the 30 yard line and Griffin failed a second time to secure a goal from placement. As the ball had rolled over the goal line, Vermont kicked out and Dartmouth rushed the ball back to the 25 yard line. Here a fumble occurred and Griffin tried for another goal from the field. U. V. M. blocked the kick and punted immediately to Witham on the 50 yard line. On the first play Patterson tore around the end behind beautiful interference for 50 yards and a touchdown. Score, 5 to 0.

Just before the close of the half Dartmouth was near enough to try a goal from the field, which was blocked by the Vermonters.

At the beginning of the second half Vermont was caught napping, and Lillard, who was down the field like a flash, fell on the kick-off for a touchdown. Score, 10 to 0.

Dartmouth's backs now came out of their trance and rushed the ball rapidly down the field, never requiring more than two downs for their distance. On the 25 yard line a fumble cost the Green the ball, and Vermont, after trying in vain to advance the ball, punted to her own 45 yard line. From this point it took but ten plays to carry the ball over the line, Place, Vaughan and Morse gaining all the distance. Score, Dartmouth 16.

Dartmouth rushed the ball to Vermont's 25 yard line, where Griffin tried for another goal from the field. In this play Vermont was badly off-side, as she had been several times during the game, without being penalized. While the Hanover men were clustering around the officials, Bates of

Vermont, with the ball tucked under his arm, passed unobserved, and was tearing down the field toward Dartmouth's goal when three or four Dartmouthites set sail in pursuit. Morse finally overhauled him on the Green's 45 yard line. Dartmouth soon recovered the ball, and after an exchange of kicks, rushed it to Vermont's 20 yard line, where Brown broke through the line for the last touchdown. Score, Dartmouth 22.

**Summary:**

Dartmouth.	Vermont.
Newick .....	l. end r..... Morse
Farmer	
Alling .....	l. tackle r..... Pierce
Leach	
Smith, R. B .....	l. guard r..... Parker
Pratt	Bean
Smith, A. K. ....	center..... Beckley
Place .....	r. guard l..... Osborn
Griffin .....	r. tackle l..... Patteson
Lillard .....	r. end l..... Bates
Witham .....	quarter..... Joyner
Patteson .....	l. half-back r..... Welch
Brown	
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l..... Newton
Knibbs .....	full-back..... Strait
Morse	

Score, Dartmouth 22, Vermont 0. Touchdowns, Patteson, Lillard, Morse, Brown. Time, 25 minute halves.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The injury to Alling kept him out of the game for the remainder of the season.

How far off-color was Dartmouth's offense may be seen from the fact that Union defeated U. V. M. 21 to 5 a few days later, and subsequently was herself defeated by Brown 24 to 5. Had Dartmouth been able to rush the ball as against Wesleyan, the score must have been over 40.

Patteson's ability to run in 10 and 2-5 seconds did him good service when once he cleared Vermont's end.

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DARTMOUTH 12, HARVARD 27.

On Saturday, November 16th, Dartmouth met Harvard on Soldiers' Field, and was defeated by a score of 27 to 12. This score does not at all tell the true story of the contest, however, which was obstinate, and anything but a walkover for the Crimson. Six of Harvard's points were made on a 65 yard run by Barnard, who picked the ball out of Place's hands after the latter had called "Down." Five more points came as a genuine surprise, in the shape of a drop kick by Daly, who has never before or since turned the trick in a contest. Moreover, Dartmouth was badly outweighed, especially in the line, where her men averaged 19 pounds per man lighter than Harvard's. This great discrepancy in weight was the main cause of Dartmouth's loss, for the Hanover line "got the jump" on the Crimson every time, even according to the Boston papers, and Dartmouth's backs were as fast as Harvard's in offense, and decidedly stronger on defense. Harvard had a strong, heavy, veteran team, including three or four graduates of other colleges, and most of her men had

been playing football for ten years, yet the writer was assured by a veteran player who saw the game, that Dartmouth, as a team, knew the more and played the better football. Harvard had not been defeated or tied during the whole season, had had but two touchdowns made upon her, both by flukes, and ended her career one week later by smothering Yale, 22 to 0.

That Brown must be defeated was the thought ever present to Coach McCornack, and because he was assured that the Providence men had sent their coaches up to "get a line" on Dartmouth's play, he would not permit the use of any of our best formations, and ordered the quarters to play a kicking, defensive game. Harvard, on the other hand, was giving a final "trying-out" of the plays to be used the following Saturday against Yale, and was working her hardest.

Boston papers spoke of the "fast, spunky football" put up by Dartmouth "from start to finish," and said that the playing on both sides, while hard and fierce, was "thoroughly clean and gentlemanly." The game was enthusiastically followed by the 9,000 spectators, and the cheering and singing was as continuous and thrilling as it ever is in the Harvard-Yale games. The contest was full of unusual features: pretty runs, open play, trials for goals from the field, and a great deal of punting. Witham and Griffin easily outdistanced the Crimson punter and made gains both with and against the wind.

Harvard's kick-off, in the first half, was caught by Morse. Witham, obeying orders, immediately punted to Marshall on Harvard's 35 yard line. By slow gains of two and three yards the Crimson hammered her way to Dartmouth's 35 yard line, where, rather than lose the ball, she carried it back 20 yards. Farmer threw Putnam for a loss, and he punted to

Witham on the 35 yard line. The latter promptly punted to Harvard's 50 yard line, whence, aided by penalties for off-side, the Crimson slowly rushed the ball down the field for her first touchdown. The tandem formation with Graydon carrying the ball, the play which plowed through the Blue on November 23d, was the chief ground-gainer for Harvard. Score, Harvard 5. Time, 16 minutes.

Griffin's kick-off was away over the goal line, and Putnam kicked out from his own 20 yard line to Griffin again, who made a fair catch. There was deathly silence as the latter tried for a goal from the field, for a good kick meant a tie score. The ball fell short, and it was run back to Harvard's 30 yard line. Devens made a 10 yard run around the end, and Harvard was given 10 yards more by the umpire. Lawrence and Graydon, by short gains, carried the ball to Dartmouth's 45 yard line. Here Harvard was penalized 10 yards; Putnam and Devens tried the ends with no gain, and Putnam punted to Dartmouth's 15 yard line. Witham punted immediately, and Putnam made a pretty broken field run, carrying the ball from Harvard's 50 to Dartmouth's 35 yard line. Devens, Putnam and Graydon gained slowly but steadily. Dartmouth fought desperately hard. Her line, playing low, would curl back the Crimson forwards time after time, and almost stop the play; then weight would tell, and the whole mass move forward a few yards. Time after time it was a question of a foot, often of inches, whether Harvard had made her distance. Finally, after two downs inside the five yard line, Lawrence was pushed over for a touchdown. Score, Harvard 10.

Griffin's kick-off was caught on the goal line by Devens, who ran it in 22 yards. Bullock threw Putnam for a two yard loss, and the latter fell back to kick. "Block this punt,

Dartmouth!" Captain Jack's voice rang out sharply. Every man in the Green's line was keyed up to a high pitch; like one man they struck the Crimson forwards and tore through. Pratt gave a leap into the air, blocking the kick, and in an instant eight green-stockinged players were chasing the ball toward the goal line. Morse reached it ahead of the others, and scored the first touchdown, though not the last, by any means, ever made by the Green against the Crimson. Witham made a good punt-out, and Griffin kicked goal. Score, Harvard 10, Dartmouth 6.

Place caught the kick-off on the 15 yard line, and ran it in 20 yards. Now, for the first time in the game, Dartmouth rushed the ball. Patteson shot through Lee for three yards, and Vaughan made it first down; a plunge by Patteson and another by Morse and it was first down again. Vaughan made three yards through right tackle, but Morse made no gain, and Witham punted to Harvard's 30 yard line. The Crimson gained slowly to Dartmouth's 51 yard line where the Hanover boys held, and Putnam punted. Witham at once punted to Harvard's 45 yard line. Harvard had gained some 20 yards when time for the first half was called. Score, Dartmouth 6, Harvard 10.

It was very noticeable that there was no change in Harvard's line-up at the beginning of the second half. For Dartmouth, "Little Jack" Belknap took Witham's place.

Griffin kicked off to Motley, who was downed by O'Connor on the 29 yard line. A few short gains, too slow to satisfy the Harvard quarter, and Putnam punted to Vaughan, on Dartmouth's 43 yard line. Patteson failed to gain, and Griffin punted. Slow advances brought the ball to Dartmouth's 50 yard line. Graydon plunged into the line, stopped, slid to one side and emerged from the bunch with only Belknap between him and the Green's goal line. It was a beautiful

sight to see the little quarter (who weighed but 126 pounds) crowd the Harvard giant to the side line, and then as Graydon tried to hurdle, nail him, high in the air. The ball was on the 10 yard line, yet it was only after six plays that Harvard's tandem, with Wright in the lead, crossed the line. Score, Harvard 16, Dartmouth 6.

Before the next line-up Brown and Knibbs had replaced Patteson and Morse, while Daly went in for Marshall, and J. T. Jones, Exeter's old star tackle, took Wright's place.

Griffin kicked off to the five yard line and Putnam ran back to the 25 yard line. A punt sent the ball to Belknap, who ran it back to the middle of the field. Now Dartmouth again showed her offense. Brown tore through Lawrence for eight yards, Dartmouth was given five yards for interference, Knibbs and Vaughan made another first down. Two more gains, and Griffin, standing on Harvard's 32 yard line, tried for a goal from the field. The ball fell short, but rolled over the line. Putnam punted to the middle of the field, and Belknap dodged one Harvard end and ran the ball in 12 yards. Vaughan shot through the line for three yards. Two more short gains and Place was sent at Barnard. It was here that the latter, picking the ball from Place's hands after it was downed, ran 70 yards for a touchdown, and, to the great disgust of the Dartmouth contingent, the referee allowed the play. Score, Harvard 22, Dartmouth 6.

Graydon ran back the kick-off 25 yards, and an end play netted Harvard ten more. A long punt took the ball to Dartmouth's 25 yard line. Knibbs and Vaughan made first down, and Griffin punted to the middle of the field. By a slow, grinding process the Crimson tandem worked its way to Dartmouth's 16 yard line. Here the Green held twice, throwing the Harvard half-backs for a loss. Daly stepped back and kicked a beautiful goal from the field.

After several changes in the line-up of both teams, Griffin kicked off to the five yard line. Daly punted to the 53 yard line. Dillon tried the end, but was thrown by Jones from behind. An exchange of punts, and Harvard was penalized for interference with fair catch. Griffin tried for a goal from Harvard's 45 yard line. Jones caught the ball and was downed by Lillard 15 yards from the goal. Daly dropped back for a punt, but again the Dartmouth forwards ripped up the Crimson line, Griffin blocked the ball, and R. R. Brown picked it up and ran eight yards for the Green's second touchdown. Score, Dartmouth 12, Harvard 27.

Dillon took the kick-off and ran it back 30 yards, beautifully hurdling two Harvard tacklers. After an exchange of punts time was called with the ball near the center of the field.

#### Summary:

Harvard.		Dartmouth.
Motley .....	l. end r.....	O'Connor
Clark		
Wright.....	l. tackle r.....	Griffin
Jones, J.		
Lee .....	l. guard r.....	Brown, J. A.
Sargent .....	center.....	Smith
		Riley
Barnard.....	r. guard l.....	Pratt
		Gilman
Lawrence :.....	r. tackle l.....	Place
Bowditch .....	r. end l.....	Farmer
Matthews		Bullock
		Lillard
Marshall .....	quarter.....	Witham
Daly		Belknap

Putnam .....	l. half-back r.....	Vaughan Dillon
Devens .....	r. half-back l.....	Patteson Jones Brown, R. R.
Graydon .....	full-back.....	Morse McGrew Knibbs

Score, Harvard 27, Dartmouth 12. Touchdowns, Graydon, Lawrence, Barnard, Wright, Morse, R. R. Brown. Goal from the field, Daly. Referee, L. F. Deland. Umpire, F. E. Jennings. Time 30 and 25 minute halves.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have undisputed possession of the ball."

"If you repeat that offense I shall be forced to strike you."

Cutting out Barnard's touchdown, which should never have been allowed, the score would have stood 21 to 12, which would have been much nearer a true story of the game.

The Boston Globe in an account of the game said: "On the north side the Harvard undergraduates were singing and cheering as enthusiastically as in a Yale game; in fact such cheering has never before been done by Harvard men."

In another place the Globe said: "Dartmouth, without exception, gave Harvard the best game she has had this season. Her team was very strong on the defensive, and their offense was fiercer than any that Harvard has been up against."

Captain "Dave" Campbell assured Coach McCornack that Dartmouth could have beaten Pennsylvania 24 to 0; yet critics ranked the Red and Blue above the Green because, once upon a time, Penn. had produced a championship team.

Several critics who saw both games agreed that Dartmouth gave Harvard a much harder fight than did Yale. A great many even went so far as to say that could the teams have met, the Green would have defeated the Blue.

Only 24 points in all, 12 of which were scored by Dartmouth, were made against Harvard during the season. This powerful team, after swamping Pennsylvania, 35 to 6, ended its season by trouncing Yale, 22 to 0.

One of the happiest men on the field after the game was a certain well-known Boston travelling man, who frequently visits Hanover. He had seen Dartmouth beat Wesleyan, and was so impressed with her prowess that he sallied into Harvard territory and offered even money that Dartmouth would score. He found several takers, and becoming more enthusiastic, he offered to wager that Dartmouth would score at least ten points.

He had all kinds of offers on this proposition, but was "game," and stood by his statement. Accordingly he was singled out for an "easy thing," and before he knew it he stood to lose some \$450 if Dartmouth did not score twice. But alas for the sons of John Harvard, who were trying to rob the childish innocent! Most of them lived on borrowed money for a month or so following the game.

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#### DARTMOUTH 24, ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL 0.

On Saturday, November 23d, the day of the Harvard-Yale game, Dartmouth went down to Concord to try out, against St. Paul's School, the plays and formations to be used in the Brown game. St. Paul's had a light, but strong, well-coached and plucky team, and gave the college boys excellent



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DAN  
BROWN

practice. They tackled fiercely, and charged low and hard. For Dartmouth the playing of Dillon was brilliant, and the team play was perfect. Although St. Paul's pluckily offered to give a full game, 15 minute halves were played, and two touchdowns were scored in each half.

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### DARTMOUTH 22, BROWN 0.

"Hard luck in football;  
Tough on old Brown.  
Now all together  
Smash and knock them down.  
'Gainst the line of Dartmouth  
They'll lose renown.  
Three cheers for Dartmouth,  
And down with Brown.

(Rah! Rah! Rah!)

'Gainst the line of Dartmouth  
They'll lose renown.  
Three cheers for Dartmouth,  
And down with Brown.

(Rah! Rah! Rah! Dart—mouth! Dart—mouth!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Dart—mouth!!)"

The war song of old Dartmouth, played by her college band, and rung out by her lusty undergrads, as 400 strong they marched toward their grand stand, rolled across Andrews Field and struck terror among the brown-clad bleachers opposite.

There was no mistaking the sound of that song: there was triumph in it; it told of victory long waited for, and of victory hard fought for, and often almost earned, of victory now close at hand.

Since '94 the score had been mounting up; in '95 it was almost evened, in '96 it was partially squared, in '98 it mounted again, and in '99 and in '00. Twenty to 4, 10 to 4, 10 to 10, 12 to 0, 16 to 5, 12 to 5; thus ran the scores, beginning with the disastrous game at Springfield, where "Squash" Little's team tried to play, two weeks after having broken training, a team which had held Harvard down to 18 to 4, only a week before the Yale game; continuing through the gallant attempts of "Mae's" teams to even the score, and closing with three plucky uphill battles of inferior Dartmouth teams against teams from Providence which had held the Crimson to 17 to 6, 11 to 0 and 11 to 6.

But now old Dartmouth had a team to boast of. Nine victories and one defeat, the Harvard game, stood her record to date.

And at Brown, everything had gone from bad to worse until the season was more than half over. She had been tied by Holy Cross and everlastinglly beaten by Princeton and Harvard. Internal troubles had deprived her of Barry, her best back, and of other brilliant players. But after the disastrous Harvard game, 48 to 0, Brown awoke to the fact that she was going to be not only beaten, but disgraced, in the contest with Dartmouth, unless something was done immediately. An article appeared in the Brown Herald which said: "Defeat by Princeton and Harvard we can stand, but by Dartmouth, never;" and the college and the team re-echoed these sentiments. With fierce energy and grim determination the men went to work. Old players were called back, some to coach, others to appear in the line-up; enthusiasm was aroused in the college; every day the body of cheering undergraduates came down to watch the practice. The result was at once apparent. The strong Lafayette team was

fought to a standstill. Only in the last minute of play could the heavyweights from Easton score the touchdown which they needed to save the game. The following Saturday, the fast team from Union, which had beaten Vermont almost as badly as had Dartmouth, came to Providence and was defeated 24 to 5; Brown's hopes ran high. Her team was "coming" fast. Negotiations were opened with Hanover, with the view of putting off the game from November 23d to November 28th. Every day of delay meant five per cent added to the strength of the Brown team, and everybody knew it. In vain McCornack stormed, and French and Ruggles wrote and telegraphed. Brown would not play 35 minute halves unless the game be postponed. It was the old story: "Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe. The enemy increaseth every day. We, at the height, are ready to decline."

There are few of us who were present that can ever forget the mass meeting in old Dartmouth Hall, and how, after enthusiastic speeches by Professors Richardson and Worthen, Trainer Bowler and Captain O'Connor, the whole college stood on its feet and yelled itself hoarse for five solid minutes at the mention of McCornack's name. And few of us can forget the speech that followed, nor the way in which it was delivered: "— will admit that we have had a successful season so far." (Wild cheers.) "Now I will explain what I mean by 'so far.' Our season hasn't begun yet! Our season begins at 10 a. m., November 28th! There is not a man on that team who has won his D, and he won't win it unless he delivers the goods down on Brown's field!"

Yes, it was a serious time. Brown certainly was "coming" fast. On November 28th she would put a team upon the field which would average but three pounds lighter than Dartmouth's, a team flushed with recent successes (all the

more welcome because of early defeats), and full of that fighting, never-say-die spirit which makes Brown so well worth playing.

And this was the situation when, on Thanksgiving day, the cheering crowd of Dartmouth men appeared upon Andrews Field and flung out their challenge to the sons of Brown.

It was a sight worth coming miles to see; across the field all Brown was gathered; and every minute rang out the familiar “B-R-O-W-N. Brown! Brown! Brown!!” On all sides of the field was packed the crowd of 5,000 people, while out in the center, men of both teams were practising, and getting accustomed to the frozen ground. Here was Myron Witham, sending punts high into the air against the gale that blew from the north, to be caught and run back by “Jimmy,” “Pat” and “Mary”; here was a small group of Brown men listening to the last words of their coach, who had been eagerly watching Dartmouth’s practice. Just beyond stood the little man to whom this game meant more, if possible, than to any of us, the man who, to each his alma mater to win this game, had refused an offer of \$3,500 from a big Western institution.

Yes, it was worth seeing.

“We’ve beaten Brown in baseball,  
We’ve passed her on the track.  
We’ll beat her in this football game  
Before we travel back.  
Like ev’ry honest fellow  
I wear the Dartmouth green,  
I am true to alma mater  
And her triumph shall be seen.”

The last word of the song had hardly died away when the sound of the referee's whistle cut through the air, Jack Griffin's foot struck the pigskin with a thud, and the great game was on! Brown had won the toss, and chosen the north goal, with a perfect gale of wind at her back.

Bullock downed the runner and the two teams lined up on the 30 yard line. A signal, and several figures, already crouched for the charge, rose and scurried to different quarters; Brown was going to punt. Back came the ball, but there was no thud of foot against leather; instead, the Brown full-back was scurrying around Dartmouth's right end. Thirty yards gain and he was downed. The whole west side of the field and half of the east side, as one man, rose to its feet with a roar, and turned brown with waving banners. Yet above all the tumult rang out the sharp, confident "Wah-Who-Wah!" Dartmouth did not lose hope. This trying of tricks on the first play did not show strength; it savored of desperation. Now Brown hurled her backs at the right side of Dartmouth's line. Like a volley of bullets against the steel plate of a battleship, they struck, flattened, and dropped. The other side of the line was tried with the same result, and the full-back dropped back to punt. Again and again the "Wah-Who-Wah" sang out, fuller and more exultant, and every Dartmouth man knew in his heart that the game was won.

"Jimmy" Vaughan caught the ball on our 30 yard line, and Dartmouth began her attack. Brown fought with desperation, and the gains came very slowly. A fumble set the Green back, and Witham punted. The ball went high and was carried back so far by the wind that Brown secured it on the 25 yard line. Again her attack proved powerless against Dartmouth's great defense, and a short kick sent the ball to the 10 yard line. Here to the dismay of the Dart-

mouth rooters a muffed punt gave the ball to Brown. But although the whole west grand stand went into spasms of joy, the Dartmouth line a third time showed of what stuff it was made, and recovered the ball on downs. Again the triumphant yell sounded, as Dartmouth, overcoming her first surprise, settled down to her task and began to fight her way down the field. Slowly but surely the progress continued; up toward the middle moved the two teams, two, three, four yards at a time. It was a grand fight; the fight of strength against desperation. Often had this been the story of Dartmouth-Brown games, but generally with sides reversed. On the 50 yard line a fumble, which gave the ball to Brown, interrupted Dartmouth's progress. But after three downs, which netted but as many yards, the New Hampshire eleven again began the march. The ball was on Brown's 40 yard line when "Billy" Knibbs was called upon to try right guard and tackle. As one man the three backs struck the line, slowed up for a moment, then burst through, with five Dartmouth men clinging to Knibbs. In a second he was turned loose with a clear field before him. No one was near him except Julius Brown, but Billy ran as though pursued by His Satanic Majesty. The east grand stand burst into a roar, and the yells and songs were mingled and smothered in one avalanche of sound.

But alas! Mr. Lane of Harvard was waving his hand and whistling for the ball. "Pat" had started a second too soon, and the play was not allowed. But Dartmouth did not care. It was only a question of minutes. Charge, smash, bang; the ball was on the 30 yard line, on the 20 yard line, on the eight yard line, and it was given to Billy Knibbs. Dartmouth was stronger than before, and in spite of Brown's savage fight, the ball went over. Once more the mighty roar burst forth,

for the team was walking back up the field, leaving only Jack Griffin and Myron behind. A few seconds later, after a momentary hush, the yell rang forth again, announcing Dartmouth 6, Brown 0. Time 25 minutes, 6 seconds.

Brown's kick-off was caught, and Dartmouth took up her march again. Progress was easier now, for Brown was not quite so strong. Still they fought hard! how they did fight! It was slow progress, yet the ball moved steadily. From Dartmouth's 10 yard line to Brown's 30 yard line, 70 yards in all, it was carried in those last nine minutes. But the call of time for the first half prevented further scoring.

Between the halves the "rooters" made themselves heard. Joy was now unconfined in the Dartmouth camp. Victory was certain, and next half, the gale of wind, which still continued, was to be in our favor. The crowd, which had been watching the field, heart and soul, now turned its eyes upon the side lines. Old players, like "Joe" Edwards, "Bill" Stickney, "Wife" Jennings, Halliday, were recognized and cheered. The band was playing incessantly; song followed song:

"Then let New Hampshire's granite hills  
Re-echo with our cheers,  
While men unblessed by Providence  
Dissolve in bitter tears."

But here the song itself suddenly dissolved into a confused roar, for Referee Lane's whistle had sounded, and Brown was kicking off. And now, the first nervousness worn off, Dartmouth showed her real strength. Rip, smash, bang; five yards, eight yards, ten yards at a time the ball moved down the field. On the 50 yard line there was a halt for a moment while the referee convinced Brown that after the whistle was

blown the ball was not to be moved. A brown-clad warrior had picked the ball out of "Pat's" hands and run down the field with it, while the west grand stand turned itself inside out with ecstasy. The play was exactly the same as that which gave Harvard her touchdown on Barnard's run, or the one by which Thompson scored a second time in the Wesleyan game. But Mr. Lane had learned something since the Wesleyan game; he called for the ball, and Dartmouth resumed her march. The backs and tackles crashed through Brown's line for telling gains; the team work of the Hanover boys was wonderful. Every runner was dragged along, after he was tackled, by as many men as could get hold of him. It was just six minutes after the half began that "Vic" Place hurled himself over the line for the Green's second touchdown. Again pandemonium on the east side, and a cheer for "Jack" Griffin's trusty right foot, as one more point was added to our score: Dartmouth 12, Brown 0. The defeat of '98 was avenged.

After the next kick-off Dartmouth came back still stronger, and tore down the field eight yards at a time. On the 35 yard line Griffin tried for a goal from the field. It was almost successful, the ball barely missing the upright.

Brown kicked out from the 25 yard line, and Dartmouth promptly rushed the ball to the three yard line, where a plunge by Knibbs resulted in the Green's third touchdown. The worst defeat that Brown ever gave to Dartmouth was by 16 points, and now the score stood 17 to 0.

"Jimmy" Vaughan carried the kick-off to the 25 yard line. Quick as a flash Myron dropped back for a punt, and sent the ball high into the air. The gale of wind was behind it, and to the anxious Brown rooters it seemed as if the ball would never drop. Far over the Brown full-back's head it shot, and

he chased it back almost to his own goal line. He picked it up, turned around, and—smash! “Mat” Bullock had dropped him in his tracks, and before he could move a muscle “Jack” O’Connor was upon him, too. Once more the Dartmouth line held like a stone wall, and Brown’s kick gave the ball to the Green on the 35 yard line. A 30 yard run by Jimmy Vaughan, and Bullock lifted Patteson over the line for the fourth touchdown. The largest score ever made by Brown against Dartmouth was that of the 20 to 4 game; and now we had them 22 to 0.

The ball was kicked off, and carried to the 35 yard line, where a fumble gave it to Brown. The Providence team substituted Denico and Metcalf for Tarbell and Cann, who were “all in.” Now Brown showed that she was not out of the game yet, and with an energy and a spirit wonderful in a badly beaten team, she began to gain through the left side of Dartmouth’s line. Three rushes, and a first down; three more, first down again. Dartmouth’s backs were weakening, and could not support the line. Still Brown’s advance continued. Three more first downs, and then, amidst the frantic outcries of the spectators, it was first down on the Green’s four yard line. Here the enthusiasm of the Providence people could be no longer restrained; the crowd swarmed over the ropes and poured out upon the field. (It is only fair to say that this crowd was not composed of Brown students, but of “townies.”) Four or five Dartmouth men, who had been trying in vain to negotiate a little wager on the side, rushed into the mob, and put up even money that Brown would not score. It was three minutes before the police could clear the field, and when the teams lined up again “Mary” Dillon had gone in as left half-back, instead of the

groggy "Pat." One rush; Brown gained half a yard; Billy Knibbs, who could hardly walk, gave way to "Shank" Morse. Another rush; Brown lost half a yard; Bob Brown went in for Jimmy Vaughan. With perfect desperation, their chances of scoring slipping away, the Brunonian back field hurled themselves at Dartmouth's line. As though flung from a catapult they struck, but recoiled, and dropped. And now, from 400 Dartmouth throats, which had been singing and cheering defiantly all through the last ten minutes, rang out a roar of triumph. It was a shut-out; Brown's last chance of scoring was gone. Jack Belknap took Witham's place. He sent Dillon against a weak spot in Brown's line. The swift half-back shot through, hurdled a tackler, and landed the ball on Brown's 40 yard line. A few more plays and it was Dartmouth's ball on Brown's one yard line, through fierce charges by Morse and Dillon. Brown had finally succeeded in solving Dartmouth's signals, and as "Jack" called upon Morse to carry the ball through Place, the Providence backs quickly bunched up at the threatened point. The signal was immediately changed, sending the full-back through J. Brown. Again the four Brunonian backs gathered at the spot of attack. Time was about up, and Jack knew it. Rather than halt for another signal, the play was made, but failed to score, and before the teams could line up again time was called.

The Providence "townies" were ugly and with a little persuasion would have started a free fight, but French, Ruggles and the cheermasters marshalled the "rooters" into a column, headed by the band, and marched them off the field. A loud report, like that of a cannon, sounded from the middle of the field. "What's that?" "What is it?" said everybody. "It's the cannon cracker that Mac vowed he would not fire off

till Dartmouth beat Brown in football!" shouted a cheer-master, gleefully. "Give a Wah-Who-Wah for Mac's cannon cracker!" And it was given with a will.

"'Gainst the line of Dartmouth  
They've LOST renown.  
Three cheers for Dartmouth  
And down with Brown!  
(Rah-Rah-Rah, Dart-mouth, Dart-mouth,  
Rah-Rah-Rah, Dartmouth.)"

"Brown! Brown! Brown!  
How that color did fade!  
Brown! Brown! Brown!  
Has turned a deep blue shade.  
Brown! Brown! Brown!  
The color can't be seen.  
It does not show so far below  
Our Dartmouth Green."

"Count the score!" yelled some one. The crowd responded. And so, dancing in zig-zag fashion across the street, the crowd, four abreast and arm-in-arm, yelling and singing by groups and as a unit, marched mile after mile through the streets of Providence, and halted at last before the Narragansett House. There, after yells had been given for every member of the team, for Captain O'Connor, Trainer Bowler, the substitutes and the second eleven, "Larry" Hill, standing on an old wagon, said, "Now, fellows, one last good 'Wah-Who-Wah' for McCornack, one, two, three"—and there followed such a yell as has never been heard, before or since, in the streets of Roger Williams' city:

“Wah-Who-Wah!  
 Wah-Who-Wah!  
 Da-da-Dartmouth!  
 Wah-Who-Wah!  
 T-I-G-E-R!  
 McCornack!  
 McCormack!!  
 McCormack!!”

And another chapter in Dartmouth's football history was closed.

### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Brown.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Otis
Place .....	l. tackle r..... Savage
Pratt .....	l. guard r..... Johnson
	Hall
Smith .....	center..... Colter
Brown, J. A. ....	r. guard l..... Hatch
Griffin .....	r. tackle l..... Webb
O'Connor .....	r. end l..... Schwinu
	Hascall
Witham .....	quarter..... Scudder
Belknap	
Patteson .....	l. half-back r..... Green
Dillon	Hatch
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l..... Tarbell
Brown, R. R.	Denico
Knibbs .....	full-back..... Cann
Morse	Metcalf

Score, Dartmouth 22, Brown 0. Touchdowns, Knibbs (2), Place, Patteson. Referee, Mr. Lane of Harvard. Umpire, Mr. Dadmun of Worcester P. I. Linesmen, Mr. Randall of Dartmouth, Mr. Burgess of Brown. Time-keepers, Mr. Cross of Yale, Mr. Peat of Columbia, Mr. Weekes of Brown. Time, 35 minute halves. Attendance, 5,200.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

Said the little coach, after the game, "Well, this is my last game of football,"—here he paused, and our hearts sank,— "until next year anyhow."

Everyone spoke with praise of Brown's gameness. It was a great thing for a badly beaten team to rush the ball 30 consecutive yards against their conquerors.

There had been a most healthy competition for positions on the Dartmouth team. The day before the Brown game there were only four men on the team who were positive that they would begin the game, namely: Captain O'Connor, Jack Griffin, "Fat" Smith and Vic Place. The other positions were all in doubt. Left end was almost a toss-up between Farmer and Bullock, left guard a fight between Pratt and Gilman, right guard a close thing between R. B. Smith and J. A. Brown, and between the two quarters, Witham and Belknap, and the six backs, Brown, Dillon, Knibbs, Morse, Patteson and Vaughan, there was very little to choose. Fill out the second line-up with "Ben" Alling and Homer Leach, tackles, with "Ben" Riley, center, and Lillard and Donnelly, ends, and you have a team which would have beaten Brown seventeen points to nothing.

A great sextette of backs; as Mac said of them, they could play the mischief with any line in the country. Of the six,

perhaps Brown, Patteson and Knibbs were better on the defense, while Vaughan, Dillon and Morse excelled in advancing the ball. Any one of the six could cover the 100 in eleven seconds or better, while "Pat" was good for 10 2-5. Their stripped weights ran from 163 to 171, their heights from 5 feet 7, which was Vaughan, to 5 feet 11, which was Dillon. There was not a team in the country with six backs which would average as good as this half dozen.

The following statistics of the fifteen men who played in the Brown game may be interesting:

NAMES.	Class.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Stripped Weight.
John Christopher O'Connor,	'02,	right end,	22	5 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.,	162
John Francis Griffin,	'02,	right tackle,	22	5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.,	174
Julius Arthur Brown,	'02,	right guard,	21	5 ft. 11 in.,	188
Arthur Kendall Smith,	'04,	center,	21	5 ft. 11 in.,	194
David Damon Pratt,	'02,	left guard,	20	6 ft. 3 in.,	183
Victor Morton Place,	'03,	left tackle,	24	5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.,	188
Matthew Washington Bullock,	'04,	left end,	20	6 ft.	160
Myron Ellis Witham,	'04,	quarter,	21	5 ft. 10 in.,	160
John Belknap,	'04,	quarter,	21	5 ft. 3 in.,	126
James Albert Vaughan,	'05,	right half,	19	5 ft. 7 in.,	164
Robert Roswell Brown,	'04,	right half,	20	5 ft. 9 in.,	166
Greisser Winston Patteson,	'05,	left half,	18	5 ft. 10 in.,	171
Walter Sydney Dillon,	'05,	left half,	20	5 ft. 11 in.,	165
John William Knibbs, Jr.,	'05,	full-back,	21	5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.,	163
Henry Boit Morse,	'04,	full-back,	20	5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.,	165

Average age of the eleven who began the game, 21 years.

Average height of the eleven who began the game, 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

Average weight of the eleven who began the game, 173 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

Average weight of the seven line men, 178 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

Average weight of the first four backs, 164 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

Average weight of the second four backs, 155 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

Average weight of the eleven who ended the game, 170 pounds.

Harvard, with her 194 pound line, her veteran players, some of whom, like Cutts, Lee and Ristine, had been playing college football for eight years and more, and her fast backs, was in a class by herself this season. But outside of Harvard there was not a team in the country with which the Green could not have played, on even terms, on November 23d. In fact, there were only four in the East, Yale, West Point, Cornell and Princeton, who were in her class. Yet Lafayette and Annapolis, Columbia, Syracuse, and even Pennsylvania, who was not big sixteen, were ranked above the Green by Caspar Whitney and Charles E. Patterson. Lafayette certainly was better than Annapolis, Columbia, "*et tous ces garcons la,*" but the best she could do against Brown was to save herself from defeat by a touchdown scored in the very last minute of play. Brown, when she met Dartmouth, was 60 per cent. stronger than in the Lafayette game. An old player who saw both games declared that Dartmouth could have beaten Lafayette 24 to 0. No, it was the same old story: Dartmouth was not given credit for being as good as she was. Never, until in '02, when the critics were obliged to reckon with Dartmouth, did the Green get her just deserts in the way of ranking.

It is a great pleasure to anyone who chronicles Dartmouth's athletic prowess to record the pleasant things which were said all through the season in regard to the gentlemanly conduct and clean playing of our team. All of the Boston papers spoke of the "entire absence of dirty playing on the part of the New Hampshire boys," as it was put in one publication. Portland papers commented on the same thing, in connection with the Bowdoin game, and Providence journals had nothing but praise for the manner in which the Hanover boys played the game and for the "orderly demeanor of the rooters."

The sum total of points scored in Dartmouth-Brown games now stood: Brown 80, Dartmouth 50, distributed as follows: '94, 20-4; '95, 10-4; '96, 10-10; '98, 12-0; '99, 16-5; '00, 12-5; '01, 0-22. Of these seven games, one, the first of the series, was an easy victory for Brown; another, the last, an easy win for Dartmouth, while the others were grand battles. In '98 and '99 Brown decidedly outplayed Dartmouth, while Mac's team in '96 had as clearly outplayed Dave Fultz's. In '95 and '00 the teams had been as evenly matched as possible, a muffed punt deciding the contest in one case, a slip in the snow settling the other.

To sum up briefly this most successful season, Dartmouth beat New Hampshire College 51 to 0, Trinity 23 to 0, Boston College 45 to 0, and Tufts 22 to 0, using from 28 to 32 men in all of these games. It will be remembered that Trinity held Yale to 23 points, and Tufts had scored on the Blue, while Brown had barely beaten Boston College. Dartmouth, with her captain and four of her best men on the cripple list, won from Williams 6 to 2 in by far the poorest game which she played all the year, then ran away from Bowdoin 35 to 6, the Maine boys' only score being due to their umpire's decisions, and beat the strong and heavy Wesleyan eleven 29 to 12, a score which should have been 35 to 6, but for Thompson's theft of the ball. Bowdoin had previously held Harvard down to 12 to 0, and Wesleyan had a team which was as strong as Wesleyan teams usually are.

Dartmouth beat Vermont 22 to 0, and scored twice on one of the strongest elevens that ever played football, when she held Harvard 27 to 12. The reader will remember that Barnard's touchdown should never have been allowed, and that Daly's goal from the field was certainly a very lucky chance.

The climax of the season came when the fast and hard fighting Brown team went down, 22 to 0.

Thus Dartmouth had won ten games and lost one, and scored 291 points to her opponents' 47.

# THE SEASON OF '02.

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## PROGRESS.

An even ten months the college had been waiting, expectantly, for the beginning of the next season. The defeat of Brown, 22 to 0, on Thanksgiving day, 1901, had given Dartmouth a taste of football glory, and, like Oliver Twist, she was hungry for more. Of the '01 team, Captain Place, Bullock, "Fat" Smith, Witham, Vaughan, Dillon, Patteson and Knibbs were back in college, while a great many of the strong second team were eligible as 'varsity material. From the '05 class team came Conley, Brown, Rix and McGrath to join the 'varsity squad, while '06 furnished some good men in Gage, Herr, Deakin, Pratt, Glaze, Coburn and Greenwood. Amos Foster, half-back on Frank Lowe's team, who had been kept out the previous fall by typhoid fever, was back in the game.

Still, as usual, there was a great lack of heavy men for the line; fast backs, splendid backs, a fine quarter, swift ends,—we had them all; but outside of Joe Gilman and "Fat" Smith, not a man in the squad who bettered 190 pounds.

But in the midst of the anxiety which the dearth of heavy men caused to captain, coach and college, there arrived in Hanover two men who possessed the so-much desired qualifications. They were H. T. Lindsay, '06, a Wisconsin giant who measured 6 feet 5, and weighed 229 pounds stripped, and L. C. Turner, from Ohio, a six-footer who stripped at

196 pounds; and of whom John Eckstorm, who had seen him play, prophesied that he would make the greatest tackle that ever played football for Dartmouth. The latter came from Miami, a college whose standing in Ohio was so low that had Turner gone to Ohio State University, as he had at first intended, he would there have been eligible for the team; while Lindsay had spent some weeks at the University of Wisconsin. Both men were stronger, far and away, than the average college lineman, both good for 40 feet and over with the 16-pound shot. If they had not been so sorely needed the temptation to play them would not have been so great. But, with these two men in the game, the Dartmouth line, with "Dubsy," weighing 155 pounds, and "Mat," weighing 160 pounds, playing ends, would have averaged 192 pounds, and the whole team 182. The Yale team of '02, undisputed champions of the East, averaged as a team  $182\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, and in their line 195, while the defeated Harvard eleven averaged 193 pounds in the line and 184 as a team.

Thus by playing Lindsay and Turner Dartmouth would have had, for the first time in her history, a team far superior to anything in the minor colleges and on a par with the big two in weight, experience and knowledge of the game.

To some colleges it would have been a sore temptation, but the Dartmouth Athletic council never hesitated. At its first meeting in the fall the two men in question, together with Marquess, a 190-pound full-back who had entered college from Fiske University, were barred from participating in all further athletics during the year.

## DARTMOUTH 11, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT 0.

On Saturday, October 4th, Dartmouth won her first victory of the season by defeating Vermont, 11 to 0. A hard game was anticipated, as Vermont had tied Brown, 0 to 0, only three days before. However, the Green Mountain boys were not as dangerous as they were expected to be, and had not Dartmouth put in several substitutes in the second half the score would have been much larger. It was not until the last two minutes of play that U. V. M. was able to gain a first down. Dartmouth had in her line-up seven of the men who played against Brown the previous year, and while they were all in the game Vermont offered little resistance to their fierce offense.

Clough caught the ball on the kick-off, and advanced it five yards. "Jimmy" Vaughan showed old-time form as he cleared Morse's end for 20 yards. Dillon immediately duplicated the trick around the other end, and steady line plunges by Knibbs and the halves sent the ball over the line. Turner kicked the goal, and the score was 6 to 0.

Bullock received the kick-off and tore down the field for a 25 yard gain. On the very next play, however, Dartmouth fumbled, and it was Vermont's ball. Some apprehension was manifested by the "rooters" at this point, but the Green's line held like a rock, and Vermont made a poor attempt at a goal from the field. Dillon caught the ball on the 10 yard line, and by a brilliant broken field run advanced it to Vermont's 40 yard line. Again line plunges by Vaughan and Knibbs brought the ball to U. V. M.'s four yard line, whence Dillon shot over for the second touchdown. Score, Dartmouth 11. Turner's try for goal barely missed the upright.

After the kick-off, a beautiful dodging run by Farmer brought the ball back to the middle of the field, but time was called a moment later.

At the beginning of the second half Glaze's kick-off went over the line, and Vermont kicked out from the 25 yard line. The Hanover boys were soon on their way down the field again, but on Vermont's 12 yard line they fumbled, giving the ball to the visitors. Unable to gain, Vermont punted. Once more Dartmouth rushed the ball down, Colton and Grover making steady gains. Near their own goal line, however, Vermont's defense stiffened and she recovered the ball on downs. Again the Dartmouth line was impregnable and a punt sent the ball to the 45 yard line. Here again a fumble by the Green gave the ball to Vermont. The boys from Burlington now did their only effective rushing of the ball, and gained some 30 yards in all. About to be held for downs, they tried for a goal from the field from the 42 yard line, but the ball fell short. A few rushes by Vaughan and Coburn, followed by a punt, and the game was over.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.		Vermont.
Bullock .....	l. end r.....	Morse
Herr		
Foster		
Turner .....	l. tackle r.....	Kingsland
		Bates
Gage .....	l. guard r.....	Grow
Smith .....	center.....	Gale
Clough .....	r. guard l.....	Parker
Place .....	r. tackle l.....	Ranney
Farmer .....	r. end l.....	Patterson
Donnelly		

Witham .....	quarter.....	Barrett
Glaze		
Lillard		
Melvin		
Dillon .....	l. half-back r.....	Woodward
Colton		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Newton
Knibbs .....	full-back.....	Strait
Grover		
Coburn		

Score, Dartmouth 11, Vermont 0. Touchdowns, Dillon (2). Time, 15 minute halves.

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DARTMOUTH 0, MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE 0.

Dartmouth had a bad scare, and a narrow escape from defeat in the game with Massachusetts State College on Wednesday, October 8th. The Massachusetts men had a veteran team, one which had, the season before, defeated Holy Cross, Boston College, Tufts and Amherst, and thanks to the excellent coaching of "Wife" Jennings, Dartmouth's old half-back, they were much farther along in their development than other teams at this period of the year, and would have given any team in the country a good "run for their money." The three backs each wore a queer contrivance, a handle fastened to his body by means of a strap which reached across his back, disappearing under the front of his jacket at the armpits. By means of this contrivance the three backs, generally with a tackle breaking

the way for them, shot through the line in a tandem formation which could not be broken before it had emerged from the other side. After the good game put up by the Dartmouth linemen in the Vermont game, the Green's forwards took a great slump, and allowed the Massachusetts men to "get the jump" on them repeatedly. But outside of two disastrous fumbles, no fault could be found with the playing of the Hanover back field. One, made by Dillon just as he was crossing the line, robbed Dartmouth of a well-earned touchdown, the other, McGrath's muff of a punt, gave M. A. C. a chance to try for a goal from the field, a trial which came near costing Dartmouth the game.

Dartmouth started off with a rush. McGrath ran the kick-off in 10 yards, and the Dartmouth backs shot through the visitors' line for good gains. Vaughan, Dillon and Knibbs in turn carried the ball, bringing it to M. A. C.'s 34 yard line, where a fumble spoiled the Green's first opportunity to score. The New Hampshire line now took a little nap, while the visitors rushed the ball to Dartmouth's 45 yard line. Here, about to be held, they kicked, and McGrath received the ball on the 20 yard line. Dartmouth began rushing the ball again, but was unable to get nearer than 30 yards to the visitors' goal line. After an exchange of punts M. A. C. secured the ball, and rushed it to Dartmouth's 19 yard line, where, on the point of being held for downs, the visitors tried a goal from the field. The Hanover rush-line spoiled the play, and it was Dartmouth's ball. A punt by Farmer sent the leather to M. A. C.'s 50 yard line. A few moments later and time was called, with the ball on the Green's 52 yard line.

The Dartmouth eleven had got "what for" from the little coach during the intermission, and came out for the second half imbued with a very different spirit from that with which

they began the game. This was immediately evident, for after receiving Dartmouth's kick-off, Massachusetts State could not gain her distance, and Snell was obliged to punt. The kick was a long one, sending the ball to the Green's 42 yard line. Dartmouth's offense now went to work, and by the fierce charges of Knibbs, Vaughan and Dillon the ball began to move down the field. The visitors fought hard, but there was no stopping the Green's advance. Straight down the field, 66 yards they rushed, and it was first down on M. A. C.'s two yard line. On the next play Dillon shot over, and everyone was sure that Dartmouth had scored,—but alas, the ball had fallen, and a Massachusetts man was on it like a flash. This failure seemed to take the heart out of the Dartmouth team, for the visitors, using their tandem tackles-back formation, crashed through the Hanover line, gaining slowly to the 50 yard line. A punt by Snell to the Green's 35 yard line was muffed by McGrath, and it was the visitors' ball. Dartmouth was desperate, and repulsed two plays with loss. It was then that Massachusetts' right tackle, standing on the 42 yard line, shot toward the middle of the Green's goal a beautiful kick. For three seconds the startled crowd held its breath,—then gave a great sigh of relief: the distance was too great, and the ball dropped just under the cross bar.

Immediately after the punt-out time was called, with the score 0 to 0.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Massachusetts State.
Bullock .....	l. end r.....
Smith, R. B. ....	l. tackle r.....
Glaze	Snell
Brown	

Gage .....	l. guard r.....	Franklin
Smith, A. K. ....	center.....	Patch
Clough .....	r. guard l.....	Craighead
Place .....	r. tackle l.....	Halligan
Farmer .....	r. end l.....	O'Hara
McGrath .....	quarter.....	Quigley
Dillon .....	l. half-back r.....	Lewis
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Connelly
Knibbs .....	full-back.....	Munson

Score, Dartmouth 0, M. A. C. 0. Time, 20 minute halves.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

Coach Jennings, of Massachusetts State, was the only person who was entirely satisfied with the game.

A team which reaches its development early in the year generally suffers a relapse before the end of the season. M. A. C. was not quite so fortunate in the rest of her schedule, beating Tufts 5 to 0, losing to Wesleyan 5 to 6, and to Amherst 0 to 15.

Myron Witham, rarely on the invalid list, was kept out of the game by a badly sprained ankle. This injury, luckily, was not serious enough to bar him from the game with Williams.

#### DARTMOUTH 29, TUFTS 0.

It was a serious problem that faced the little head coach on the evening of October 8th. Here was his team played to a standstill, his crack quarter-back out of the game, his prize backs unable to hold the ball at critical points, his line torn at will by the attacks of a team which was supposed to be greatly inferior to Dartmouth,—and the Tufts game only

three days away. And Tufts had scored on Yale, for the second time in two years, and had just held the strong team of the United States Military Academy to five points; indeed, the boys from Medford made no bones of the fact that they were in search of "revenge" for the game of '01, when, under similar circumstances, they had expected to beat Dartmouth.

But our coach was not the man to sit down and mourn over the situation. Three days was not much time, but it was better than nothing. Something had to be done, and sure enough there was "something doing." Joe Gilman, who had been kept out of the line-up so far by a great axe-wound in his left hand, went in at center, his hand still swathed in bandages. R. B. Smith was shifted to right guard, while the veteran center, "Fat," was given a trial at left tackle. "Dubsy" Farmer was changed over from end to quarter, and the veteran "Bill" Craig, left tackle on Fred Crolius' team, and left end on Frank Lowe's team, went in at right end.

The M. A. C. game was played on Wednesday, the 8th, and the very next afternoon every member of Dartmouth's back field came out to practice equipped with the strap handles which had so materially assisted "Wife" Jennings' men in their onslaughts on the Dartmouth line.

Every evening there was signal practice in the gymnasium, that the shifted men might become accustomed to their new positions. Thus was prepared for the men from Medford, a small surprise party.

And truly it came as a surprise. The visitors were not merely beaten, they were outclassed. It was not a contest, it was a romp. In 35 minutes of play Dartmouth scored five touchdowns, kicking four of the goals. The playing of the Dartmouth team was a revelation; it was more than the most sanguine supporter dared hope for. They could scarcely

recognize the team that had been tied, only three days before, by the Amherst "Aggies." The punting, running and all-around playing of Chauncey Colton was a feature of the game; "Jimmy" Vaughan and "Billy" Knibbs were in championship form, and played as hard as if it were the Brown game. The visitors were none too gentle in their handling of these two players, as they had a notion that without them Dartmouth would be their prey. Somehow, Dartmouth never gets through a game with Tufts without serious injury to some prominent player. A. K. Smith and Place tore holes in the Medford line big enough to drive through a coach and four, and the Green's swift backs galloped through with ridiculous ease. Only once did the Massachusetts eleven make first down, and not once was Dartmouth held for downs.

Dartmouth kicked off, and Tufts was immediately thrown back and forced to punt. From her own 26 yard line the Green rushed the ball straight down the field for a touchdown, scored by Knibbs just four minutes after the game began.

After Vaughan had run the kick-off back 20 yards Colton punted. Here Tufts made her only gain of the day, a 25 yard run by McGlew around the Green's right end. Attempting the same play again, he was thrown for a loss; another loss, and a short kick was attempted. It fell short, very short, and Dartmouth secured it back of Tufts' line. Colton and Vaughan now broke loose for long runs, and the reliable "Jimmy" dodged 15 yards through the whole Tufts team for the Green's second touchdown.

Colton ran the kick-off back 16 yards, then went through an open door ("Fat" Smith's door) in the line for 33 yards. Vaughan cleared the end for 15 yards, but a fumble caused a big loss and Chauncey punted. Davis caught the ball on the

10 yard line, and "Mat" Bullock threw him back to the goal line. Time for the first half was then called. Meanwhile, a gentleman from Medford had observed "Billy" Knibbs lying on his side in a scrimmage, and had landed heavily with his knee on the latter's lower ribs. Billy was forced to retire (with an injury which kept him out of football until the last fifteen minutes of the Brown game) and Coburn took his place.

The second half was simply slaughter. Tufts seemed utterly unable to stop the rushes of the Dartmouth backs and tackles. Colton and Vaughan romped through holes opened up by the linemen for 15 and 20 yards at a time. The interference of Bullock was superb; he would block off man after man in a single play. "Jimmy" crossed the line just two minutes and 40 seconds after the half had begun. Score, Dartmouth 17.

Fierce rushes by Coburn, Place and Colton resulted in another touchdown, four minutes after the first. Dartmouth 23.

A new set of backs, Rix, Grover and Conley, now went in, and scored again in five minutes, A. K. Smith carrying the ball for the final plunge. Gilman kicked the goal and the score stood, Dartmouth 29.

Bullock ran in the kick-off and Deakin and Grover had carried the ball to the middle of the field when time was called.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Tufts.
Bullock .....	l. end r.....
Smith, A. K. ....	l. tackle r.....
Gage .....	l. guard r.....
Clough	Dow

THE "FIRST TRIUMVIRATE" AND THEIR QUARTER.  
Vaughan. Knibbs. Patteson. Witham.





Gilman .....	center.....	Prince Knowlton
Smith, R. B. ....	r. guard l.....	Galarneau
Place .....	r. tackle l.....	Bray
Craig .....	r. end l.....	Nason Estabrook
Farmer .....	quarter.....	McCarthy
Colton .....	l. half-back r.....	Cannell
Grover .....		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	McGlew
Rix .....		
Deakin .....		
Knibbs .....	full-back.....	Knight
Coburn .....		Davis
Conley .....		

Score, Dartmouth 29, Tufts 0. Touchdowns, Vaughan (2), Colton, Knibbs, A. K. Smith. Time, 20 and 25 minute halves.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

It was ludicrous to see Gilman, when on the defensive, bowl over his man with one hand.

The wonderful work of McCornack was never so brilliantly shown as in his ability to revolutionize a team in three days, and have it play such championship football as did Dartmouth against Tufts.

“Dubsy” Farmer put up a great game at quarter, running the team well and keeping the plays moving right along.

## DARTMOUTH 18, WILLIAMS 0.

Picture to yourself a level field, surrounded on all sides by a high board fence; within, a low stand, of unpainted boards, flanked on both sides by long weather-beaten bleachers. At the ends and across, a great mass of humanity, packed ten deep behind the ropes. Behind the ranks vehicles of all descriptions, automobiles, coaches, with a great tally-ho in the middle. Overhead a dull gray sky, the thermometer at 54 and no wind to speak of. Football weather, for both spectator and player.

Two thousand people in the covered stand, mainly ladies and their escorts, flying banners mostly green, though here and there a bit of purple shows. On the bleachers at the sides two thousand people more, with the interest centering around a knot of Dartmouth men, two hundred strong, who are lustily singing to the beat of "Clarry" Howes' cane. Just beyond them a section which is full of young Dartmouth graduates. We hear them call to each new arrival: "Kimmie! How are you?" "Hoddy! Governor! Come up and be with the push." "Hello, Kid!" "There's Pitt, now." "And Larry Hill." "And Matt Jones." "How are you, Eke?" etc. It is a typical Dartmouth crowd, everybody knows everybody else. It is "Monty" or "Zach" or "Dutch" or "Dick" or "Deck" or "Dave."

From the dense ranks on the east side there arises yell after yell. Here the great majority of the Dartmouth undergraduates, four hundred strong, is gathered, singing and cheering, with Karl Skinner as their leader. But the main interest arises from a contest which is going on near the 55 yard line. The Berkshire men, two hundred strong, are bunched together here to yell, while right behind them stands a tall tally-ho, loaded with young Dartmouth grads, all armed

with huge megaphones. The Williams cheermaster calls for a yell, and at once "Long Jim, the Scout," gives the signal to his cohorts. Up come the megaphones, the tally-ho becomes a hotbed of trumpet flowers, all pointing the same way, and the two yells burst forth simultaneously. And would you believe it, this little knot of Hanover graduates is actually out-noising, if not outcheering, the whole Williams delegation.

But all this is only the frame to the picture proper. Out upon the lime-washed gridiron are twenty-two men in action, eleven in purple and buff, eleven in buff and green. Carefully avoiding each other, they are crouching, charging, running, pushing back imaginary opponents. In the Williams line-up we recognize some of our antagonists of a year ago, as Hatch, Gutterson and Jayne; also John Vose's twin brother, the great basket-ball player. Turning to the other team, we know them all. Tallest and heaviest of the lot, Joe Gilman, with his yellow hair and chubby face showing above the crowd, attracts our attention first. His wounded hand is still bound up in a black leather bandage, but his fingers are free, and he handles the ball well. Flanking him on one side is "Bill" Clough, who played full-back until he put on too much weight. The stocky right guard must be Gage, the freshman from Manchester. The bulky left tackle, who charges so swiftly and runs so fast, is none other than our old friend "Fat" Smith, familiar to us as last year's star center-rush; while his running mate, of course, is the old reliable "Vic." "Myron" is back at quarter, with an ankle supporter showing ominously above his shoe, while "Mary" Dillon, who is played at full, is similarly equipped. "Dubsy" has gone back to right end, while "Mat" is at his old post on the left. Chauncey Colton has taken Dillon's place at left half, while we recognize the stocky little right half as "Jimmy" Vaughan.

A small army of substitutes, swathed in robes and blankets, lies on the ground between the ropes and the side lines. Here, too, we find "Jack" Griffin, John Bowler and McCornack. Their faces reflect the feelings of the rooters; for in spite of all the noise that the latter are making, the prevailing feeling is one of subdued confidence. It is just fifty-two weeks since Dartmouth came down to Newton Center, with Jack O'Connor and Bill Knibbs out of the game, and "Mary" Dillon and Myron Witham crippled and unfit. Then we were taken by surprise and almost caught napping by a team which had been heralded as easy, but was really further advanced in its development than our own. And after sitting on the anxious seat all the afternoon we had pulled the game out of the fire, as it were, in the last half of the ninth inning. But while we had expected to win a close and hard fought game, we were not quite satisfied. There were too many points in the contest where a hair's breadth would have turned victory into defeat. When a Williams man accused us of having been favored by fortune, we did not answer him; not even were we consoled by the knowledge that at the end of the season our team could have trounced the Purple with as much ease as they did the Brown. No, we wanted to show, and show decisively, that we were better than Williams. We were a bigger college, with 300 more men to pick from, an older college, a better college. Our men were stronger, just as sandy and knew more football; and we were going to show it. Dartmouth College had been waiting for this game since October 19th, 1901. The class of 1903 and the graduates had been waiting for it since the disastrous 12 to 10 game in the fall of '99, the game which was lost to us by Joe Wentworth's and "Wife" Jennings' injuries, Bill Stickney's fumble and Charley Proctor's inability

to kick goals. In eleven years Williams had beaten us but once; the scores ran: 24-12, 20-0, 10-0, 10-5, 10-0, 52-0, 10-6, 10-12, 6-2, a total of 152 points for Dartmouth to 37 for Williams. Today we were going to leave no doubt; it was to be a clean, decisive victory; "Mac" had been caught off his guard a year ago, with his team just picked, his best men crippled, and his plays undeveloped. To-day he was ready; this team had been already "tried out" against Tufts; they expected to win, but were not overconfident; they had been working hard, and were to reap the fruits of their labors.

Williams, too, had been working hard. They had held Harvard to 11 points, and, though beaten by Cornell, had managed to score on the Red and White. This was, to them, one of the two games of the season. They must prove that they are still in Dartmouth's class. Williams has grit, plenty of it. Her men will fight hard, and within her 30 yard line the strength of her defense will vary inversely with the distance from the goal. And this is why we have all met at Newton Center to see this game.

But in the meantime out on the field something is going to happen. The practice is over, and the gridiron is vacant, save for a tall man in citizen's clothing, toward whom is walking a player from each of the two groups on the side lines. The three meet, converse for a moment, a coin flies into the air, and the referee stoops and picks it up. As the little group separates, each captain calls his men, and it is seen that Williams has won the toss. For the Berkshire men are spread out to defend the south goal, from which a gentle breeze is blowing.

There is a moment of silence, the hush of expectancy, as Chauncey Colton tilts the ball to suit his taste; everyone, players and spectators alike, stand tense with suppressed

emotion; a sharp whistle sounds, the Hanover men go tearing down the field after the ball, and a great sigh goes up from the crowd of spectators. Ten yards is all that Gutterson can make, and Williams is only 20 from her own goal line. Five rushes, however, net the Purple 17 yards, and Dartmouth rooters begin to feel anxious. Williams next tries Bullock's end, but the play is a complete failure, "Mat" downing his man away behind the line. As Watson drops back to kick a yell goes up from the Hanover men, a yell which dies away suddenly into a groan, for "Mary" Dillon, who in four years of football has never muffed a punt, drops the ball, and a Berkshire man is on it. It is on the Green's 39 yard line, and the team, fully awake to its danger, is now fighting its hardest. Two downs in quick succession gain only two yards, and a punt sends the ball to Dillon on the seven yard line. Still a little over confident, the Hanover eleven does not put forth its full strength, and two fine tackles by Lewis prevent gains. Witham punts, and it is Williams' ball on the 46 yard line. A beautiful tackle by Farmer sets the Berkshire men back five yards, and a fumble gives Dartmouth the ball. Now the green-stockinged eleven settles down to its task, and begins to show its real strength. Amid the frantic cheers of its supporters it carries the ball 58 yards in eight plays, including two 15 yard runs by Vaughan, and three dives by Dillon ranging from five to eight yards. Again Jimmy is given the ball, and as he crosses the line, pushed over by his team mates, three thousand people rise to their feet. Some one starts a yell, but it is quickly hushed, for it is seen that there is something the matter. The umpire brings out the ball, and Dartmouth has been set back 10 yards for off-side play. One more rush, and there are still seven yards to go. Rather than risk another down Witham

signals for a place kick. But the Williams backs break through, and Gutterson blocks. Vaughan dives for the ball, and reaches it just a fraction of a second before three purple-clad warriors. On the very first play Colton is called on to clear right end. He runs 14 yards, but is nailed five yards from the line. As he falls, however, two of his team mates grasp him by his strap, and over the line he goes, together with the ball and two Williams men who have attached themselves to him. Again the great crowd rises to cheer, but again ominous actions on the part of the umpire deter them. He is whistling and wildly waving his hand, but Chauncey is still sitting on the ball, and Captain Place is evidently telling him not to budge. A short discussion follows, while the spectators, all on pins and needles, stand fidgeting. The little group at last breaks up, and the ball is brought out; the next instant a great roar breaks forth, for the Dartmouth substitutes are jumping for joy, and Myron is holding the ball for Jimmy to kick. A clean goal, and the great crowd on the east side counts: Dartmouth 6.

"What was the trouble?" "How was it settled?" is heard on all sides. The news travels slowly from mouth to mouth, but finally we learn that Mr. Dadmun had decided that Williams should be penalized for off-side play, but that finally he had been made to see by Dartmouth that 10 yards received were not quite as good as 19 yards earned, especially when the 19 yards reached to the line and included a touch-down.

Meanwhile the teams have changed goals, and Vose is teeing the ball for the kick-off. And now comes the prettiest play of the game. Standing under his own goal posts "Mary" Dillon catches the ball and is off like a shot. Without checking his speed in the least he dodges one tackler,

hurdles another, and passes man after man. On the 35 yard line a beautiful piece of blocking by Bullock rids him of two more. The white cross-lines are flying by him like telegraph poles past a fast express. Man after man and line after line is passed, until in the very middle of the field, little Jayne hurls himself straight in Dillon's way. He trips, stumbles, and before he can regain his speed Gutterson has him, and he is down, having run 55 yards. The major part of the spectators are frantic with joy, and from all sides of the field ring out the wild yells: "Dart-mouth! Dart-mouth! Dart-mouth! Dillon! Dillon! ! Dillon!!!" But, to everyone's surprise, Williams, far from being disheartened, fights desperately. Three downs barely net five yards. Two more plunges by Place and Dillon and it is first down again. Vaughan adds five yards, Dillon hurdles for nine, and Colton, amid the wild yells of the Dartmouth contingent, plants the ball on the 15 yard line. Another rush by Chauncey and the ball is but three yards from the goal. The crowds on the side lines are yelling "Touch-down! Touch-down!" But alas! the umpire calls for the ball, and turns it over to the Berkshire men, claiming that Dartmouth has held. Thus a sure touchdown is averted, and the Green's score cut down six points. A short gain by Gutterson and Williams punts, the ball going to Dillon on the Hanover eleven's 40 yard line, for the kick has been a long one, and gone over the full-back's head. On the very first play Dartmouth loses the ball on a fumble. An attempted double pass leaves the Williams runner behind his own line, with Farmer clinging to his legs; but a fake kick results in a scant five yards gain. The next play is so badly broken up by "Fat" Smith that Williams drops the ball and Bullock falls on it. With two and a half minutes to play Dartmouth does some fierce rushing, and gains 43 yards in 12 plays, one of them a fine hurdle

by Dillon. But there is not time enough to score again, and the half ends, with the ball 27 yards from another touchdown. But for off-side play and holding Dartmouth must have scored once more during the half, if not twice. The signals had been given very slowly, and a little more haste would have increased the score materially.

As the teams take their places for the second half the Dartmouth rooters notice that Gage's place is filled by the familiar figure of "Cracked Corn" Smith, and that Grover has gone in for Dillon, whose weak ankle is again giving out.

Vose's kick-off is caught by Colton, who recovers 15 yards. On the very next play Grover, after gaining four yards, drops the ball, and Williams has only 24 yards to travel for a touchdown. Over anxiety on the part of Dartmouth results in a penalty of five yards, and it is first down for the Purple just 19 yards from a score. It certainly looks as though they might score, and Dartmouth's rooters are yelling frantically to spur on the team to greater efforts. On the very next play, however, a gilt-edged tackle by "Dubsy" sets the Berkshire men back six yards. Realizing the hopelessness of any further advance, Captain Hatch calls on Peabody to attempt a goal from the field. The distance is short, and the ball squarely in front of the posts. Everyone holds his breath; back comes the ball, but back, too, come Dartmouth's ends, both leaping into the air before the kicker. The ball is stopped, and goes rolling off to one side, where Colton picks it up and runs it back to the Hanover eleven's 42 yard line. From this point Dartmouth carries the ball in an uninterrupted procession straight down the field for 68 yards and a touchdown. Nineteen plays in all are needed, most of them short plunges through Williams' line. Grover, Vaughan, Place, Colton and Smith take turns advancing the pigskin, until at the 31 yard line Vaughan tears loose for a 10 yard

advance. Conley, who is here substituted for Grover, adds another 10 yards, and there are only 11 yards more to go. Here, however, the Purple's defense stiffens, and it is only by a supreme effort on the part of the Hanover eleven that Conley is finally pushed over, at the extreme corner of the field. Once more pandemonium reigns on all sides, and as the Dartmouth band strikes up a familiar tune the excited rooters roar out:

“In the good old football time,  
    In the good old football time,  
Williams was an easy mark  
    ’Gainst our sturdy line.  
And as we roll up score on score  
    Sure that’s a very good sign,  
She’s still the same old easy mark  
    In the good old football time.”

A yell greets Myron’s successful punt-out, and a louder one follows Jimmy’s successful goal. Score, Dartmouth 12.

Once more the teams have changed goals, and Vose is kicking off. The ball goes high and far, and falls behind Dartmouth’s goal line. A kick-out from the 20 yard line follows, and Lewis brings back the ball to the 46 yard line. Williams here tries a trick play, a neatly executed double pass, which gives them 10 yards. But for a quick recovery and brilliant tackle on the part of Bullock, Watson might have gone free. Two plunges, and it is first down again. Dartmouth is penalized five yards, Williams again makes first down, and once more the umpire sets the Green back five yards. With the ball on the 14 yard line the Hanover team awakens to the fact that Williams is still in the game. The cheers and songs from the bleachers put new life into the team, who are exhorted to “make it a shut-out.” The crowd is looking for

a great stand by the New Hampshire eleven, and in spite of the yells of approval there is a genuine feeling of disappointment among the Dartmouth rooters when, on the next play, Mears drops the ball and Colton falls on it at the 10 yard line. Now Dartmouth settles down to her task again, and steadily the two elevens move up the field. Both bodies of rooters are singing and cheering madly, and a grand struggle is on. Three yards, four yards, five yards at a time the ball comes toward us. On the Purple's 51 yard line "Jimmy" Vaughan tears loose for a long run. Before he has gone 10 yards he is tackled, but he takes tackler, ball and all along for another eleven yards, while bleachers and grand stand re-echo to the sound of "Dart-mouth! Dart-mouth! Dart-mouth! Vaughan! Vaughan!! Vaughan!!!" With 30 yards to go, Williams' defense grows stronger and more stubborn. Conley is called on time after time to plunge or hurdle for the two yards that just brings first down. Again the Hanover rooters are calling "Touch-down! Touch-down!" and it is evident that something is going to happen. It is growing dark rapidly and all we can see is a shadowy mass gathered at the extreme north end of the field. Still it moves, however, and now, after one play more, it disintegrates and scatters. A wild yell goes up, and the band strikes up the Dartmouth song. Instantly every head is bared, and the whole Dartmouth delegation is on its feet. It is a thrilling sight, to look up and down the long rows of men all standing motionless, raising their voices together as they sing the inspiring words:

"Thy name we'll cherish all our lives,  
Thine honor we'll uphold,  
And wish that we were back again  
Within thy classic fold."

The song ended, the crowd waits for Jimmy Vaughan to kick the goal, then with triumphant yells, counts Dartmouth 18. A moment later and time is called. The crowd surges out upon the field, and the air is full of hats, canes, handkerchiefs, banners, and is rent with yells and songs. The band strikes up "John Brown's Body" and round and round the field marches the crowd, yelling like mad, until, emerging from the grounds, they take the high road to Boston, still singing at the top of their voices:

"Glory, glory to old Dartmouth!  
Glory, glory to old Dartmouth!  
Glory, glory to old Dartmouth!  
For this is Dartmouth's day."

And it certainly was.

Summary:

Dartmouth.	Williams.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Vose
Herr	
Smith, A. K. ....	l. tackle r..... Hatch
Clough .....	l. guard r..... Dennett
Gilman .....	center..... Campbell
Gage .....	r. guard I..... Hoffman
Smith, R. B.	
Place .....	r. tackle l..... Jones
	Murray
Farmer .....	r. end l..... Lewis
Foster	
Witham .....	quarter..... Jayne
	Miller
	Williams

Colton .....	l. half-back r.....	Watson Miller
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Gutterson Mears
Dillon .....	full-back.....	Peabody
Grover		Durfee
Conley		

Score, Dartmouth 18, Williams 0. Touchdowns, Colton, Conley (2). Referee, Brown of Harvard. Umpire, Dadmun of Worcester Tech. Time, 25 minute halves.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Boston Advertiser, in speaking of the game, says: "When it is considered that Dartmouth displayed not more than 75 per cent. of her strength at Newton Saturday, several of her best men being unable to take part in the game, respect for W. E. McCornack's ability as a coach is considerably increased. He bids fair to evoke another highly successful team out of material which, for several line positions at least, was not exceptional to start with."

The statement in regard to 75 per cent. of Dartmouth's strength was literally true. "Billy" Knibbs, the veteran full-back, was out of the game, and Dartmouth's defense suffered very much in consequence. Patteson, last year's regular left half, was in the hospital, laid up with quinsy and asthma. Dillon's ankle gave way and forced his retirement at the end of the first half. Witham was in a similar condition, and was sparing himself as much as possible. It was almost a repetition of the injuries to the team a year before, when Knibbs had been out, Colton laid up with a bad muscle bruise, Jack O'Connor out of the game for a month, and Witham and Dillon in very poor shape physically.

In studying a chart of the game made out by a Boston reporter, Dartmouth's superiority was at once evident. In every department of play the Hanover men outclassed their opponents. Without once losing possession of the ball, they rushed it 82 yards for a touchdown, then carried it 102 yards from the kick-off, only to have it taken away on a penalty, yet made another 42 yard march before time was called for the first period. In the second half, two marches were made to the goal line, one 62 yards long, the other an even 100. In the first half Dartmouth rushed the ball 173 yards (half of the second march mentioned above was covered by Dillon in the run-back of the kick-off), Williams 23 yards. In the second half Dartmouth rushed 172 yards, Williams 21. In the whole game Dartmouth rushed 345 yards, Williams 44. Dartmouth ran back kick-offs for a total of 82 yards, Williams for 13 yards.

"On the offensive Dartmouth waited some little time between plays, and if the plays could have been run off more quickly Williams would have been defeated by a much larger score."—Boston Herald.

"Dartmouth's line was clearly superior to its opponent's in both offense and defense. The Dartmouth linemen broke through on every play. Gilman, the Hanover center, threw his man back every time and aided the backs in every play through the line. Dartmouth's line also tackled well, the men always getting the runner low and hitting him fiercely. The Hanover backs were a fast combination and they worked together beautifully. The left half-back and the full-back went through the line together every time, the full-back having his arm around the half-back's neck. On the defensive the backs helped the line well."—Boston Globe.

## DARTMOUTH 6, AMHERST 12.

It is almost impossible for a football team to develop great strength early in the season and maintain it to the end. Sooner or later there comes a slump. Just what is the cause of this is not always known; but the fact is one which is recognized by all coaches. "Dave" Campbell's championship Harvard eleven, Chadwick's great Yale team, each had a narrow escape, in mid-season, from defeat at the hands of West Point. Even Gordon Brown's wonderful team of 1900 was held 10 to 5 by the inferior Columbia eleven. The eleven from Providence was caught napping by Lafayette, on November 1st, and on October 25th, Dartmouth was caught off her guard and defeated by Amherst.

It was a most unexpected and stinging reverse. Amherst had a strong team, one which had held Harvard to six points, and defeated Columbia 29 to 0, but she really was not on a par with Dartmouth when the Hanover team was in condition. Knibbs, Patteson and Dillon were out of the game through injuries, and Colton, who played such great football against Williams, had been laid out in the practice only a few days before. But this was not the cause of Dartmouth's defeat. The truth of the matter was, the men were a bit "stale." Fearing the Williams game on account of Dartmouth's 1901 experience "Mac" had overworked them in preparation for this year's battle. This was clearly shown the following week, when several men began to lose weight. Jimmy Vaughan began the game weighing 156 pounds, and others were nearly as bad. Throughout the first half, while their strength lasted, the Hanover men completely outplayed their opponents. Amherst did not make her distance once,

while Dartmouth rushed the ball 132 yards, earning one touchdown, and losing another through fumbles and penalties. There were over two thousand spectators, two hundred of whom were "rooters" from Amherst, and their triumphant march around Alumni Oval after the game was not the least galling feature of Dartmouth's defeat.

Amherst kicked off 35 yards to Witham, who recovered 10. Vaughan failed to gain at right end, and Witham punted 55 yards to the visitors' 25 yard line. Washburn was thrown for a loss, and Quill went back to punt. The Hanover linemen came through fast and blocked the ball, which, however, was recovered by Amherst. A punt sent the ball to the middle of the field, and by the four and five yard plunges of Rix and Conley Dartmouth rushed it 56 yards for a touchdown. Vaughan's goal made it 6.

Rix carried Amherst's kick-off to the 30 yard line. Dartmouth gained some 20 yards, but was penalized 10 for off-side. Quill returned Witham's poor punt, gaining 14 yards by the exchange. Dartmouth once more began to rush the ball, gaining to Amherst's 50 yard line, where it was given to the visitors for holding. Again Amherst was unable to gain, and Quill punted to Dartmouth's 25 yard line. Once more Dartmouth rushed it to the center of the field, but time for the first half was called.

Dartmouth opened the second half by kicking to the 20 yard line, where Pierce was downed in his tracks. Washburn tore through left tackle for his distance, the first five yards that the visitors had earned. Dartmouth's defense became shaky, and Amherst rushed the ball to the Green's 50 yard line, where it changed hands twice, through a fumble by each team. Quill tried right end, but lost six yards through Conley's beautiful tackle. Amherst punted to the home team's

30 yard line, whence Witham recovered 18 yards. Vaughan made four yards, Conley six and Vaughan seven. It looked as though Dartmouth was bound to score again, but on the next play the umpire set the home team back 10 yards. Witham went back to punt, but juggled the pass and the ball was knocked out of his hands. Three Amherst men chased it back, Daniels finally securing it, only 27 yards from the goal. In spite of the heroic efforts of Witham, Gilman and Bullock to stem the tide, in eight rushes Amherst had scored. The punt-out was a success and Daniels' goal, tying the score, sent Amherst's rooters into the seventh heaven of delight.

Dartmouth kicked off, and the visitors were forced to line up for their first scrimmage on their own 16 yard line. The umpire set them back for off-side, and Quill punted to his 35 yard line, where Witham made a fair catch. Brown was called upon to try a goal from the field, which he missed by a narrow margin. Amherst kicked out from the 25 yard line, and it was Dartmouth's ball on her own 50 yard line. It went to the visitors almost immediately on a fumble, and they began to gain rapidly through the exhausted Dartmouth line. Forty-five yards they made, ploughing through for 17, 12, seven and five yards in four plays, but on their five yard line the Hanover eleven made a gallant, desperate stand. Twice the visitors were held for no gain, and Quill went back for a goal from the field. And now the game was decided by a mere fluke, a strange turn of fortune: The kick was blocked, the ball shot out to one side and fell on the field with nobody near it but Washburn of Amherst. Place and Bullock were the only Dartmouth men to see the ball, but neither could crawl out of the heap in time to head off Washburn, who, with a clear field in front of him, ran eight yards for the deciding touchdown. Daniels' goal made it 12 to 6.

Less than a minute remained of the half, and there was no time to do anything to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

**Summary:**

Dartmouth.	Amherst.	
Bullock .....	l. end r.....	Priddy
Smith, A. K. ....	l. tackle r.....	Varnum
Smith, R. B.		
Clough .....	l. guard r.....	Park
Brown		
Gilman .....	center.....	Howard
Gage .....	r. guard l.....	Palmer
Brayton		
Place .....	r. tackle l.....	Pierce
Farmer .....	r. end l.....	Rafferty
Witham .....	quarter.....	Daniels
Rix .....	l. half-back r.....	Washburn
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Biram
Conley .....	full-back.....	Quill

Score, Amherst 12, Dartmouth 6. Touchdowns, Conley, Quill, Washburn. Goals, Vaughan, Daniels (2). Umpire, Dadmun, W. P. I. Referee, Cutts of Harvard. Time, 25 minute halves.

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**DARTMOUTH 12, WESLEYAN 5.**

On Saturday, November 1st, Dartmouth defeated Wesleyan 12 to 5, on Andrus Field, Middletown. A great shaking up had taken place, and the line-up had been materially changed since the Amherst game. "Fat" Smith was back at center, Joe Gilman had been shifted to left guard, Frost went in at left tackle, the veteran "Bill" Craig took Bullock's

place at end, as the latter was on the hospital list, Grover and Dillon were back in the game, and Amos Foster had begun to play the fast, smashing game by which he distinguished himself during the remainder of the season. The team's defense was strong, its offense fast, the play was full of life and snap. One would hardly recognize the team which only a week before had been defeated by Amherst. In the line the playing of Clough and Gilman was brilliant. They were towers of strength on defense and opened great holes on offensive play. All the backs played good football, with the exception of tackling. In this department the Hanover boys showed remarkably poor form, and to this fact it is due that the score was not much larger. On the day of the Brown game, Dartmouth would have defeated Wesleyan 28 to 0.

Wesleyan, although outplayed, put up a game fight, and by good defensive work and trick plays kept the ball in Dartmouth's territory all through the first half. The clean play of both sides was remarked upon by all the spectators.

Wesleyan's kick-off was caught by Dillon, who ran back 20 yards. Captain Place was brought back of the line for a four yard gain. Fine interference gave Vaughan a clear field for a run around the end. But his cleats refused to hold in the slippery ground and he fell heavily. Thus, instead of scoring in the first minute of play, Dartmouth was obliged to punt and lost the ball. From the center of the field Wesleyan gained slowly, barely making her distance for three successive first downs. Discouraged by the slow progress, Captain Calder sent Forbes around Dartmouth's end on a beautifully executed trick play for 40 yards and a touchdown. Dillon downed the runner just as he crossed the line, at the very corner of the field. The punt-out was unsuccessful, and the score stood Wesleyan 5.

Gilman's kick-off took the ball to Calder on the five yard line, and the little captain made a beautiful run, recovering 52 yards, while the Dartmouth players stood by and waited for each other to make the tackle. The reliable Jimmy downed him at last. At Dartmouth's 33 yard line the Hanover men refused to budge and Gillispie went back to try for a goal from the field. This was unsuccessful, the ball going to the goal line, whence Dillon ran it in 15 yards. Dartmouth had gone to sleep, and could not gain fast enough. Witham's punt sent the ball to the middle of the field. Again Wesleyan rushed 15 yards, but could gain no farther and tried another time, unsuccessfully, for a field goal. Dartmouth was still in a stupor, and could not gain. Witham's punt sent the ball to the center of the field, whence Wesleyan rushed it 15 yards in eight downs. On our own 41 yard line she was held for downs, and the visitors, emerging from their trance, began to show their real strength. The forwards tore great holes in the Middletown line, through which the backs dived for five and 10 yard gains. In the last three and a half minutes of the half the ball was carried from Dartmouth's 41 to Wesleyan's 24 yard line, a distance of 50 yards. Call of time for the first half saved the Methodists and left the score, just as in the game a year before, in favor of the weaker team.

At the beginning of the second half Dartmouth still showed the fight and dash that had marked her play during the closing moments of the first. Three fresh men had gone in, Rix, Brown and Donnelly, and the whole team was thoroughly aroused and full of fight.

Gilman's kick-off was over the line, but Calder, hoping for another exhibition of poor tackling on the part of the visitors, essayed to run it in. On the 18 yard line he was met by

"Vic" Place, who hurled him back some yards. Wesleyan was unable to do anything with Dartmouth's stonewall defense, and Coote punted to Grover. The latter muffed the ball, but snatched it up just in time to save it from a Wesleyan end, and made 10 yards. Fierce charges by the Hanover backs took the ball to the 15 yard line, where the Methodists secured the ball on downs. Again Dartmouth refused to budge, and another punt sent the ball to Vaughan, on the Green's 50 yard line. Once more Dartmouth began her advance, and steadily down the field she moved in uninterrupted procession, for 60 yards and a touchdown, scored by Vaughan. Jimmy then kicked a pretty goal, and Dartmouth led by one point.

Amos Foster now took Vaughan's place, and Dartmouth began her attack once more. Donnelly ran in the kick-off some twelve yards, and Rix, Grover and Foster began to pound Wesleyan's line for gains averaging five yards per down. The play which sent Grover through left tackle, with Foster closing in the rear of the column, was the surest ground gainer. Down the field, steadily, moved the two elevens until on the 20 yard line Dartmouth was penalized 10 yards for off-side play. As Dartmouth had two downs in which to make the necessary 15 yards, Witham sent Grover through Wesleyan's right tackle. The big full-back kept his feet beautifully and was not pulled down until he had covered 17 yards. It took but three more charges to send him, on the same play, over the line for a touchdown. Brown kicked a pretty goal from a difficult angle, and the score stood: Dartmouth 12, Wesleyan 5.

Grover ran back the kick-off 18 yards, and Dartmouth had rushed the ball to the middle of the field when time was called.

## Summary:

Dartmouth.		Wesleyan.
Craig .....	l. end r.....	Hanlon
		Onthrop
		Garrison
Frost .....	l. tackle r.....	Forbes
Brown		
Gilman.....	l. guard r.....	Espy Day
Smith .....	center.....	Gillispie
Clough .....	r guard l.....	Brown
Place .....	r. tackle l.....	Goode
Farmer .....	r. end l.....	Onthrop
Donnelly		Eyster
Witham .....	quarter.....	Calder
Colton .....	l. half-back r.....	MacDonald
Grover		
Rix		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Cobb
Foster		
Dillon .....	full-back.....	Coote
Grover		

Score, Dartmouth 12, Wesleyan 5. Touchdowns, Forbes, Vaughan, Grover. Referee, Mr. Lane of Harvard. Umpire, Mr. Dadmun of Worcester Tech. Time, 30 minute halves.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

At the opening of the second half Captain "Vic" had evidently made up his mind that if his ends and backs would not tackle the runner, he must do it himself. And he did it in grand style.

As usual there was the best of feeling between the two elevens. Wesleyan's reception of their visitors was hospitality itself.

Dartmouth-Wesleyan scores now stood a tie: 1892, Dartmouth 20, Wesleyan 4; 1898, Dartmouth 5, Wesleyan 23; 1899, Dartmouth 0, Wesleyan 11; 1900, Dartmouth 5, Wesleyan 16; 1901, Dartmouth 29, Wesleyan 12; 1902, Dartmouth 12, Wesleyan 5. Total, Dartmouth 71, Wesleyan 71. Each college had had three victories.

In the last three Dartmouth-Wesleyan games the final loser had led at the end of the first half. In '00 the first half found Dartmouth in the lead, 5 to 0; in '01 Wesleyan led at the end of the first half, 12 to 6, and in '02, 5 to 0. In '99 the score at the end of the first half stood 0 to 0, but Dartmouth had had the better of the play, and in '98, with the score 6 to 5 in favor of the Methodists at its close, the first half had shown Dartmouth playing the better football.

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#### DARTMOUTH 11, SPRINGFIELD T. S. 0.

On Saturday, November 8th, Dartmouth defeated the strong team which had tied Wesleyan two weeks previously, the team of the Springfield Training School. This institution is for the purpose of developing physical directors for the Young Men's Christian Association, and thus is composed of picked athletes. Superior team play and knowledge of the game gave victory to Dartmouth, and the score does not show fully the Green's superiority to her opponents. The line played the same fast, aggressive football which it had shown in the Wesleyan game, while the tackling was immensely improved. The work of Bullock and Farmer was

brilliant, and the playing of Dillon and Foster not much behind. Patteson, who, after his discharge from the hospital, began playing at 144 pounds, was in the game for the first time, to the great delight of the spectators, who were thinking of the coming Brown game.

Witham ran the kick-off to the 47 yard line, Frost gained 13 yards, Foster 10 and Frost five. Witham punted to Gray on the five yard line; Gray returned the kick and Witham ran the ball in 15 yards. Frost made 20 yards, "Pat" seven, and Brown covered the remaining distance to the goal line in a dive through center. The punt-out was not caught, and the score stood, Dartmouth 5.

Bullock caught the next kick-off and recovered 23 yards. Place and Foster each made five yards, but a fumble gave the ball to the visitors on the next play. A trick play, with Abbott carrying the ball, gained them 12 yards. A fumble, and Bullock dived for the ball. Dartmouth took up her advance again, and the backs and tackles carried the ball to the visitors' eight yard line. Here the latter developed unexpected strength, and took the ball away on downs. A punt followed, and "Pat" made a fair catch on the 43 yard line. The distance was too great, and the try-at-goal failed. The ball rolled over the line, and Springfield punted out from the 20 yard line. Brown caught the kick and recovered 17 yards. On the next play a pretty run by Farmer netted 43 yards and a touchdown. This play, marked by good interference on the part of Bullock, "Pat" and Brown, and good dodging by "Dubsy" himself, was the prettiest of the game. Witham kicked goal, and the score stood, Dartmouth 11.

Dartmouth rushed the ball to mid-field, whence Witham punted to Gray, who was downed in his tracks by big Joe Gilman. Time was called with the ball in the visitors' possession on their own 12 yard line.

In the second half Dartmouth relaxed somewhat, while Springfield played harder than before. Gilman's kick-off was over the line, but Carley recovered 20 yards. Slow gains by the visitors, with an exchange of punts, carried the ball to the Green's 40 yard line, where the Hanover boys held for downs. Dillon squirmed through the line and ran 34 yards, but Dartmouth fumbled. Springfield punted, and Dartmouth had the ball on her own 28 yard line. Bullock made 25 yards around the end, and Dillon 12 more through the line. The visitors then gained possession of the ball on downs, but after trying in vain to rush it, punted. Dartmouth now rushed the ball steadily down the field to Springfield's 27 yard line, where time was called.

Summary:

Dartmouth.	Springfield.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Wolworth
Frost .....	l. tackle r..... Draper
Smith, R. B.	
Gilman .....	l. guard r..... Bugbee
Smith, A. K. ....	center..... McLaren
Clough .....	r. guard l..... Clark
Gage	
Place .....	r. tackle l..... Hamlin
Farmer .....	r. end l..... Berry
Lillard	
Witham .....	quarter..... Gray
Patteson .....	l. half-back r..... Abbott
Dillon	
Foster .....	r. half-back l..... Elliott
Brown .....	full-back..... Carley

Score, Dartmouth 11, Springfield T. S. 0. Touchdowns, Brown, Farmer. Referee, Foster of Amherst. Umpire, Barton of Dartmouth. Time, 25 minute halves.

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### DARTMOUTH 6, HARVARD 16.

"Harvard found a Tartar in the team from Hanover yesterday afternoon, and it was only toward the end of the second half, and after the Crimson rooters had been turned pale with fright, that Harvard won out by the score of 16 to 6. For what seemed at least an hour visions of defeat at the hands of a minor college floated before the minds of the immense crowd of Harvard spectators who had turned out to see the last game of 'varsity football on Soldiers' Field this season. They had expected better things of the Harvard eleven in its last home game, and as there can be but little doubt that the team played to its limit—because it had to in order to win, if for no other reason—the prospects for next Saturday's game are far from encouraging.

"Although Dartmouth came out of the first half with the score 5 to 0 against her it was fair to say that she had played Harvard on even terms, and for a good part of the second half Harvard was clearly outplayed.

"When Dartmouth's touchdown and goal put her in the lead, with the half rapidly drawing to a close, it seemed almost impossible for Harvard to win out. The band and the section of rooters went mad, and the whole south side of the field joined in such cheering and singing as has not been heard on Soldiers' Field since last November.

"Then it was that the Harvard team showed the one bit of spirit from which it is possible to derive a speck of com-

fort. With the odds" (sic) "clearly against them they rallied nobly and pushed the New Hampshire team back and down the field until Knowlton was finally shoved over the line. Even then Harvard's supporters were not certain of the result, for it was getting dark, and Dartmouth by another touchdown could easily win out.

"It had been an anxious half hour for every Harvard sympathizer on the field, and not until the whistle ended the game did they begin to breathe easily."

The above account, taken from the Boston Herald of November 16th, tells in brief the story of the most exciting game ever played between the Green and the Crimson.

As will be clearly seen when the whole story of the contest has been told, the final score gives far from a correct impression as to the relative strength of the two elevens. After all has been said the fact remains that Harvard's last two touchdowns were scored under cover of intense darkness. It was no longer a question of football skill, but of which side had the ball; the obscurity did the rest. And while we are discussing this question, those of us who saw this game will never be convinced that the second half was not six minutes too long. The time keeper is a fair man, and nothing is further from our intention than to accuse him of dishonesty, but dozens of Dartmouth men, who were themselves keeping accurate account of time, are positive that he made a big mistake in his reckoning, and that had the half ended when it should, the score would have stood 6 to 5 in our favor.

However, everyone admitted that Harvard was outplayed, and thoroughly deserved to lose the game. To begin with, Harvard outweighed the wearers of the Green 11 pounds per man in the line, and seven pounds per man back of it; five of her players were members of "Dave" Campbell's powerful eleven, and four of them were of the 1901 "All America."

On the other hand, Dartmouth was not at her best. Knibbs was still out of the game, and Patteson had not recovered his full strength. The offense of the eleven left nothing to be desired, but the defense was far from being as strong as it was just one week later, when Dartmouth met Brown. The fumbling, too, was an important factor in the game. The Boston correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, in his account of the game, writes: "Fumbling was costly for Dartmouth, as it was the general opinion after the game that Dartmouth would have won had it not lost the ball so often by slippery work." Had the Hanover team played as good football on the 15th as it did on the 22d, Harvard would never have won.

It was an ideal day for a football game, and a vast crowd of 15,000 spectators turned out to see the last game to be played on Soldiers' Field. Fifteen hundred Harvard undergraduates were bunched up under the various cheermasters and sang and cheered, before the game to practice for the 22d, and during the game to encourage their team to stave off the defeat which stared them in the face. Gathered in the south grand stand were some two hundred and fifty loyal Dartmouth men, who yelled and cheered as only Dartmouth men can cheer.

Promptly at 2:30 the game began. Harvard had won the toss and was defending the west goal. Gilman's kick-off went to Putnam on the five yard line, and through good interference by Harvard, and the same feeble tackling in the open field which marred the work of the Hanover eleven all through the season, he ran the ball in to Dartmouth's 42 yard line. On the very next play Mills broke through for 33 yards, and it was only nine yards from the line. Two plunges netted six yards, and the spectators were sure that

the game was going to be a romp for the Cambridge eleven. Just here, however, the unexpected happened. Graydon dropped the ball on the next attempt, and Farmer was upon it like a flash. It was now that Dartmouth, lined up with her backs standing on their own goal line, showed of what stuff she was made. With lightning-like speed, she shot her backs through the Crimson line. Play after play netted gains of four yards, and two charges always brought a first down. Captain Place and "Bill" Clough would toss aside the 410 pounds of brawn opposed to them, and a swift jump by Foster or a fast plunge by Dillon would do the business. Sixty-seven yards, straight down the field, the ball was carried, until on the Crimson's 38 yard line occurred the first of a series of disastrous fumbles, which gave the ball to Harvard. "But for which accident," says the Boston Herald, "there is no reason to believe she would not have kept on and scored."

From this point, despite Dartmouth's stubborn resistance, the ball was slowly forced down the field, Mills and Graydon doing all of the work, as the others had difficulty in advancing the spheroid. The last 23 yards took Harvard nine plays. Graydon carried the ball on the final plunge, and Barnard missed the goal. Score, Harvard 5.

Gilman's kick-off was caught, on the 35 yard line, by Barnard, who was downed in his tracks. Harvard now, by means of tackle-back formations, rushed the ball some 30 yards, requiring no less than 14 plays to make this distance. This progress, accomplished by sheer weight, was too slow to suit the Harvard captain, and he attempted to circle Bullock's end, but was thrown for a three yard loss by the watchful "Mat." Somewhat surprised, Kernan called for Putnam to make up the loss around Farmer. But "Dubsy" was ready

and spilled the runner some yards behind the line. Realizing the hopelessness of further progress, and fearful of what might happen if Dartmouth secured the ball, Captain Kernen took advantage of the "20 yard retreat" rule and made it first down on Harvard's 47 yard line. Twenty-three yards they rushed it, but Dartmouth took away the ball on downs. From the Green's 40 yard line to Harvard's 50 yard line the ball was carried by Foster and Dillon. Time was about up, so Witham tried a short kick, which gave the ball to his own men on the Crimson's 45 yard line, where time was called.

At the beginning of the second half the Hanover eleven started off with a rush and simply overwhelmed Harvard by the rapidity and fierceness of their attack. The ball went to Dillon on the kick-off and by wonderful speed, dodging and hurdling, he duplicated Putnam's run, passing the whole Harvard team with the exception of Daly, who downed him on the Crimson's 48 yard line. Harvard was set back 10 yards for off-side play, Foster made two yards, Dillon cleared the end for eight more, and Foster broke through Shea for 20. Dillon lost a yard, but Foster made it first down on the three yard line. Both bodies of rooters were cheering madly, and the next instant pandemonium broke loose among Dartmouth's supporters as Amos Foster, rising high into the air, shot forward and fell over the line. There was breathless silence for a moment while Jimmy Vaughan stood, quietly instructing Myron Witham how to tilt the ball. Then, deliberately, the ball was set down and a perfect kick put Dartmouth in the lead, 6 to 5.

The joy of the Dartmouth rooters knew no bounds; the substitutes, led by "Muggsy" McGrath, were turning cart-wheels and double rolls on the side lines. On the other side, the Harvard men were yelling harder than they had yelled since November 23d, 1901.

The kick-off went to Vaughan on the five yard line, and by pretty running and good interference he recovered 30 yards. A few short gains, and Vaughan broke through the line for 30 yards more. Still the ball moved. Harvard could not stop the charges of the fast Dartmouth backs. The goal line was only 25 yards away, and another touchdown, making it 12 to 5, was imminent, and there were but ten minutes to play. But another fatal fumble occurred, and although Dartmouth kept the ball, it was third down, and four and one-half yards to gain. The old Harvard tackle, Frank Mason, in writing of this incident to the Boston Herald, just two days after the game, said that had the Dartmouth quarter-back duplicated Captain Kernan's 20 yard retreat, no power on earth could have saved the Crimson team from defeat. But four and one-half yards looked small to Myron, after the six and ten yard gains which the team had been making. So the attempt was made, but failed to quite make the distance. It was Harvard's ball, for the first time in this half, upon her own 24 yard line. Time was nearly up, as everyone but the timekeeper thought, and Captain Kernan did not dare to rush the ball. His only hope was to punt, trusting to a fumble on the part of the Dartmouth backs. Patteson took Dillon's place in the back field, and Kernan sent a wonderful punt over the Hanover man's head. "Pat" recovered the ball on the 25 yard line, but Harvard had made 60 yards by the kick. Dartmouth made two attempts, but did not make her distance, and Witham, fearing that Harvard should gain the ball on downs, punted. The kick was a poor one, and went outside at the 53 yard line. Hurley took the place of the tired Putnam. It was now that Harvard did her best playing of the day. Graydon and Knowlton alternated carrying the ball, in plays aimed for the most part at

Frost. The Hanover man stood the battering well, and it took all the weight and strength of the Harvard team to squeeze out first down when it was needed. Fifteen plays and a gift of 15 yards by the officials brought the ball to the two yard line. And there, amid the darkness which now enveloped the field, Knowlton shot over the line for the Crimson's second touchdown, and the Harvard rooters went into ecstasies of joy. No championship victory over a powerful Yale team ever gave the Cambridge men any more pleasure than this touchdown, scored upon the men from the little college in the New Hampshire wilderness.

It was now so dark that one could not see his hand before his face, yet the timekeeper insisted that the half was not up, and as the ball would go to Harvard on the kick-off, the Cambridge men were anxious to continue.

Knowlton ran the kick-off in to the 37 yard line, and the wonder is that he did not go free. On the next play the Harvard runner crossed the side line and ran into the ropes on the side, thinking he was out in the open field. The referee lighted a match, located the side line, and with the aid of a lantern piloted the two teams back upon the gridiron. On the next play Herr threw Kernan for a loss, Lillard downed Graydon and Brown tackled Hurley, but to their great dismay, it was Mills who was carrying the ball. He was downed by Patteson on the 42 yard line. Meanwhile three minutes' time was taken out until the officials, who were scouring the field in search of the ball, could arrive. Play was resumed, and Kernan, behind the perfect interference of old Mother Night, ran 42 yards for a touchdown. Daly kicked goal, and the score stood Harvard 16, Dartmouth 6.

There was another kick-off, and after Harvard had run back the ball some 20 yards, a punt sent it to Dartmouth on

her own, 25 yard line, where time was called. The playing during the last 10 minutes had been farcical. It resembled blind man's buff about as much as football, yet one Boston paper, unable to find anything else to praise, from a Harvard point of view, spoke of the way in which "Kernan, after his old fashion, squeezed between left tackle and end, and by wonderful dodging and clever work" (sic) "pulled himself along" (he must have had a tremendous drag) "for 43 yards and another touchdown."

### Summary:

Dartmouth.		Harvard.
Bullock	l. end r.....	Bowditch
Herr		
Frost	l. tackle r.....	Knowlton
Gilman	l. guard r.....	Whitwell
Smith	center.....	Sugden Force
Clough	r. guard l.....	Barnard
Gage		
Place	r. tackle l.....	Shea
Farmer	r. end l.....	Mills
Lillard		
Witham	quarter.....	Daly
Dillon	l. half-back r.....	Putnam
Patteson		Hurley
Vaughan	r. half-back l.....	Kernan
Grover		Stillman
Foster	full-back.....	Graydon
Brown		

Score, Harvard 16, Dartmouth 6. Touchdowns, Graydon, Foster, Knowlton, Kernan. Referee, L. F. Deland. Umpire, F. E. Jennings. Time, 25 minute halves.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

One Boston paper spoke of the fact that Harvard was "weakened by the absence of the two Marshalls." "Zeus" Marshall, an old Dartmouth alumnus, and a wearer of the "D," would hardly be willing to play against his own alma mater, and when one remembers the wretched back-field work of Carl Marshall in the Yale game and thinks how often the beautiful tackling of Daly stopped the Dartmouth backs when they had passed everyone else, one can not help regretting that the regular Harvard quarter-back was not in his usual place.

Boston Globe—"The offense of the Dartmouth backs was little short of marvelous. The three men were all fast as sprinters, and they struck the line as one man. It is doubtful if there is another such back field playing football today. And this characteristic of fight, speed and dash ran through the line and ends as well. The Dartmouth line got the better of Harvard in almost every play. The boys from New Hampshire got into the play with their bodies while Harvard men used their hands. Farmer and Bullock, at Dartmouth's ends, stopped every play that came their way, and it was not until their substitutes had been put in that Harvard was able to gain around the ends."

Boston Herald—"Nothing can show any more clearly the effect of Dartmouth's mode of attack than the fact that Dartmouth gained by straight rushing over 225 yards during the game, besides 60 yards gained by running in kicks. Dartmouth did not spring any tricks, and she did not have to. Straight-away football, with nothing besides the regular old-fashioned formation used for the greater part of the time, was sufficient to push the Harvard line back steadily and consistently. The Dartmouth backs went at the line hard and

fast, and almost every time were through for a good gain before the Harvard linemen had begun to charge. They hammered the left of the Harvard line for the greater part of the time, but were able to gain at almost every point in the line, and occasionally round the ends. Dartmouth's offense was probably the fastest ever seen on Soldiers' Field, as the Harvard men did not have time to think where the next play would be directed before the line was smashed again, and invariably for a telling gain. Dartmouth's signals were given quickly, and the players seemed anxious to drive Harvard off the gridiron, so fierce was their attack. In her strong offense Dartmouth found her best defense, but even when Harvard had the ball Dartmouth showed herself remarkably strong. She held Harvard for downs and also forced Captain Kernan to lose 20 yards rather than surrender the ball, and at all times put up a stubborn barrier to Harvard's formation plays."

Chicago Record-Herald's Boston correspondent—"Dartmouth's magnificent offense and Harvard's powerless defense were the features of the game. McCornack, the old Englewood High School player, later of Dartmouth, had imbued his charges with a fierce determination which proved irresistible against the slow, beefy line of the Crimson. Dartmouth overwhelmed Harvard at the beginning of the second half, and tore and plowed through the Harvard line with desperate fury. The Crimson line seemed like paper. Dillon got the ball on the kick-off and cleared every man but Daly in the back field. On the next play the Crimson goal was threatened again, but Daly a second time saved a touchdown. A few straight bucks gave Dartmouth a touchdown after four minutes of play, Foster carrying the ball for the final plunge. Vaughan kicked a difficult goal. Soon after the next kick-off

Vaughan ran through the entire Crimson team with the exception of the reliable Daly, who brought him down on Harvard's 40 yard line."

Chicago Tribune's Boston correspondent—"Then came the surprise of the year. Dartmouth, with lightning-like rapidity, shot its offense time and again into the Harvard line, and down the field went the two teams, Dartmouth rarely requiring more than two downs to get its distance. At the 25 yard line a fumble took place and Harvard got the ball. Once more a steady progress was made by the wearers of the crimson, and finally, by dint of terrific shoving and pushing, Knowlton shot over the line for the first touchdown. Barnard's trial for goal was a dismal failure. Harvard 5, Dartmouth 0. Dartmouth immediately began to show fight again, and its tackling was low and hard. Harvard was balked repeatedly. Its heavy weights were pulled and hauled about at will by the Green and White men. The fighting for the remainder of the period was in Harvard's territory, time being called with the ball on Harvard's 45 yard line. The second half opened with a long run by Dillon, Dartmouth's left half, who cleared the Harvard bunch only to be downed on Harvard's 35 yard line by Daly. Three times in succession did the losers' backs break through with a clear field except for Daly, who, by marvelous tackling, succeeded in delaying the score. Dartmouth's rooters finally called upon the team to score, and in less than three minutes Foster took the pigskin across the line for a touchdown. The score was now tied and every rooter held his breath until Jimmy Vaughan, with a deft kick, made a goal, and Dartmouth had the lead, 6 to 5. Defeat stared Captain Kernan in the face and he immediately started to rally his men. This did not have much effect, how-





ever, as Dartmouth ran the Crimson down to its own 25 yard line, where a fumble stopped the progress of the visitors. The features of the game were the offensive tactics and vicious tackling of the visitors, Harvard's poor team work in the last half, and the tackling of Daly. Daly, Kernan, Mills, Graydon and Bowditch put up a fair game for the winners, while Vaughan, Frost, Farmer, Bullock, Place, Dillon, Foster and Patteson played well for Dartmouth."

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### DARTMOUTH 12, BROWN 6.

It was a gala day in the history of Manchester. Never before had the city seen anything quite like it. It had entertained crowds before, crowds as great, crowds far noisier; but never had it beheld just such a crowd as this.

The city was football mad. From the tops of buildings hung great festoons of green and brown bunting. Not a store, not a shop was to be seen whose windows were not decorated with flags bearing B's and D's. Nine persons out of every fifteen whom one met wore green, and three of the remainder wore brown. Every hour there entered the city a train which poured out its hundreds of football enthusiasts. A thousand men from Providence were early on the scene. They were seen and heard on every hand.

"Oh, we didn't do a thing to Pennsylvania,  
No, we didn't do a thing to Pennsylvania,  
No, not a single thing to Pennsylvania,  
To the boys from Philadelphia."

"Oh, we didn't do a thing to old Columbia,  
No, we didn't do a thing to old Columbia,  
No, not a single thing to old Columbia,  
To the boys from New York Town."

"Oh, we won't do a thing to old Dartmouth,  
No, we won't do a thing to old Dartmouth,  
No, not a single thing to old Dartmouth,  
To the boys from Hanover."

Their song told of their feelings; no doubt, no question in their minds; it was all settled, the game was won. Last year they had had their worst team in eight seasons, while Dartmouth's eleven was one of the best in her history. This year it was very different. Their team had outplayed Yale for half of a game, and held her to a single touchdown in the other half; Harvard had been held to six points, and the once mighty Pennsylvania had been humbled to the tune of 15 to 6. Forty-five points had been rolled up on Tufts, Lafayette had been tied, in the poorest game of the season, and the proud Columbia had been smothered, 28 to 0. Yet these games were only preliminary to *the* game of the season, the contest for which they had been waiting since November 28th, 1901; for to-day was to bring sweet salve for the smarting wound now nearly a year old, a salve all the sweeter because delayed so long; and its name was—Revenge.

It is noon, and the streets of Manchester are thronged with people. Football, football, nothing but football, is heard on every hand. "Barry is the man who will make the runs." "Mac knows this." "Sheehan's knee is not quite—" "Billy may go in—" "Joe Gilman says 12 to 0—" "Either Baker or Hamilton—" Such are the scraps of conversation which greet the ears of a passer by.

Suddenly round the corner, swinging into Elm street, comes the head of a procession. Seven hundred men in line are marching onward, four abreast. No song, no yell, comes from them to tell us who they are, but the ribbons and flags leave no doubt in our minds. Besides, we know them, every

one. The special train from Hanover has come, and with it all Dartmouth College. But who are these that follow so closely in carriages? Surely, they, too, look familiar. Yes, who could mistake that kindly smile, or fail to recognize yon beard of pronounced hue, or miss that dear old wrinkled face? The faculty have caught the fever, and, loyal Dartmouth men that they are, have chartered a special car and are here. Hanover will be dead indeed to-day.

And now there remains but 80 minutes before game time, and the great throngs surge toward the cars. Every cab, every 'bus, every car that is available is loaded to its utmost capacity. It is half an hour after our arrival at Varick Park that we finally force our way in, and pause a moment to survey the scene. All around the gridiron, with the exception of a small gateway at the west end and a space of sixty yards at the north, stretches the great stand, needing only a few more seats to make the whole an amphitheatre. On the east side of the field, nine tiers high, surmounted by a big brown banner, cheering and singing, sit three thousand loyal supporters of the eleven from Providence. At the ends of the field are gathered three thousand people, some wearing brown, others green; while in the main grand stand, stretching with its twenty tiers of seats for a hundred and twenty yards on the west, sit six thousand enthusiastic backers of the boys from New Hampshire. For every yell for Dartmouth there comes back across from the east an answering cheer for Brown, and song is responded to by song. It is 1:47; and there is a momentary lull in the cheering. In the small gateway at the break in the stands there is a little commotion, when suddenly the gate is thrown open and 21 sturdy Rhode Islanders, headed by Captain Barry and Coaches Gammons and Murphy, emerge from the opening on the trot. A

great roar goes up as the east side rises to greet its champions, and back from the west like an echo comes Dartmouth's welcome to her gallant foes:

“Wah-who-wah!  
Wah-who-wah!  
Da-da-Dartmouth!  
Wah-who-wah!  
T-I-G-E-R!  
Brown! Brown! Brown! !”

Without any preliminaries the team lines up to run through signal practice. We Dartmouth men look them over curiously, this team about whom we have heard so much. They certainly look like a first class 'varsity eleven, coached and trained to the hour, from whom no team in the country could be dead sure of winning. More eagerly than at the others we strive for a look at the right tackle; his name is very familiar. There he is, coming towards us:—why surely he is the same old Sheehan who was Hapgood's running mate in the days of Murphy, Melendy and Chesboro, even before the coming of Washburn and Whittemore. Yes, he is a veteran, indeed. And this is the team which has trounced Penn. and Columbia, and almost split even with Harvard and Yale, the team for whom Captain Barry has sworn that they will win this game or be carried off the field on stretchers.

Once more the little gate swings open and seven thousand people rise to their feet and a great volume of sound bursts forth as 28 stalwart sons of old Dartmouth, headed by "Mac," "Bill" Randall, "Jack" O'Connor, "Jack" Griffin, "Wife" Jennings and "Tommy" Thompson, trot out upon the field. The practice begins at once, and the eyes of the spectators wander curiously from one team to the other.

As far as the eye can judge, they are certainly well matched, both big and strong and fast. This is going to be a battle royal, or we are no judges of football.

It is just 2 o'clock when Referee Corbin summons Captains Barry and Place to meet him in the middle of the field. The Dartmouth man calls, and wins, and the Hanover eleven is spread out to defend the south goal. Let us look them over, while Lynch, of Brown, is teeing the ball. Here is Joe Gilman, slapping his great sides with his hands; there is "Jack" Frost, blowing on his fingers, yonder is "Mary" Dillon, stamping upon the ground. What is the matter? Surely they are not cold. For the day is perfect, for the spectators, and hence a bit too warm for the players. No, they are not cold, but they are all on edge. For two months they have been working, striving, thinking of nothing else but this moment, and lo! the moment has come:

"Ready, Dartmouth?" "Ready, Brown?" "Play!"

A great sigh goes up from the spectators, followed by a gasp from the west grand stand, as "Dubsy" Farmer drops Brown's kick-off. Only a second's delay, however, and he is off. On the 26 yard line he is nailed, and the two elevens face each other for the first time. A signal, and round the end, fast and hard, comes a string of Dartmouth men; a wild yell goes up as Jimmy Vaughan swings loose from the line and eats up 24 yards before he is downed. A short halt for Joe Gilman, who has been injured, then Dartmouth begins her attack. A short plunge by Dillon and two dives by Foster bring first down, just past the middle of the field. This progress is too slow to suit Witham, who calls upon Dillon to circle Schwinn's end. And now occurs the first of a series of turning points. For either through a poor pass by Myron or a poor catch by "Mary," the latter juggles the ball badly,

it flies out of his hands and he has to chase it back 12 yards, where Crowell drops him to the ground. Meanwhile Joe Gilman has been kicked in the head, and has to take the full time limit before he can go on. Dartmouth's next attempt is a failure, and to the intense joy of the east side Witham falls back to punt. Over the heads of the players and high into the air shoots the ball, falling into the waiting arms of Barry. Before he can take a step, however, the dangerous Brown captain is thrown in his tracks by the Dartmouth ends, who thus give a sample of the style of play they are to show throughout the game. Now, to the extreme joy of its supporters, Brown begins a series of those assaults which tore up the sturdy line of Yale, and played havoc with old Penn. Aiming their plays at Frost and Gilman, who has been laid out twice in the last five minutes, the Providence men come crashing through. Twelve yards, one yard, seven yards, four yards, three yards, three yards,—thus run the gains. After every other play poor old Joe Gilman is stretched out for the limit of time, and he comes up very stiffly and slowly. ("Fat" Smith is authority for the statement that for ten minutes from the time when Joe was first kicked in the head he didn't know whether he was playing football or mumblepeg.) The ball is in the middle of the field, and is moving steadily. Two more short charges and then Webb, picking up the ball, which has been dropped by Shaw, makes 13 yards, unassisted, through the whole Dartmouth team. A beautiful dive by Vaughan brings him down. Both bodies of rooters are cheering like mad. Smash, smash; two more downs, and it is first down on the Green's 27 yard line. Captain Vic, after every play, rushes along back of the forwards, slapping each man and exhorting him to stand firm. Myron Witham's lips are moving, and we can

guess that he is wasting no words. And now the Hanover line makes its first great stand. An attempt by Webb, who has been doing most of the ground gaining, is a failure, resulting in a gain of less than a yard. Barry is sent at Bullock's end, but the reliable "Mat" nails him with no gain. With the ball on the Green's 26 yard line and four yards to gain, Barry strikes Place, and, unable to gain straight through, slides off to the side for some eight yards. A great groan is heard from the Dartmouth stand, for the play seemed to be a sure failure at first. Four more charges, averaging three yards apiece, and it is first down on the six yard line. The Hanover boys are in a perfect frenzy of desperation. Their attitudes are eloquent in their tenseness. Webb is swung from his place in the line upon Frost, and in a perfect fury the Dartmouth backs hurl themselves to the support of their lineman. When the pile is disintegrated, it is seen that the ball has advanced barely a yard. Russ, the swift 180 pound end, is brought back for a straight plunge at Gilman. But Joe is himself again, and throwing Cobb aside, he is under the play. Witham and Foster rush to his assistance, and the ball is still four yards from the line. Now Brown, in turn, is desperate, and the whole strength of their powerful eleven is behind Hamilton in a last frantic charge at Gilman. But there is not brawn and skill enough in all the Providence eleven to overcome the strength and determination of Dartmouth. When the heap is unpiled, Hamilton is found at the bottom, with Gilman's big arms around him, and the ball three yards from the line! The second turning point of the game is over and the most gallant stand ever made by a Dartmouth team is now a thing of the past. And here there follows a scene indescribable. In the west grand stand men are wildly embracing each other,

dancing, yelling, crying out incoherently, choking and gasping for breath. A moment of rest and play is resumed. And now Myron Witham shows his good head and his nerve. He has seen that Brown cannot stop Dartmouth's offense; had it not been for Dillon's fumble, the ball would now be down near Brown's goal. If he punts, in five minutes they will be back here again. And thus it is that Dartmouth, lined up with its backs behind their own goal line, begins once more to rush the ball. Foster plunges through Sheehan for four yards, Vaughan adds one, Foster makes four through Cobb, Dillon makes first down through Webb, and Foster tears through Sheehan for six yards more. Brown is set back five yards by the officials, Vaughan makes four and Dillon shoots by Webb for eight. A short gain and Vaughan clears Russ for 16 yards. A short plunge, and Vaughan is hurt. On the next play Barry is through, downing Jimmy for a loss, and there is joy in the Brown camp for the first time in ten minutes. A straight buck by Foster nets four yards, and it is Brown's ball on downs, just past the middle of the field. Once more the east side breaks into cheers of joy, and anxiety is evident in the Dartmouth stand. But Bullock throws Barry for no gain, and Clough stops Lynch at the line. Brown tries an on-side kick, but Witham is awake and the ball is ours on the 48 yard line. On the very first down the umpire sets Dartmouth back ten yards. Second down, and fifteen yards to go: Vaughan makes five. Third down, and ten yards to go: a beautiful run by Dillon nets 16 yards and a first down. This seems to put new life into Dartmouth, for in ten plays, one a pretty 12 yard run by Foster, they plant the ball on Brown's 14 yard line. Russ steals the ball once, but it is seen by the officials. A charge by Foster brings no gain and Barry throws Vaughan for a four

yard loss. Third down and nine to go. It is too close to the goal line to lose, and rather than risk another end run, Witham takes the ball back to the 34 yard line for a first down. Brown is fighting hard and it takes three plays to bring a first down. A pretty double pass gains ten yards, with Farmer carrying the ball. Five more plays, and it is first down only six yards from the line. Brown is desperate. Both bodies of rooters are cheering madly, the west side yelling, "Touchdown! Touchdown!" A charge, and half the Brown team are off-side. The umpire halves the distance, and there are only three yards to go. Another charge, and again the Providence men are too eager. Dartmouth gains a first down, only a yard and a half from the line. Dillon is through to the goal line, but Russ and Barry force him back. Once more Dillon takes the ball, Gilman tosses Cobb aside, and in a tenth of a second there is a great pile of green and brown on the goal line itself. The referee works his way down, throwing off man after man; there at the bottom is Dillon, still clutching the ball, which lies just over the white line that marks the goal. The third turning point of the game is past. The game has been won and lost. When it came to the pinch Dartmouth was strong enough to hold Brown, while Brown was not strong enough to hold Dartmouth.

It takes but a fraction of a second to convey the news to the crowd, and as the west side realizes what has happened, there is a wild rush from the grand stand. For a moment pandemonium reigns. Professors and gray-haired alumni, seniors, freshmen and young graduates are all jumbled together in the space between the grand stand and the ropes. All are leaping into the air for joy, yelling like mad, and embracing each other indiscriminately. For a minute there

is a hush, for Myron and Jimmy are trying a difficult goal, but when a perfect kick sends the ball squarely over the bar, the noise bursts forth again, culminating in rousing yells for Dillon, Vaughan and the whole team. Score, Dartmouth 6. Time, 33 minutes, 10 seconds.

The teams change sides, and Lynch sends a swift, low punt at Gilman, who stands on the 35 yard line. It strikes Joe like a cannon ball, but he holds it, and showing good speed, rushes it eight yards before he is downed. A straight plunge gains three yards, then Witham tries an on-side kick. Crowell is under it, however, and gains 10 yards before he is downed. Brown tries a trick play, but Dartmouth's ends are not to be gainsaid, and Lynch is thrown for a three yard loss. Standing on his own 43 yard line Barry sends the longest punt of the game bounding over Dillon's head. Dillon picks it up on Dartmouth's one yard line and recovers five before being downed. But the whistle sounds and the first half is over. Again the crowd of Dartmouth rooters flings itself loose and holds an impromptu jollification and reception in front of the stands. The Dartmouth Band alternates with the Naval Band of Portsmouth, which is playing for the 300 Dartmouth rooters who have come from that city to see the game.

“Open up a hole, let Billy Knibbs through,  
Fifteen yards or more will do,  
Brown, we won't do a thing to you,  
Oh-oh-oh-my!  
Vaughan 'round the end for ten yards more,  
Get busy, boys, and roll up the score,  
Brown, you're going to be quite sore,  
When you kiss yourself good bye!”

Everybody on our side of the field is happy, except that here and there is heard the whisper: "Remember this is the way we had Amherst."

But here come the boys; the time is up, and amid the wild cheers of both parties Dartmouth prepares to kick off. We notice that Patteson has gone into the place of Dillon. Joe Gilman carefully sets up the spheroid, and as the whistle sounds sends it sailing away down the field to Barry, who stands under his own goal posts. The swift Brown captain never falters, but is off like a shot. At the 20 yard line he meets the first Dartmouth tacklers. It seems as though he cannot get through, yet somehow he wriggles free. Ten yards further, and a Dartmouth man seizes him; but a kick and a plunge, and he tears on, striking another group, 15 yards further, where brown and green are mingled together; there is a short struggle, and then out from the bunch shoots the Brown half-back, only to fall at last on the Green's 40 yard line, brought down by Witham and Patteson. This success puts Brown right upon edge, while Dartmouth, remembering the stand of the first half, and confident of her ability to repeat it, is not quite so eager. Webb breaks through for four yards, and then for a yard and a half. Another first down; then Dartmouth almost holds Brown for downs. Two more charges bring a first down on the 13 yard line; then the Dartmouth line takes a great brace and holds Russ and Hamilton to half a yard apiece. With third down and four yards to go, Captain Barry tries Bullock's end. Mat is after him like a flash, almost has him, but slips and falls. Away out to the right runs Barry, unable to cut in because of the Dartmouth backs, who are running parallel, finally crossing the side line just seven yards from the goal. It is first down again, and the third turning point of the game is past. For

it takes but three plays to score a touchdown, made by Lynch between Frost and Gilman. The east side of the field gives vent to wild enthusiasm, and dances and tears round like mad, while back from the west rolls a great confident "Wah-who-wah!" for "the whole team." Then everyone is hushed for a moment, while Colter aims the ball for a difficult goal. Straight to the right hand post sails the ball, striking it obliquely, and falling just over the crossbar. Again the east grand stand tears loose, for the score is tied and the ball is going to Brown. Coach McCormack turns around and remarks quietly to a bystander that it will be Dartmouth's game, 12 to 6.

Joe Gilman tees the ball, and both teams prepare to struggle their hardest for the touchdown which shall win the game. And now it is that Dartmouth, driven by necessity, shows what her real power is. For not once in the rest of the game, 17 minutes in all, does Brown gain a first down.

The kick-off goes to Lynch on the very goal line itself, and he tears down the field, throwing off man after man. At the 38 yard line he is stopped, however, and the teams face each other once more. Barry tries Bullock's end, but is thrown for no gain, Russ gains but half a yard, and the Brown captain falls back to punt. The Hanover line has clinched the game in these two stands. But now comes the narrowest escape of all, and the prettiest exhibition of cool nerve and good judgment in the whole game. The punt is low and swift, and striking the ground comes toward Patteson on the bounce. Tearing down upon him like a herd of stampeded cattle, not five feet behind the ball, come six, big, brown-clad rushers. An instant's hesitation, the slightest error in judgment, a poor catch of the bouncing spheroid, and the game is lost. But "Pat" never flinches; he coolly watches for the

bounce, then leaps to meet the ball and falls forward. The next instant he is buried beneath four tacklers. A great yell goes up from the western side, for it is Dartmouth's ball on her own 43 yard line, and out toward the middle of the field is trotting a figure familiar to Brown and Dartmouth alike. Yes, they know him; on the east side there is commotion and comment, while from the west rings out a great yell:

“Wah-who-wah!  
Wah-who-wah!  
Da-da-da-Dartmouth!  
Wah-who-wah!  
T-I-G-E-R!  
Knibbs, Knibbs, Knibbs!”

It is the Green's star full-back, who, laid up with a broken rib, has not been in the line-up since the Tufts game. He plays now with a great leather girdle ten inches wide and half an inch thick around his waist, and it winds him so much that he can last only 15 minutes or so. But while he lasts he will tear things up a little. He gets a great ovation as he lines up in the place of Amos Foster, who is given warm applause as he slowly limps off the field, for the star game that he has played. And now of the backs who began the game only the sturdy “Jimmy” Vaughan is left, but the three who are now together comprise the old “First Triumvirate” who began the game against Brown in 1901. The whole team crowd around the three, shake hands, and swear that they will put the ball over the line once more. And thus they get to work. Two hurdles by Knibbs bring first down, a charge by Frost gains four, and Vaughan adds a like amount. Patteson shoots through Sheehan for three yards, and Knibbs adds four by a hurdle of the

center. Vaughan squirms through Sheehan for five yards, and Knibbs clears the same place for another first down. Poor old Sheehan, veteran of five teams, is slowly weakening before the vigor of lanky "Jack" Frost. Here, to add to the interest of the game, Russ, up to his old trick, steals the ball, and goes tearing down the field for 75 yards. But the referee has seen the whole thing, and amid the groans of the Providence rooters, who have gone mad with joy a moment before, the ball is brought back and given to Dartmouth. Here, however, Brown's defense suddenly stiffens, three downs gain but as many yards, and the ball is given over to the Providence eleven. Brown tries desperately hard to get out of her dangerous position, but there are three past masters in the art of defense who are backing up the line, and three plunges by Barry result in the surrender of the ball to the Green on the 35 yard line. It takes two hurdles by Knibbs and a dive by Vaughan before first down is declared; then Patteson circles right end for nine yards. Three plunges by Knibbs and Vaughan bring six yards, and once more the linesmen take up their poles and walk. Poor old Sheehan, fighting gamely to the last, has been tossed around almost at will by Frost for the last few plays, and at last limps off, being succeeded by Savage, regular tackle on the 1901 eleven. Frost plows through his new antagonist for two yards and a half, and a pretty hurdle by Knibbs brings first down. After every play some one is stretched out upon the ground, and every jump that the Green's full-back makes costs him fearful punishment. The playing is furious on both sides. Brown, strong and desperate, is thinking of her revenge, and the fruits of a whole season's work gone for nothing; Dartmouth, stronger yet, is not to be denied. Another plunge by Knibbs gains two yards, but leaves him stretched upon the

ground for the limit of time. Vaughan makes two yards through Savage, and Knibbs hurdles for a first down. Now with only five yards to go, still it is doubtful. Frost tosses Savage aside, and Patteson gains two yards. Knibbs is called on to carry the ball, and rising over Gilman and Cobb he falls across the goal line; the Dartmouth rooters half rise in their places, but sink back again—Russ and Lynch have dragged him back, and the ball is still two yards from the line. It is the supreme moment of the game, third down, the line to gain. Witham looks around at his backs, then calls them up and whispers. Once more Knibbs takes the ball on a hurdle between Smith and Gilman. He is met in the air by Russ and Barry, but his team mates are behind him, and the mass, after a momentary check, falls in a heap just over the line. And now the air is split by a noise such as has never been heard in Manchester before. The celebration over the first touchdown and the racket that the Providence men made a few moments ago compares with it as the cooing of a zephyr with the blast of a tornado. Every man in the Dartmouth Band is blowing his horn, and someone is pounding the bass drum like mad, but the whole effect is of a dumb show. A frantic stampede from the stands fills the entire space back of the ropes; hats are smashed, canes and umbrellas are broken and lost; but who cares? Which one of us would not have given a year of his life to save this game for Dartmouth? With difficulty is the noise hushed while the reliable "Jimmy," with his usual perfect kick, removes all danger of a defeat. The enthusiasm breaks out again, and the great crowd counts, Dartmouth 12.

Knibbs has been laid out ever since he crossed the goal line, but now limps painfully to his place to receive Brown's kick-off. And now Dartmouth's condition begins to tell, and

the faithful care and attention of Trainer Bowler begin to bear fruit. For Brown, exhausted by the fierce playing of the last few minutes, now gives way rapidly before the onslaughts of the Green. Vaughan recovers twelve yards on the kick-off, and Patteson skirts Schwinn's end for 30 yards; the wonderful speed of Captain Barry alone prevents a touchdown. Chase takes Lynch's place. Vaughan ploughs through Webb for six yards and Patteson again circles the end, this time for 16 yards. Again the Dartmouth rooters are calling for a touchdown, for there remain but 34 yards to go. On the next play, however, the umpire sees holding in the Dartmouth line, and turns the ball over to Brown. There is still danger of a tie, for it is growing very dark, and if Bullock should miss the swift Brown captain in the gloom, not even Patteson can catch him. Brown is off-side on the next play, and being set back 10 yards, retreats 10 more for a first down. Hamilton tries the line, but Dartmouth holds like a stone wall. The ball is passed to Barry, but he has not taken two strides before Bullock strikes him on one side and Farmer on the other, and he falls, two yards behind his own rush-line. A punt sends the ball to Patteson on the 45 yard line, from which he rushes it 15 yards, being tackled by Schwinn. Meanwhile Russ has tackled the ball, and, thanks to the darkness, is not seen by the officials. Twice more does Barry try to gain, but his second attempt finds him still behind his own line. A punt sends the ball to Patteson, and in six rushes, two by each back, Dartmouth carries the ball 46 yards. There still remain some eight minutes of the half, but as Brown is convinced that in less than two minutes the score will be 18 to 6, and Dartmouth is satisfied with the game, the most remarkable contest ever fought in the state of New Hampshire closes in darkness.

## Summary:

Dartmouth.	Brown.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Russ
Frost .....	l. tackle r..... Sheehan
	Savage
Gilman .....	l. guard r..... Cobb
Smith .....	center..... Colter
Clough .....	r. guard l..... Shaw
Place .....	r. tackle l..... Webb
Farmer .....	r. end l..... Schwinn
Witham .....	quarter..... Crowell
Dillon .....	l. half-back r..... Lynch
Patteson	Chase
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l..... Barry
Foster .....	full-back..... Hamilton
Knibbs	

Score, Dartmouth 12, Brown 6. Touchdowns, Dillon, Knibbs, Lynch. Goals from touchdowns, Vaughan (2), Colter. Referee, Mr. Corbin of Yale. Umpire, Mr. Dadmun of W. P. I. Linesmen, Thompson of Dartmouth, Clifford of Brown. Time-keepers, Dr. Bolser of Dartmouth, Blanding of Brown. Time, 35 and 27 minute halves.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Any account of this great game which did not speak of the celebration which followed, would be incomplete. Mad with joy and delirious with excitement, twelve hundred Dartmouth rooters, young alumni and undergraduates, lined up in column by fours, to march by way of Elm street, to the heart of the city. The cheerleaders were still in charge, and

the metal-lunged band was yet full of fight. The score was counted time and again, hoarse "Wah-who-wahs" were screamed for every man on the squad, and the shops and mills of Manchester echoed and re-echoed to the din. At the New Manchester House Karl Skinner rallied the mighty mob, and after wild cheers for everything and everybody connected with the Dartmouth football team, the crowd dispersed, perfectly happy, and at peace with all the world.

The following table, giving the statistics of the men who played the game, may be interesting:

## DARTMOUTH.

NAME.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Bullock, '04,	21	6 ft.	160
Frost, '04,	21	6 ft. 2 in.	181
Gilman, '06,	20	6 ft. 1 in.	213
Smith, '04,	22	5 ft. 11 in.	202
Clough, '06,	22	6 ft. 1 in.	181
Place, '03,	25	5 ft. 10½ in.	188
Farmer, '03,	22	5 ft. 9½ in.	155
Witham, '04,	22	5 ft. 10 in.	164
Dillon, '05,	20	5 ft. 11 in.	169
Vaughan, '05,	20	5 ft. 7 in.	165
Foster, '04,	22	5 ft. 9½ in.	163
Patteson, '05,	19	5 ft. 9½ in.	159
Knibbs, '05,	22	5 ft. 10 in.	163

Average weight of line, 182 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of backs, 165 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of eleven, 176 $\frac{5}{8}$ .

Average height of eleven, 5 ft. 11 in.

Average age of eleven, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of thirteen, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## BROWN.

NAME.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Russ, '06,	24	6 ft.	181
Sheehan, '03,	24	6 ft. 1 in.	192
Cobb, '03,	27	6 ft.	187
Colter, '05,	22	6 ft.	193
Shaw, '06,	22	6 ft.	178
Webb, '05,	21	5 ft. 11 in.	193
Schwinn, '05,	20	5 ft. 4½ in.	138
Crowell, '03,	23	5 ft. 8½ in.	152
Lynch, '06,	20	6 ft. 1 in.	177
Barry, '03,	22	5 ft. 8½ in.	154
Hamilton, '03,	23	5 ft. 10½ in.	192
Savage, '04,	22	5 ft. 11 in.	190
Chase, '06,	21	5 ft. 6 in.	150

Average weight of line, 180 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of backs, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of eleven, 176 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average height of eleven, 5 ft. 10.

Average age of eleven, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of thirteen, 175 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

It will be observed that the two elevens were wonderfully equal in weight, Dartmouth outweighing Brown less than half a pound per man. Dartmouth averaged an inch taller and a year younger than her rivals. In short it would have been as hard, that day, to discover, in the whole country, two elevens so evenly matched, as to find in all the annals of football the story of as royal a battle as they fought.

"Dartmouth's remarkable backs, Dillon, Patteson, Vaughan, Knibbs and Foster, being undoubtedly the finest aggregation ever possessed by a smaller college, behind a quick-charging, if not particularly heavy, line, and directed by Witham, one of the quarter-backs of the season, were able to make ground consistently even against Brown's well-organized and snappy defense."—Boston Advertiser.

"The Brown line failed to work as well as the Dartmouth forwards, and early in the game this resulted in the offense of Brown becoming ragged, and late in the second half the entire team work went to pieces. It was nothing but darkness which saved Brown from a bad beating."—Worcester Telegram.

"The Dartmouth backs were far ahead of the Brown backs, and worked together magnificently. They were off like a flash and played like demons. Knibbs' hurdling reminded one strongly of the work done by Graydon in the Brown-Harvard game."—Providence Journal.

"The feature of the game was Dartmouth's offensive machine. Better offensive football has been seldom seen than that played by Dartmouth at Manchester. The backs all worked as one man and with remarkable speed. They did not fumble once and there was never a mistake in the signals. It was Dartmouth's team and not individual players that won."—Brown Herald.

"'They were better than we,' remarked Manager Dodge of the Brown eleven to a Union reporter, 'their backs were magnificent in line bucking, and that man Knibbs did some phenomenal hurdling. They couldn't get around our ends very much, but their backs plunged through us fearfully. I think that Knibbs' hurdling was one of the features of the game. He won the game for Dartmouth.' "—Manchester Union.

"Dartmouth has on its team three men who are not surpassed on any football team in America. Captain Place is unquestionably one of the greatest tackles playing the game. Quarter-back Witham is without doubt the greatest quarter of the college world. He is a great general, runs his team perfectly, and gets into every play. Knibbs, who went in as full-back, appeared for the second time this season on the Dartmouth team, and his work showed that if he had been able to go through the season without accident, he would have developed into a wonder. He has been out of the game for six weeks, but went in and did as much as it was possible for one player to do to win. He is one of the hardest line buckers in the game, and his hurdling was one of the features of the Dartmouth attack."—Worcester Telegram.

"The Dartmouth team acted as one man, but to Dillon belongs the honor of being the best ground gainer. In the second half the substitution of Knibbs for Foster proved to be a 'ten strike,' for the other backs seemed to have difficulty in advancing the ball. Time and again, when distance was needed for a first down, Knibbs would either hurdle or buck the line for the required ground. He was the man of the team in the second half. Vaughan proved to be an admirable man with the ball, and did beautiful work in breaking up Brown's formations."—Boston Journal.

"A more gentlemanly crowd than the Dartmouth students never invaded a city."—Manchester Mirror.

"The celerity of the winning team's backs is a thing to be remembered, the surest and swiftest combination in any of the minor colleges."—Boston Globe.

Mr. Charles E. Patterson, the well-known critic and authority on sporting matters, in his review of the season, printed in Leslie's Weekly, says of Dartmouth: "Dartmouth,

big and strong, has been admirably handled by Mr. McCornack, and her offense has been exceedingly strong. It rushed the ball 225 yards against Harvard one week before the latter played Yale; it beat Williams and Wesleyan decisively, and finished by winning a desperate battle from the powerful Brown team by 12 to 6."

Mr. Patterson says of Captain Place that he was "the best defensive tackle in the country and would have made any team in the East."

Bullock and Farmer are counted among the six best ends in the country, while Smith is placed third on the list of centers.

Of Witham, Mr. Patterson says: "Another brilliant quarter, not much, if any, behind the others, is Witham, the Dartmouth crack. He has played there three years, is a fine general, long punter, and deadly on handling kicks."

Vaughan and Dillon are named among the best eight backs in the country, and Foster is given honorable mention.

The ranking of the teams for 1902, according to Mr. Patterson's judgment, is as follows:

- 1.—Yale.
- 2.—Princeton.
- 3.—Harvard.
- 4.—West Point.
- 5.—Cornell.
- 6.—Amherst.
- 7.—Dartmouth.
- 8.—Brown.
- 9.—Annapolis.
- 10.—Pennsylvania.
- 11.—Columbia.
- 12.—Lehigh.

Mr. Caspar Whitney, who as sporting editor of Harper's Weekly, made out the All-America teams published by that periodical, gives in his magazine, "Outing," the following ranking of the teams:

- 1.—Yale.
- 2.—Harvard.
- 3.—West Point.
- 4.—Michigan.
- 5.—Princeton.
- 6.—Dartmouth.
- 7.—Brown.
- 8.—Pennsylvania.
- 9.—Cornell.
- 10.—Amherst.
- 11.—Carlisle.
- 12.—Annapolis.
- 13.—Lehigh.
- 14.—Lafayette.

The second list, based as it is upon the final games, when a team is supposed to reach its perfection, seems to be a fairer estimate. Brown, in its mid-season slump, was beaten, 6 to 5, by Lafayette, a team which could not have earned a first down from the Providence men on November 22d. Yale, at the same disastrous period, was tied, 6 to 6, by the Army. Yet no one claimed that on the day of the final games West Point could have crossed the goal line of the Blue. With her team gone stale and her star backs on the cripple list, Dartmouth was beaten, on October 25th, by Amherst, in a game marred by fumbles, flukes and penalties. Yet no critic who had seen the New Hampshire team play its last two games would have dreamed of ranking Amherst

ahead of her. No, as an actual fact, Yale, at the end of the season, was in a class by herself. Michigan, perhaps, was second, with Princeton, Harvard, Dartmouth, West Point and Brown in a class by themselves. Then, after a considerable interval, followed Pennsylvania, Cornell, Amherst, *et ceux qui aussi couraient*.

Of these six best teams Michigan was the heaviest, averaging 186 pounds per man; Harvard next, 184 pounds; then Yale, 182½ pounds; West Point, 180 pounds; Princeton, 179 pounds; Dartmouth, 176 1-3 pounds; Brown, 176 pounds. When the handicap of weight is duly considered, Princeton must be acknowledged as having the best defense, Dartmouth the best offense in the country.

Princeton, with its usual wonderful Princeton kicker (need we recall the names of Alexander Moffat, of Homans, "Johnny" Baird, Poe and Mattis?) and its usual deadly Princeton ends (we remember "Doggy" Trenchard, "Garry" Cochrane, Poe and Palmer) played the traditional Princeton game, gaining ground on every punt, and putting up a fierce, stubborn defense which twice repulsed the champions of the year within the five yard mark.

Dartmouth, with its usual fast backs (need one remind the reader of Ide and Humphreys, of "Bill" Randall, "Bob" Hotchkiss, Dinsmore, John Eckstorm, Dave Macandrew, "Fritz" Crolius, "Wife" Jennings, "Chesty" Brown and "Shank" Morse?) and its well-oiled, smooth-running team play, was as difficult to stop, when it secured the ball, as any team in the country.

A wonderful quintette of backs, these five. One will remember the judgment of the sporting editor of the Boston Globe, who said: "It is doubtful whether there is such another back field playing football to-day." A member of the

Harvard squad, who saw the game from the substitutes' bench, told the writer, after the Harvard-Dartmouth contest, that he had seen the play of eight Harvard teams, five from Yale and four from Pennsylvania, but that he had never seen so profanely splendid a set of backs in his life, and that he never hoped to see anything so pretty as the football, offensive and defensive, put up that day by "Jimmy" Vaughan, Amos Foster and "Mary" Dillon. And when one thinks how "Pat," though still under weight from his long sickness, showed himself, on November 22d, right in a class with the other three, and how Billy Knibbs, though handicapped by his injury and the heavy protecting belt, shone above his companions, if anything, one cannot blame the little coach for boasting that he had on his team the five best backs playing football. And the best part of their play was their ability to back up a line. With any two of them (preferably Knibbs and Vaughan or Foster) assisting Witham in secondary defense, and another (preferably Dillon or Patteson) acting as defensive full, the matter was well attended to. Each back had his own points of excellency, too. Billy Knibbs, in the opinion of those who knew, was the best secondary defense player in the East and was invaluable for his hurdling of a line which would not give. Jimmy Vaughan was perhaps the most versatile of them all. He could play back field, tackle like a fiend, back up a line, skirt the ends, squirm through the smallest kind of an opening and kick goals with unerring precision. Patteson, fleetest of them all, strong as a young bull, who could smash through any line and outrun any end, was a most dangerous man to his opponents. "Mary" Dillon, the prettiest broken field runner that ever wore a "D," who in six years of football in the back field missed but one punt, Dillon who could dodge





THE BACKS OF '02.

"Amos."

"Mary."

"Jimmy."

"Bill."

"Pat."

"Myron."

one tackler and hurdle another at the same moment, played the fiercest game of them all. In fact, so savage was his play that he wore himself out, and could not last for more than 40 minutes' work when Dartmouth had the ball all the time. Amos Foster, fierce and aggressive always, played a hard, savage game on the defense and was the best man on the team to interfere for a runner or help him along.

"Mat" Bullock had proved himself, the preceding year, one of the best ends in the country, but this year "Dubsy" was fully his equal. While they were both in the game, the average gain per rush made by the Harvard backs around our ends was minus two yards. It was exasperating, from a Harvard point of view, to see the slender, small-boned "Dubsy" smash through their heavy interference, stretch Putnam on the ground and then stand and laugh at his discomfiture. And the wonderful "Bob" Kernan fared no better with Bullock. But the top form of both was reached in the Brown game, when they had to deal with backs who had skirted the ends of Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania for long runs.

Barry of Brown was the end-running half-back of the year. He was swift, elusive, and most difficult to hold. The writer was once discussing Barry's play with Patteson and Witham.

"Barry's legs," said Myron, "seemed to be all nerves and springs. He was at high tension all the time, and when you struck him, he struck you and you rebounded."

"That's just it," added "Pat," "it was just like hitting an elastic stone post, if you can imagine such a thing."

And this was the man who tried Bullock's end nine times in the game, and gained exactly four yards (all in one run) and lost five! And when one thinks of the way that Dartmouth ran around Brown's much-vaunted ends, especially

in the gathering darkness, and thinks how, in the same obscurity, Barry was thrown three times for a loss and once for no gain, all praise must be given to Bullock and Farmer, the greatest pair of ends that ever represented the Green. (And when one recalls "Bill" Odlin and Norton, "Eke" Hall and Price, Lakeman and "P. I." Folsom, Cavanaugh and Kelley, Boyle and O'Connor, this is praise enough.)

"Vic" Place, matured and heavy, solid as a rock and yet quick on his feet, was the strong man of the right side of the line. He did not meet his match until, on November 22d, he ran up against Archie Webb of Brown. The two had a battle royal, with the balance of power slightly in favor of the Dartmouth man, for while the Green did gain, once in a great while, through Webb, Brown found Place almost impregnable. In the Harvard game the Dartmouth captain did great work, for it was through his opponent, Shea, that the New Hampshire backs plunged for their most consistent gains.

When, three days after the disastrous game with Amherst, the little coach came down to the field and snapped out, in his usual abrupt manner: "Frost, we're looking for a tackle; see if you can make good," there were few in college who ever imagined that such a thing was possible. Small-boned and slim for his height, with his 179 pounds of weight dispersed over six feet and three inches of height, "Jack" Frost looked anything but a fit successor to the mighty Jack Griffin. Yet to everyone's surprise, he kept "coming" faster and faster every day. He played a fair game against Wesleyan, a good one against Springfield, acquitted himself well in the Harvard contest, and in the Brown game, pitted against the veteran Sheehan, who outweighed him by 12 pounds, he made his opponent, when Dartmouth had the ball, look like a damaged nickel. On the defense he was not quite so

strong, yet one must remember that one of the three plays which, on the Green's five yard line, saved the game for us, was directed at him.

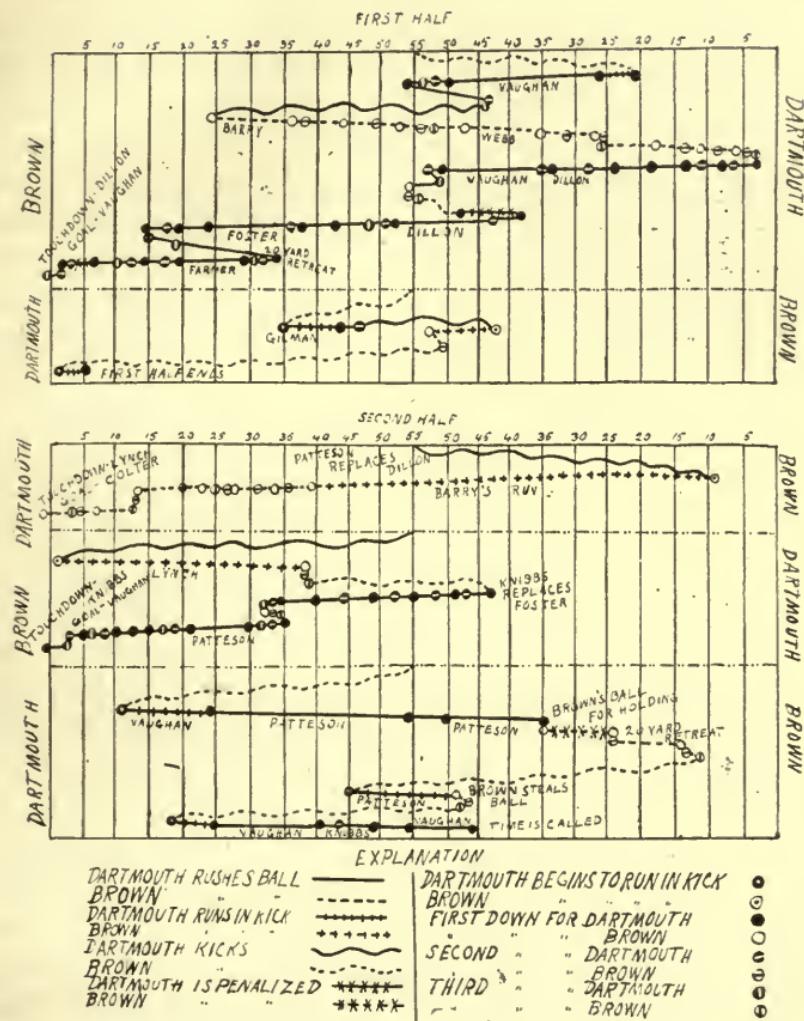
Joe Gilman was one of the guards of the year. Bulky and tall, yet shifty and fast on his feet, he was a hard proposition in the line. He put up a great game at center in the Tufts and Williams games, and according to the coach, was the only Dartmouth lineman to do his duty in the contest with Amherst. The Wesleyan game showed him in tip-top form, while against Harvard he played great football. But it is on account of his showing in the Brown game that his name will go down to future generations of Dartmouth athletes. The reader will remember how after Joe had been twice kicked in the head, and was so dazed that he did not have sense enough to know that he ought to leave the game, the Brown quarterback directed play after play at him, with the idea, no doubt, of forcing him to retire. As the teams approached the Green's goal line, however, the big guard came slowly to his senses, and by the time Brown had gained her first down on the six yard line he was himself once more. He now began to play an increasingly strong game, opening up big holes in the Brown line, and outplaying Cobb more and more as the game wore on, until in the last 24 plays, which resulted in the winning touchdown, no less than 19 of them were directed at the opening at Gilman's right or his left. But when all is said and done, Dartmouth College will remember Joe Gilman for those two plays on our four yard line which cost Brown the game.

There were very few men in college, during the fall of 1901, who would have believed one who told them that "Bill" Clough, full-back on the second eleven, height six feet and one inch, and weight 167 pounds, would ever make right guard on a victorious Dartmouth team. Yet this was what

happened, the following year. And a right good guard he made, too, playing low, hard and even fiercely from whistle to whistle. In the Harvard game he had the satisfaction of playing horse with the redoubtable Barnard, All-America guard of the preceding year, who outweighed him by 24 pounds, and in the Brown game he did his full share toward winning the victory for his college.

If there ever was a man who ill deserved a nickname, it was Arthur Kendall Smith, Dartmouth 1903, commonly known as "Fat." One glance at his huge limbs and big shoulders would have shown anyone where he carried the 202 pounds with which he is credited. And to see this big man beat the ends and tackles down the field and tackle the runner in the open—it was a great sight. In the line his work was not conspicuous as far as the spectators were concerned, but whenever there was a heap near the middle of the line you knew that he was under it, and whenever a back shot through there, you knew that "Fat's" opponent had been put out of the play.

A great team, although eclipsed somewhat by the glory of the one which was to follow; probably the greatest team which Dartmouth, up to this time, had ever turned out. Even their opponents gave them full credit for their playing. Captain Barry is said to have remarked to his heart-broken men after the game, that theirs had been the best team in the history of their college, and that they had simply been beaten by a superior team. Yet here and there Brown men were found who blamed the umpire, the referee and the time-keeper, each in turn, attributing their defeat to everything under the sun except Dartmouth's superior playing. However, a glance at the chart of the game herewith presented, and the accompanying figures will remove all doubt as to which team deserved to win.



It will be observed that Dartmouth gained by rushing the ball, 343 yards; Brown, 128; Dartmouth, by running in kicks, 56 yards; Brown, 110 yards; that Dartmouth's average per rush was 4.8 yards, Brown's 2.9 yards; that after the score had been tied, Brown never made her distance, while Dartmouth earned 18 first downs; that in the whole game Brown scored 15 first downs, Dartmouth 37; that Brown made but two rushes of 10 yards or over in length: 12 and 13 yards; that Dartmouth made ten rushes of 10 yards or over in length: runs of 10, 10, 10, 12, 15, 16, 16, 16, 24 and 30 yards; that with the single exception of running in kicks, Dartmouth outplayed Brown in every department of the game.

To give a resumé of this up-hill and down-hill season, Dartmouth scored an easy victory over the University of Vermont, 12 to 0, then took a bad slump and was tied, 0 to 0, by Massachusetts State. Three days later she romped to victory over the strong Tufts eleven, which had scored on Yale and held West Point to five points. Tufts made but one first down, and the final score was 29 to 0. The following Saturday, Williams, which had held Harvard down to 11, and had scored on Cornell, was decisively beaten, 18 to 0. On October 25th, with her team gone stale from over work, Dartmouth was defeated, 12 to 6, by her old triangular league rival, Amherst. The latter was no mean antagonist, having held Harvard to six points, but in good physical condition the Green should have made short work of it, even deprived, as she was, of the services of Dillon, Knibbs, Patteson, Foster and Frost. The reader will remember how Dartmouth rushed her opponents all over the field in the first half, and how Amherst's second touchdown was scored by the flukiest kind of a fluke.

After this bad relapse the Green fought her way to the top once more, winning an uphill game from Wesleyan, 12 to 5, and defeating the strong Springfield eleven, 11 to 0. On November 15th she gave Harvard the greatest scare of her life, outplaying the Crimson for three-fourths of the game, rushing the ball 225 yards, and leading by one point, 6 to 5, until the last five minutes of play. In the following week she rounded her great eleven into championship form, so that they decisively defeated, on November 22d, the most powerful team that ever came out of Providence in one of the grandest battles in the history of the game.

One scene more and this chapter of our history will be ended. It is evening, and the New Manchester House is full of a happy, excited crowd of Dartmouth men. Through the throng in the lobby I slowly elbow my way, exchanging congratulations with all that I meet and having my finger bones mashed every minute in a tight Dartmouth grip. In the corner by the elevator I run into the arms of Myron Witham, quiet, smiling, and too happy to say a word. A little further on I exchange excited greetings with "Jack" Frost, round whom are gathered half a dozen admirers, all trying to slap his broad back at the same time. A sharp cry from the direction of the dining-room attracts me: "Jimmy Vaughan! Jimmy Vaughan!"—and instantly there follows a noise like the breaking up of a New York primary, culminating, amid the rattling of the dishes and the clapping and stamping, in a rousing yell for the sturdy right half. I worm my way to the door of the hall and stand there, feasting my eyes. The room is full of Dartmouth men, graduates, underclassmen, players and rooters, all jumbled together. At a table on the left, in company with "Clarry" Howes, head cheermaster, John Bowler, "Bill"

Randall, "Wife" Jennings, "Jack" O'Connor, "Tommy" Thompson, loyal alumni who have done so much to help him, sits the little head coach, his eyes shining with excitement and his whole face bright with a fierce joy. This is the culmination, the climax of his career. It is just 15 months since, refusing \$3,500 from a western institution, he came back determined to rebuild the shattered glory of his alma mater in athletics. He found her playing tie games with Union and Vermont, and barely winning from Tufts; he is leaving her strong and vigorous, among the big five in the East, and able to give any team in the country the stiffest kind of a battle. No wonder that he is happy.

A tap on the shoulder causes me to turn round, and the next instant I am shaking hands with one of the heroes of the day. He makes his way in toward his seat, but "Mac" has spied him. "Yea! Billy Knibbs!" he cries, and in a flash the whole dining-room is on its feet. A great roar goes up, which speedily takes form as "Clarry," mounting on his chair, calls for "a Wah-who-wah for the man who won the game." The noise has subsided again when, after convincing the attendant at the door that I have no intention of defrauding the house of a meal, I make my way to the coaches' table and exchange a quiet word or two of congratulation with "Mac." A hand-shake all around and I leave, but turn once more as I reach the entrance, charmed by the scene. Here let us leave him in the moment of his triumph, but let us do so with the feeling that when we think of old Dartmouth's great athletic record and the men who have helped to make it what it is, we will recall first, with pride and affection, the name of Walter Edwin McCornack.





MYRON ELLIS WITHAM.

# THE SEASON OF '03.

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## ACHIEVEMENT.

It was with a eurious mixture of hope and fear that Dartmouth looked forward to the beginning of her 22d season of Rugby-Ameriean football. If her wildest hopes were fulfilled, she would have an array of material which would compare favorably with that of any college in the country; if her worst fears were realized, she would have hardly any genuinely first-class men and would be obliged to aim at the games with Williams, Wesleyan and Amherst in hopes of viectory, instead of those with Brown and Harvard. To begin with, "Fat" Smith, the star eenter and taekle, was doubtful about returning. His father had died, and "Fat" felt as though he must take charge of the business. Nothing had been heard in regard to "Bill" Clough, except that some one was sure that he was not going to return. Rumor had it that business matters were likely to interfere also with "Joe" Gilman's coming baek. "Jaek" Frost had been eompelled to go to work in order to earn money enough to complete his course. It was reported that "Jimmy" Vaughan was about to leave for the same reason. "Mary" Dillon was almost sure not to eome back. Amos Foster, out of deference to his parents' wishes, had finally decided to stop playing. "Bill" Lindsay had gone home to Wiseonsin and no one knew of his whereabouts. The prevailing opinion was that Hanover would never see him again.

For two years Dartmouth had been looking forward to the coming of Hooper, Exeter's star snap-back. Of course we knew that Harvard, Yale and Princeton had all invited him to visit their respective institutions, and that he was being "chinned" four different directions at once, for Williams wanted him also. But that he wanted to come to Dartmouth we were certain, and that was enough for us. Cooney of Exeter also wanted to come, but felt that he ought to go to Harvard.

What, then, was the consternation in Hanover when, on the morning of September 18th, "Fat" Smith having definitely decided not to return, and there being no news of Gilman or Lindsay, the Manchester Union came out with a picture of "Henry Judson Hooper, Star Exeter Center, Who Is Going to Yale!" And on top of this came the news that Cooney, unable to choose between Dartmouth and Harvard, had compromised on Princeton. Truly the outlook was dark. Then, one by one, the reports began to swing the other way: "Jimmy" Vaughan was first to arrive, and formed, with Captain Myron Witham, "Mat" Bullock, "Bill" Knibbs, Patterson and Leigh Turner, a little nucleus of 'varsity men. Then came Jessc Gage, hard as nails, and tipping the beam at an even 200. Then, to the joy of team and college, Hooper arrived in Hanover, having had, he said, no other intention from the outset. Then "Joe" Gilman came back to the fold, and next day, last of the big linemen but hardly least, "Cupid" Lindsay's huge form was seen once more in his accustomed place. The day after college opened came another joyful surprise in the return of "Mary" Dillon. The class of 1907 furnished some promising candidates in Farrier of Brooklyn, Harris, the Exeter quarter, Foley and Smith.

Fred Brown, McCabe, Tom Keady, Conley, "Elsie" Grover, Jim Donnelly, Lillard and Melvin of the class of '05 were back in the game, as were "Dave" Main, Ralph Glaze, Herr, Bankart, Pratt and Harry Coburn of 1906. Amos Foster stood it for about a week, then gave up the struggle and came out to join the squad, and "Bill" Clough, before the season was half gone, returned to college and went out for his old position, right guard.

Thus in spite of the loss of "Fat" Smith, "Vic" Place, "Dubsy" Farmer and "Jack" Frost, the coach of the Dartmouth football eleven had at his disposal three first-class quarters, five good ends, ten backs who could put to shame any other ten in New England, and, what "Mac" had yearned for in vain, seven men on the squad who averaged 219 pounds apiece.

But before going any further, a word or two in regard to the coach will not be out of place. Fred Gorham Folsom, Dartmouth '95, needs no introduction to any man who was in college in his day. All will remember his unerring work at third base, and his swift blocking and fierce tackling on the football field. He was a member of each team for three years, putting up a steady, reliable and at times brilliant game in each sport. Dartmouth men of that day still like to recall with pride how Folsom took care of Rosa, the pride of Amherst, in the victorious game in the fall of '93. After graduation he went west to Colorado, where he coached the university of that state through successful seasons until called, in '03, to return, as head coach, to his alma mater. But he found a very different Dartmouth from the one that he had left. The talk was different, the feeling was different; instead of Williams and Wesleyan, instead of Amherst

and Brown, it was Harvard, Harvard, everywhere. The college of 800 men was calculating its chances against the university of 4,800. No doubt it seemed queer to Mr. Folsom. In his day teams from Hanover which had held Yale to 28 and Harvard to 22 came back holding their heads very high in the air. What, then, had wrought this change? To be sure the college had doubled in numbers since then; but was this responsible for the new feeling of confidence, for the idea that we were "as big as any of them now and they would find it out?" No; the new epoch, the "big four" feeling in Dartmouth, dated from November 15th, 1902. If Mr. Folsom had come back two years earlier he would have found the same old Dartmouth that he left. But from the day when her light-weight team tore and plowed almost at will through the Harvard line, and stubbornly contested the advance of the boasted Harvard offense, Dartmouth was no more a small college in athletics.

The 1903 schedule was one of the hardest that the college ever attempted. Three of the four opening games were with teams which had, within the last three years, held the Green to a tie score, 0 to 0. The fourth was to be played with Holy Cross, which, coached by Frank Cavanaugh, Dartmouth's star end and ex-captain, ought to have been dangerous. Then, in quick succession, followed games with Williams at Newton Center, Princeton at Princeton, Wesleyan at Hanover, Amherst at Amherst, Harvard at Cambridge, and Brown at Manchester. At Williams and Wesleyan to win the Dartmouth game was the first of the two objects of the season, the second being to beat each other, while Amherst and Brown wanted our scalp as they wanted nothing else. There lingered in the minds of the Harvard coaches certain

memories of a Dartmouth game which would ensure no substitutes and the stiffest kind of play from start to finish when the New Hampshire team came down to Cambridge. The Princeton game, in the uncertain mid-season, with its 450 mile journey each way, was the fight which was feared most of all.

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### DARTMOUTH 12, MASSACHUSETTS STATE 0.

Dartmouth won the first game of her schedule on her own grounds, Wednesday, September 30th, defeating, with ridiculous ease, the team which, a year before, had given her such a scare. M. A. C. proved anything but a dangerous opponent, rushing the ball but five yards in the entire game and offering little resistance to the fierce onslaughts of the Green. Dartmouth's advances averaged seven yards apiece, and she was never held for downs. The good defense of the Hanover line and the fast offense of the Hanover backs were the features of the contest.

Glaze kicked off to the "Aggies," who had won the toss and were defending the south goal. Walsh caught the ball on the five yard line and recovered 16 yards. The teams lined up, and M. A. C., by three short plunges, scored her one and only first down. Dartmouth now braced, and, repulsing two line charges with no gain, forced the visitors to kick. Vaughan caught Quigley's punt on his own 50 yard line, recovered eight yards, and after a short line plunge by Conley, circled the visitors' right end for 49 yards and a touchdown. Leigh Turner, showing remarkable speed for a man of 210 pounds, was conspicuous in this play for his fine interference. Vaughan made a fair catch of Witham's punt-out, and kicked a perfect goal.

Glaze's kick-off was away over the line, and M. A. C. was obliged to punt out from the 25 yard line. Vaughan caught the ball on the 52 yard line and dodged, twisted and banged his way through the visiting team for 36 yards. Seven plunges through the line resulted in a second touchdown, scored by Conley, and a goal from a very difficult angle, kicked by "Jimmy," made Dartmouth's total 12.

Again Glaze sent the spheroid past Massachusetts' goal line (this time against the gentle south breeze), and the visitors punted out once more. Patteson caught the ball, and recovered 18 yards, landing it on M. A. C.'s 44 yard line. Conley smashed through Turner's opponent for four yards and "Pat" showed a burst of his old-time speed as he skirted the visitors' left end for 23 yards. But the 10-minute half was up, with the ball only 17 yards from another touchdown.

Dartmouth put in eight fresh men at the beginning of the second half, retaining only Gage, Turner and Conley of the original eleven. Herr received the kick-off and recovered thirteen yards, landing the ball on the 32 yard line. Two good gains, and a fumble gave the ball to the "Aggies." But, although no longer outweighed by her opponents, Massachusetts could not gain an inch, and a punt, very badly gotten off, sent the leather outside at the Green's 38 yard line. Coburn smashed through for 17 yards in two charges, but Dartmouth was penalized for off-side play. Harris tried the quarter-back kick with excellent result, for Dartmouth secured the ball with a gain of 25 yards. Two more gains by Coburn, and then, being set back 10 yards for off-side play, Dartmouth tried unsuccessfully for a goal from placement. The kick was partially blocked, and Taft, picking up the ball, advanced it 10 yards. Twice more did Massachusetts attack the Dartmouth line, but did not gain a foot. Again the time-keeper's whistle blew, announcing that time was up.

## Summary:

Dartmouth.	Massachusetts State.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Whittaker
Lillard	
Lindsay .....	l. tackle r..... Craighead
Brown	
Gilman .....	l. guard r..... Holcomb
Smith	
Hooper .....	center..... Patch
Pratt	
Gage .....	r. guard l..... Cutter
Turner .....	r. tackle l..... Gardiner
Glaze .....	r. end l..... Martin
Herr -	Ahearn
Witham .....	quarter..... Quigley
Harris	
Patteson .....	l. half-back r..... Walsh
Main	Taft
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l..... Lewis
Coburn	
Conley .....	full-back..... Philbrick

Score, Dartmouth 12, Massachusetts State 0. Touchdowns, Vaughan, Conley. Goals, Vaughan (2). Time, 10 minute periods.

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## DARTMOUTH 18, HOLY CROSS 0.

On Saturday, October 3d, Dartmouth met, at Hanover, the team from Holy Cross College, Worcester. It was the second game of the season for each team, both having defeated, by small scores, the Massachusetts State eleven. As

has been told before, Holy Cross was in the hands of Frank Cavanaugh, Dartmouth's old end rush, and, with the possible exception of McCornack, the greatest coach that the New Hampshire college ever sent out. His team had a most notable season, suffering defeat at the hands of Dartmouth and Yale alone, scoring twice upon the Blue, defeating U. of M., champions of Maine, beating Tufts decisively and swamping Amherst, the conquerors of Harvard, 36 to 0. Holy Cross is always noted for its brilliant ball nines, but this was her first season of proportionate success upon the gridiron.

She gave the Green a good fight, especially when in possession of the ball, rushing the spheroid almost as far as did Princeton and Harvard, later on, together.

On the defense she was not so strong, but was "up against the real thing," as the slang phrase goes; for the old "First Triumvirate" were back in harness, and men have not yet been found who can stop their fierce rushes.

"Mat" Bullock's work, at left end, was grand. Mixed up in every play, he tackled fiercely and followed the ball with unerring precision. This quality, so valuable in football, of being right with the ball every second has never been developed in another Dartmouth man to the degree to which Bullock possesses it. Dartmouth's heavy line did not play as well as in the first contest, and allowed the fast Worcester boys to get the start on them.

Dartmouth lost the toss, and Glaze kicked off to Stankard, who ran the ball in to the 22 yard line. Skelley was thrown for a six yard loss, by Bullock's brilliant tackle, and after a short plunge by Stankard, Holy Cross punted. The ball went hardly any distance at all, and three plunges by the Dartmouth backs took the leather to the four yard line, whence Knibbs shot over the line for a touchdown. Vaughan kicked the goal, and the score stood, Dartmouth 6.

Skelley ran in the Green's kick-off to the 25 yard line, and on the next play, finding a big hole in Dartmouth's line, ran 50 yards before "Pat" brought him down. Still playing first-rate football, Holy Cross rushed the leather to Dartmouth's 15 yard line, where the Hanover forwards woke up and held the visitors for downs. The Green's fast offense now went to work and rushed the ball rapidly down the field, "Pat" scoring a 28 yard run. Eighteen yards from the visitors' goal, as Holy Cross was holding well, Witham tried an on-side kick. It took the Worcester boys by surprise, and Patteson, who went down the field like the wind, dived for the ball on the three yard line, and rolled across for a touchdown. Jimmy heeled Myron's punt-out and kicked his usual perfect goal. Score, Dartmouth 12.

Holy Cross again chose to receive the kick-off, and Stankard ran the ball in to the 26 yard line. Bullock was through on the next play, throwing Skelley for a loss. In spite of this, two charges by Stankard brought first down, and Holy Cross had just made her distance again when time for the first half was called, with the ball on the visitors' 37 yard line.

At the opening of the second half Dartmouth carried the ball 103 yards by straight football and scored her third touchdown.

Jimmy Vaughan caught the kick-off seven yards from the goal, and dodged and battered his way through the visitors for 33 yards. Fierce charges by Knibbs and the halves sent the oval rapidly down the field, the linesmen moving with almost every play. Patteson finally shot between Gilman and Lindsay for a touchdown, and Vaughan's perfect kick made Dartmouth's total 18.

The star trio, with Turner and Hooper, now retired, and their places were taken by Main, Conley, Coburn, Bankart and Pratt.

Holy Cross again elected to receive the kick-off, and rushed the ball by short gains to her own 46 yard line. There, being held twice, she was forced to punt, but got off so poor a kick that Dartmouth received it on her own 50 yard line. The Green was immediately penalized for off-side play, and failing to make up the distance, surrendered the ball on downs to the visitors. Holy Cross carried the pigskin to Dartmouth's 32 yard line, where the New Hampshire men once more recovered it. The Worcester boys now gave way very fast before Dartmouth's fierce charges, and Coburn and Conley carried the ball down the field at the rate of eight or 10 yards a rush. Time was finally called with the ball in Dartmouth's hands, only 31 yards from another touchdown.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Holy Cross.	
Lindsay .....	l. tackle r.....	Crowther
Gilman .....	l. guard r.....	O'Boyle
Hooper .....	center.....	King
Bullock .....	l. end r.....	Campbell
Pratt		
Gage .....	r. guard l.....	Tobin
Turner .....	r. tackle l.....	O'Donnell
Bankart		
Glaze .....	r. end l.....	McDonald
		Connor
Witham .....	quarter.....	Larkin
Patteson .....	l. half-back r.....	Reid
Main		McCarthy

Vaughan .....	r. half-back 1.....	Skelley
Coburn		McDonald
Knibbs .....	full-back.....	Stankard
Conley		

Score, Dartmouth 18, Holy Cross 0. Touchdowns, Knibbs, Patteson (2). Goals, Vaughan (3). Time, 15 minute halves.

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#### DARTMOUTH 36, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT 0.

For two years following the tie game in the fall of '00, Vermont had entertained the fallacy that she was very nearly in a class with Dartmouth, and, without saying much, had been secretly hoping to one day surprise her neighbor. To be sure, even the 0 to 0 game, as the class of '04 will remember, was more or less of a farce. It had simply been the old story of loose play on the part of the superior team: "Dartmouth rushed the ball to Vermont's 13 yard line and fumbled. Vermont, unable to gain, punted. Dartmouth advanced to Vermont's seven yard line where she fumbled. Vermont tried the line ineffectually, then punted. Dartmouth rushed the ball," etc., ad nauseam. Still those figures: Vermont 0, Dartmouth 0, looked big; and marked a red letter day in Burlington's athletic history.

This year, however, marked the death blow of Vermont's hopes. The frog, after all, was not an ox, but a frog. In 30 minutes of play Dartmouth romped through, around and over the Burlington team on the latter's own grounds, rolling up her score at the rate of over a point a minute. The Hanover boys would have gotten better practice by staying at home and lining up against the 1907 team.

During the first half Vermont did not once lay hands upon the ball, except to kick off four times.

Dartmouth romped down the field with ridiculous ease, generally running the kick-off to the middle of the field, and then sending Patteson, Vaughan and Conley around the ends or through the line, eight yards at a clip, for the remaining 50 yards.

Eight new men went in to continue the slaughter in the second half, and they did as well as their predecessors, scoring thrice. Vermont received the kick-off, gained three feet in two rushes, and punted. Dartmouth soon scored. Main received U. V. M.'s fifth kick-off and tore through the home team for 35 yards. Melvin, on a direct pass, went around Vermont's end for 40 yards, and the fourth play sent Coburn across the line. The Green's sixth touchdown, and Main's goal, ended the scoring. But for good tackling on the part of Newton and Patteson, Dartmouth's score would have been much larger.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Vermont.
Bullock .....	l. end r.....
Lillard	Campbell
Lindsay .....	l. tackle r.....
Gilman .....	l. guard r.....
Smith	Chamberlin
Pratt .....	center.....
Gage .....	r. guard l.....
Turner .....	r. tackle l.....
Bankart	Ranney
Herr .....	r. end l.....
Glaze	Patteson

Witham .....	quarter.....	Bassett
Melvin		
Patte&on .....	l. half-back r.....	Woodward
Main		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Newton
Coburn		
Conley .....	full-back.....	Kendall
Grover		

Score, Dartmouth 36, Vermont 0. Touchdowns, Conley, Patteson, Vaughan, Coburn (2), Grover. Goals, Vaughan (3), Turner, Main (2). Referee, Mr. Pendleton of Bowdoin. Umpire, Lieutenant Brett, U. S. M. A. Time, 15 minute periods.

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### DARTMOUTH 34, UNION 0.

With six substitutes in her first line-up, Dartmouth romped to an easy victory over the Union team in one of the most uninteresting contests ever played on Alumni Oval. In 25 minutes of play the Green piled up 34 points, gaining almost at will. The visitors were very light and wholly unable to stop the fierce charges of the Dartmouth backs. Had it not been for good defensive work by Tredick the score would have been much larger. A pleasing feature of the game, from a Dartmouth point of view, was the appearance, for the first time this season in a regular game, of Amos Foster and "Mary" Dillon.

Union kicked off at the beginning of the first half, sending the ball 38 yards to Coburn, who ran it in to the 34 yard line. The Green's offensive machine now went to work and

in ten plays Main was sent across the line for a touchdown, scored within two minutes of the kick-off. Turner barely missed the goal.

Conley ran in the kick-off to the 38 yard line and another procession resulted in a second touchdown. Turner was successful this time, and the score stood Dartmouth 11.

Herr took Glaze's place. A third time the Dartmouth backs made their march the length of the field, and Main scored his second touchdown. Turner's goal made it Dartmouth 17.

The next score took but three plays: Witham ran in the kick-off to the 52 yard line, Main skirted right end for 30 yards, and Coburn, aided by the remarkable interference of Bullock, smashed his way through the whole Union team for the remaining distance to the goal. Turner's kick made the score Dartmouth .23.

Union's kick-off was over the goal line and Witham punted out to the visitors' 45 yard line. Union tried to rush the ball but was unsuccessful, gaining only on a short run by Tredick, who picked up the fumbled ball.

Dartmouth put in several new men at the beginning of the second half, among them Amos Foster, and Harris, Exeter's former quarter-back. It was the Green's turn to kick off, and Turner sent the ball 50 yards to Holmes, who gained 10 before being downed. Union made no gain, then fumbled the ball and lost it. Dartmouth was set back for off-side play, and being unable to recover the distance, tried an on-side kick, Harris sending the ball to the goal line, where McCabe fell on it for a touchdown. Turner kicked the goal. Dartmouth 29.

Melvin, Grover and Dillon replaced Harris, Foster and Coburn in the course of Dartmouth's next march, which car-





COACH FOLSOM.

ASST. COACH GRIFFIN.

CAPT. WITHAM.

TRAINER BOWLER.

ried the ball the length of the field for the Green's sixth touchdown. Turner's trial was a failure and the score stood, Dartmouth 34.

The rest of the game was devoid of interest. Dartmouth put in several new men and held her visitors to no gain. The home team was twice penalized for off-side play, but managed to make up the distance each time, and the game ended with the ball in our possession.

The senior class remembered a Dartmouth-Union game which had ended very differently. It was just three years before, that Alumni Oval had been the scene of a disgraceful tie game, 0 to 0, with the Schenectady boys. But "nous avons changé tout cela," and a new day was come to Hanover.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.	Union.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Olmstead
Lillard .....	Davis
Jennings .....	
Bankart .....	l. tackle r..... Hayes
Brown .....	Robinson
Smith .....	l. guard r..... Lent
Pratt .....	center..... Nutt
Gage .....	r. guard l..... Gilmore
Turner .....	r. tackle l..... Dann
Glaze .....	r. end l..... Cooke
Herr .....	
Hagburg .....	
Witham .....	quarter..... Raymond
Harris .....	
Melvin .....	
Savage .....	

Main .....	l. half-back r.....	Tredick
McCabe		
Coburn .....	r. half-back l.....	Patten
Dillon		
Conley .....	full-back.....	Holmes
Foster		
Grover		

Score, Dartmouth 34, Union 0. Touchdowns, Main (2), Conley, Coburn, McCabe, Grover. Goals, Turner (4). Umpire, Carleton of Bowdoin. Referee, Smith of Columbia. Time, 15 and 10 minute periods.

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### DARTMOUTH 17, WILLIAMS 0.

Back again on familiar ground. For the Cedar Street gridiron in Newton Center has been the scene of many a Dartmouth battle: in the old days it was Yale, and of late years Williams, and to-day we are here to see the third Williams game in the new series.

It is more or less of a crucial year at Williams, for the graduate system of coaching has been introduced, and ex-Captain O'Neill, of the championship '02 team, has been called back as head coach. He has had fair success so far, as his team has beaten Massachusetts State worse than Dartmouth beat them, and has held the strong Columbia eleven to five points. But to-day's contest is to decide, once for all, whether Williams can consider herself in Dartmouth's class, or whether the Berkshire men must in future give up all hope of beating their Hanover neighbors and content themselves with rivalry with Wesleyan. Williams has a strong team; her line is fast and fairly heavy, and she has the same

star back field which has been playing together for three years. Jayne, Watson, Gutterson, Durfee and Peabody are too well known to Dartmouth men to need introduction. They are the best backs that Williams has had since the days of Street, Garfield and the Drapers. But Dartmouth has some backs, too. Williams has vivid memories of Witham and Vaughan, of Conley, and, above all, of Dillon. And this year, for the first time, the backs have a line in front of them which is of a calibre equal to their own. The average weight of the New Hampshire eleven is 187 pounds, while the Berkshire men are 12 pounds lighter. As we look them over now the big limbs of Hooper and Gage, and the tall forms of Lindsay, Gilman and Turner present a huge appearance when contrasted with Williams' linemen. Outside of these five forwards the teams seem to be evenly matched in size.

It is a miserable day for a game. From the low gray clouds comes a steady downpour of rain, drenching players and spectators alike, and making the field one great bog, relieved here and there by large sized puddles. Yet glancing about, we see six thousand people gathered on all sides of the enclosure. As usual, Hanover is deserted, and half of Williams College is down here, too. Great crowds of alumni from Boston are present, and the usual Dartmouth reunion is taking place. Familiar faces and familiar voices on all sides of us recall the days when we, too, piled high the bonfire on the campus, and, clad in white, danced around it till the clock struck 12.

But it is after 3 o'clock, and the rain, instead of abating, is coming down still harder. And so, amid the loyal cheers of the rooters, the teams are spread out, Dartmouth to kick off, Williams to defend the south goal. Turner's kick-off is

caught by Gutterson, on the Purple's 14 yard mark and is run in 16 yards. Watson punts immediately to "Pat," who runs the ball in to the very center of the field. Dartmouth's offense now gets to work, and by the long gains of Vaughan and Conley, the pigskin is worked rapidly down to the Purple's 22 yard line. Already the rooters are crying "touchdown," but somebody has fumbled, and a Williams man is on the ball. Watson goes back for a punt, but the ball is passed too low. Still he tries to kick, but a long body dives through the air, and he is down. Another attempt at a punt follows Mat's beautiful tackle, and this time Watson gets it away. A gasp goes up from the Dartmouth stand, for "Pat," with the rain driving into his eyes, muffs the ball, and a Williams man is on it. Hoping for a second accident, Williams punts again, but Pat clings to the slippery ball on the Green's 30 yard line. Here they come, smashing down the field again, five yards at a clip. Again it looks like a march to the goal, but on Williams' 40 yard line the umpire interferes. Myron has just run with the ball, and evidently cut in too near the center. Hello! it is Williams' ball, and Watson is gone back for another punt. There it goes, high into the air. Pat has nabbed it, and again Dartmouth begins her march. Again the umpire steps in, setting the Green back ten yards for off-side play. Myron tries an on-side kick, but Williams is awake and secures the ball at the very center of the field. Still clinging to the kicking game, Williams sends a high punt to "Pat," who a second time fails to hold the slippery oval, and a Williams man is on it, just 32 yards from the Green's goal. Now for the first time does the Purple rush the ball. Smash! a yard gained; smash! half a yard gained. It is a hopeless attempt, and Lewis goes back to try a goal from the field. The Dartmouth linemen come

through fast, and the best he can do is to get off a short punt, which Patteson gathers in at the five yard line. Dartmouth now smashes her way down the field five yards at a play, and has gained 78 yards when a fumble gives the ball once more to Williams. One rush, however, and a Berkshire man drops the leather, and Lindsay is on it like a shot. Two smashing gains, and Dartmouth is set back 20 yards for holding. Witham calls Glaze to the rear and kneels as he gives the signal for the ball to come back. A beautiful pass by Hooper, straight into the captain's hands, and the latter, rising quickly, passes the ball to Glaze and they are off like a shot. Man after man is bowled over by Myron, and when the runner is finally brought down, he has gained some 24 yards. In the mean time, Pat has been hurt, and his place is taken by "Mary" Dillon. Three fierce charges eat up the remaining 13 yards and the Green's first touchdown, delayed by four fumbles and three penalties, has come at last. A roar of applause from the rooters, followed by another as Jimmy, in spite of wind and rain, kicks a difficult goal.

The teams change goals, and Watson sends a swift kick-off to Gilman. It is more than Joe can hold, and a Williams man dives for it, at the 43 yard line. A rush, and Williams gains two yards. On the next play Bullock downs Peabody, throwing him back to the 49 yard line. Watson sends a punt to Dillon and "Mary" recovers 12 yards, slipping finally in the mud. Several line plunges drive the ball to the Green's 37 yard line, where time is called.

Witham receives Williams' kick-off, at the beginning of the second half, and runs it in to the 37 yard line. Fast play carries the ball to the Purple's 42 yard line, where Dartmouth's fifth fumble gives the ball to Williams. After

two rushes the Berkshire men find themselves five yards behind where they started, owing to a beautiful tackle by Gage. Watson sends a 50 yard punt over Dillon's head, but "Mary" gathers it in on the 20 yard line and recovers 16. Using a fast wing shift, Dartmouth now sweeps Williams back rapidly, gaining from five to eight yards every play. At Williams' 22 yard line, the umpire takes a hand in the game once more, setting the Green back 20 yards for holding, and 10 more for off-side play. Two ripping plays, Dillon through tackle, make up the greater part of the lost ground, but on third down with eight yards to go, an on-side kick gives the ball to Williams on her own 23 yard line. Watson's punt sends the ball to Dillon in mid-field, and Dartmouth jumps down the field faster than ever. On the Purple's 27 yard line Witham's agility saves the ball from going to Williams on another fumble. Again Dartmouth is set back 20 yards for holding, but two smashing plays through the line, with Dillon carrying the ball, make up the lost distance. Over at last, and a great yell goes up, but once more the umpire steps in, putting Dartmouth back to the 12 yard line, with the goal to make for first down. Dillon makes a great effort, but is stopped four yards from the line and the ball goes to Williams on downs. And now, with her backs behind their own goal, Williams once more sends Watson back to punt. But the Hanover boys are through from all directions; Witham blocks, and, picking up the ball, throws himself over for a touchdown. A high wind and a difficult angle cause Vaughan to miss his only goal in the whole season. Score, Dartmouth 11.

Williams evidently has chosen to receive the kick-off, for Turner is setting up the ball. It sails down the field to Guterson, who carries it back to the 25 yard line. Watson punts

immediately, and it is Dartmouth's ball on her own 45 yard line. And now, with no more interruptions from fumbles and penalties, Dartmouth smashes her way down the field once more. A short halt occurs, till Conley can get the water out of his lungs. He has landed in the middle of a young lake, and has been nearly drowned, with men of both teams piled on him. Dave Main goes in for "Mary" Dillon, and Dartmouth's advance continues. It takes just 15 plays to cover the 65 yards, and Conley shoots across the line. Jimmy's goal makes our total 17.

With 15 seconds to play the teams line up again, and Jimmy Vaughan sets the crowd wild by a beautiful broken field run. From his own five yard line he carries the leather 55 yards through the whole Williams team. But the referee's whistle ends the unequal contest.

#### Summary:

Dartmouth.		Williams.
Bullock .....	l. end r.....	Stocking
	-	Jaeckel
Lindsay .....	l. tackle r.....	Bixby
	-	Boyson
Gilman .....	l. guard r.....	Dennett
Hooper .....	center.....	Campbell
	-	Pease
Gage .....	r. guard l.....	Jones
Turner .....	r. tackle l.....	Murray
Glaze .....	r. end l.....	Lewis
	-	Curtiss
Witham .....	quarter.....	Jayne
	-	Wilbur

Patteson .....	l. half-back r.....	Watson
Dillon		Durfee
Main		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Gutterson
Conley .....	full-back.....	Peabody

Score, Dartmouth 17, Williams 0. Touchdowns, Vaughan, Witham, Conley. Goals, Vaughan (2). Umpire, Mr. Dadmun of W. P. I. Referee, Mr. Pendleton of Bowdoin. Time, 25 and 20 minute periods.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

Hooper at center was as steady and unmovable as a rock. His handling of the wet ball was remarkable; all the fumbles were made by the backs. Joe Gilman tore great holes in the purple's line, and a good many of Dartmouth's gains were made through him. Turner and Lindsay were impregnable on the defense, and were much in evidence when Dartmouth had the ball. Bullock was the same wonderful end as ever. Had he been able to go through the season without injury Dartmouth would have had another man on the All-America team.

How much Dartmouth outclassed her rivals can best be seen from the following figures: Dartmouth rushed the ball 217 yards in the first half, 218 in the second, a total of 435 for the whole game, and this ought to be enough, under ordinary conditions, to score six or seven touchdowns. Williams gained a total of 10 yards in six rushes and lost so much ground on her other attempts that her average per rush for the entire game was about minus one and a half yards.

Usually it is the heavier team which is benefitted by wet weather, but on this occasion the wet ground and slippery

ball robbed Dartmouth of score after score. It was unsafe, even for the Green's fast backs, to try end running, and the account of the game will show the reader how often sure touchdowns were lost through inability to cling to the ball. On a dry day the score would have been 36 to 0, at least, in Dartmouth's favor.

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### PRINCETON 17, DARTMOUTH 0.

On Saturday, October 24th, Dartmouth met her only defeat of the season and lost, to Princeton, the right to claim the football championship of the year.

The most unsportsmanlike thing that can be done by a beaten team or its partisans is to attribute their defeat to the grounds, the weather, the officials, to bad luck in general, to anything and everything but the superior playing of their opponents. Such is far from our intention in the case of this game. Be it acknowledged here and now, that the team which represented Princeton on the New Jersey university's field on October 24th, 1903, was better than the team which went down from New Hampshire to meet them.

There is something, however, which must be explained. On November 14th this Princeton team, although victorious, was outclassed by Yale in every essential of the game except that of clinging to the ball. But for three disastrous fumbles, the score would have been 24 to 0 in favor of the Blue. On November 21st the same Yale team, with this error corrected, went to Cambridge and won exactly the same kind of a victory that Princeton had achieved on the Saturday preceding. Three passes by Harvard's center over the head of the giant Le Moyne gave Yale three touchdowns, yet three times the Crimson attack carried the ball almost to

Yale's goal, where miserable fumbling threw the game away. Harvard out-rushed Yale, just as Yale had out-rushed Princeton, by two yards to one. The Crimson defense could stop the Blue's advance and the Crimson offense played havoc with the rush line from New Haven. Yet this same Harvard team, while still unbeaten and hopeful, had been helpless as children before the strength of Dartmouth. Sixty-seven consecutive yards they were pushed back in the first half, and 83 in the second, and their boasted attack, which ripped up Penn. and ploughed through Yale, was powerless against the rush line of the Green.

But how could this all be? Was this the same Dartmouth team which was defeated by Princeton? No, it was not. Of the eleven men who began the Harvard game, four, Lindsay, Patteson, Clough and Foster, were in such poor shape that they were not taken on the Princeton trip at all, and two others, Vaughan and Turner, were so sick that they would never have been allowed to play had there been anybody to put into their places. Turner's right arm was absolutely useless, hanging limp from the shoulder, and it was on this, his right side, that Princeton scored two of her touchdowns.

The game was by far the roughest that Dartmouth has played since the Yale game of 1900. In the third play of the game Mat Bullock was knocked flat by one of the Princeton ends, and before he could rise the other landed heavily on him, disabling him for the rest of the season. Glaze was blocked off, as he attempted to tackle De Witt, with so much force that he was stunned and had to be taken out of the game. Dillon banged his eye against the fist of a Princeton player, and was blinded in consequence and had to retire. Bill Knibbs was taken out from under a pile so badly used up that he did not get into the line-up again until the last half of the Harvard game.

The following quotations from "The Princetonian," with comments upon them, may be interesting:

"Notwithstanding the superior weight of the Dartmouth line, the Princeton line was easily its match, the advantage of weight being offset by Princeton's quickness in starting."

Dartmouth's line averaged 192 1-7 pounds per man, Princeton's 189 2-7, an advantage of three pounds for the New Hampshire college. Princeton's backs, however, were so heavy that they brought the team average up to 184 pounds, two pounds and a fraction greater than that of the Hanover eleven.

"In the first half," says "The Princetonian," "Princeton seemed unable to gain ground, making but four first downs in the 30 minutes of play. Dartmouth's fumbles were frequent and costly, and one of them, on the eight yard line, resulted in a touchdown for Princeton."

The Princeton ends, the fastest and deadliest pair of the year, had an arrangement by which they avoided colliding as they tackled a man catching a punt, whereby Henry struck him at the knees and Davis a little above the waist.

A member of the Dartmouth eleven, in a letter to the writer, says: "It was one fellow's duty not only to tackle near the ball but to wrench it away. Our man was tackled almost every time before catching the punt. Davis was penalized once for it."

To continue with "The Princetonian": "Dartmouth's heavy line proved very effective on the offense and was at times impregnable to the aggressive attacks of the Princeton backs. Princeton still showed a tendency to start before the ball was passed, and had the Dartmouth quarter-back taken advantage of this off-side play, the University team would have been penalized frequently. The most effective

play of the Dartmouth team was the wing shift, which gained almost at will through tackle. Knibbs at full-back was a steady ground gainer, advancing the ball almost entirely by straight plunges through the center. The only apparent weakness in the Dartmouth line was at right tackle, through which most of Princeton's gains were made."

Fancy Leigh Turner, who, in every other game that he played, was the strongest man in the Dartmouth team, picked out for the one weak spot in our line. Yet, crippled as he was, this was the truth that day. Hooper, pitted against Short, more than held his own, while Joe Gilman handled the great John De Witt as though the latter were but a child. To tell the truth, although De Witt's great kicking and the speed and agility with which he could carry his 210 pounds would make him a most valuable man to any eleven, he was not an A No. 1 guard. This is not said, however, to detract from Joe Gilman's playing, for he put up a grand game that day, as he always has done and always will do, in a contest where Dartmouth is losing. Fred Brown gave Reed all he wanted, and Gage was more than a match for Dillon. Witham was not up to his usual form, by any means, and showed poor headwork at one or two important points in the game. Dillon, and especially Knibbs, did great work behind the line, while Vaughan, although sick and run down seven pounds in weight, played to his limit. The substitute backs, Main, Coburn and Conley, who went into the game in the latter part of the second period, made great gains through the Princeton line. What would we have not given to have had "Ame" Foster and "Pat," "Bill" Lindsay and Clough in the game, with Turner and Vaughan in good health and strength!

Bullock lasted but three plays, and Glaze was put out in the first play of the second half, having been injured

previously. Lillard and Herr played good ball, but they were "up against the real thing" in Davis and Henry. McCornack had taught his two ends to run back so as to block off opposing ends near the defensive full-back, but Mr. Folsom had insisted on their intercepting their opponents at the line of scrimmage. This method proved entirely powerless to stop Princeton's fast pair, who generally nailed the Dartmouth full-back in his tracks (or better still, knocked the ball out of his hands!) while Vetterlein generally managed to run in some distance before being downed.

When all has been said the fact remains that although Dartmouth was in poor condition for a first-class contest, and was not half the team that she was three weeks later, nevertheless on October 24th she encountered a stronger and more skilful team and was defeated.

In spite of the 450 miles to be traveled, a goodly crowd of students went down to Princeton to see the game, and with some hundred and fifty graduates and sympathizers from New York and vicinity yelled and cheered frantically for the New Hampshire men. Fred Bennis, "Pap" Abbott and Paul Redington were the cheerleaders.

De Witt's kick-off was over the goal, and Witham punted out from the 25 yard line. De Witt fumbled the ball, but chased it back five yards and fell on it. Two charges at the line proved ineffectual, and De Witt punted. Dartmouth rushed the ball eight yards, then punted. Again Princeton was unable to gain ground, and punted to our 30 yard mark. Meanwhile, as has been told, Dartmouth had been deprived, in the course of the first kick, of her veteran end, her star of three seasons' play. Witham was gaining a little in his exchanges with De Witt and punted again. A third time Princeton could not pierce the Hanover line, and was forced to kick or surrender the ball on downs. Dillon ran the punt

in 10 yards, and Dartmouth smashed her way up the field for 17 more. Vaughan was thrown for no gain, and Witham's quarter-back kick failed to catch Princeton napping. It was Princeton's ball on her own 35 yard line. De Witt punted at once, Davis tackled Vaughan before he had caught the ball, and Princeton secured it. The umpire gave Dartmouth 10 yards, but left the ball in Princeton's possession. Again Princeton kicked, and her ends sent the leather out of Glaze's hands. It was Princeton's ball only eight yards from the line. Four plunges, and it was over. Dartmouth lined up behind her own goal posts for the first time this season, and watched Vetterlein kick the goal. Princeton 6.

Dartmouth chose to receive the kick-off, and Vaughan caught the ball on the five yard line, recovering 10 yards. Dartmouth made eight yards in three plunges, then Glaze caught Henry napping, skirted the end and ran down the field with only Vetterlein in his path. He dodged the latter, and ran on, pursued hotly by the Tiger ends and Miller, their 10-second full-back. At the 25 yard line the latter was near enough to dive, and amidst the frantic yells of the New Jersey men he stretched Glaze on the ground, just 22 yards from the goal. The Dartmouth supporters were wild at this 65 yard run, and were madly yelling "Touchdown," as Knibbs ploughed through for four yards. Dillon repeated the dose, and it looked as though Dartmouth would tie the score. Smash! Two yards more for Knibbs. Bang! A yard and a half for Vaughan. Charge! Another gain, and the distance had to be measured. It was Princeton's ball on downs, and Dartmouth had lost her great chance. Princeton sent De Witt back for a fake kick, but the Tiger captain was thrown for a loss on his own four yard line. Vetterlein went back to punt, but Short's pass was poor, and except for extraordinary

quickness and agility on the part of the Tigers' quarter, who jumped to one side as he punted, the kick must have been blocked, for the Dartmouth men were through fast. Vaughan ran the ball in five yards, and Dartmouth began her attack again. On the 32 yard line, after 10 yards had been gained, Henry threw Vaughan for a loss, and Witham punted to the goal line. Two exchanges of kicks followed, Princeton rushing the ball just 10 yards, but gaining ground in running back kicks. Lillard was not up to the form that he showed later in the season, and Glaze had been kicked in the head and was not himself. Thus, without further scoring, the first half ended. Dartmouth had outrushed the Tigers, 119 yards to 28, had showed herself stronger, both on offense and defense, but had been decidedly weaker in open play, the handling and running back of punts.

The beginning of the second half still further emphasized this weakness of the Hanover eleven. De Witt caught the kick-off on his four yard line, and started for the side of the field. Glaze closed in on him, but a Tiger half-back interfered, and left the Dartmouth man, stunned, upon the ground. Turner tried to tackle him with one arm, but was shaken off. Like a runaway locomotive the big guard dashed on, but was downed at last by Dillon, only 26 yards from a touchdown. This 80 yard run seemed to take the heart out of Dartmouth, and Princeton was correspondingly elated. One plunge took the ball off the checkerboard, then Cooney was brought back and went through between Turner and Herr for gain after gain. Six plays took Princeton to the five yard line, and three more netted the remaining distance to the goal. Vetterlein's kick was perfect, and the score stood, Princeton 12.

Dartmouth again chose to receive the kick-off and, running it in 15 yards, proceeded to smash her way up the field again for 33 yards more. At the middle of the field Main, who had just replaced Dillon, was thrown for a loss, and Witham punted to Princeton's 23 yard line. The kick was run in some nine yards, and after one unsuccessful rush De Witt punted to Dartmouth's 40 yard line. Again Dartmouth started to gain, but fumbled after making twelve yards; still, however, retaining the ball. On the next play Dartmouth was penalized 20 yards for holding. Here Witham showed poor judgment, for instead of carrying the ball back four yards for a first down or punting, he attempted to make up the lost distance by himself running with the ball on a direct pass. Against ordinary opponents this might have worked, but Davis and Henry were not the kind to allow it. He was thrown after gaining two yards, and it was Princeton's ball on downs on Dartmouth's 35 yard line. Kafer circled Herr for 26 yards, De Witt plunged through Turner for five yards, and three more plays took it across. De Witt's attempt was a failure and the score stood 17 to 0.

The teams changed goals, and Coburn went in for Vaughan. Conley had already replaced Knibbs, so that none of Dartmouth's original backs were now in the game.

A third time De Witt kicked to the five yard line, and Dartmouth, running the ball in 10 yards, began to gain ground faster than ever. Fred Brown, Joe Gilman and Hooper opened up great holes in the line and the substitute backs romped through for gain after gain. Fifty-five yards they made in 15 rushes, but the whistle cut them short, with the ball 40 yards from a touchdown.

## Summary:

Dartmouth.	Princeton.
Bullock .....	l. end r..... Henry
Lillard	
Brown .....	l. tackle r..... Reed
Gilman .....	l. guard r..... De Witt
Hooper .....	center..... Short
Gage .....	r. guard l..... Dillon
Turner .....	r. tackle l..... Cooney
Glaze .....	r. end l..... Davis
Herr	
Witham .....	quarter..... Vetterlein
	Burke
Dillon .....	l. half-back r..... Kafer
Main	Stevens
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l..... Hart
Coburn	
Knibbs .....	full-back..... Miller
Conley	McClave

Score, Princeton 17, Dartmouth 0. Touchdowns, Kafer, Cooney, McClave. Goals, Vetterlein (2). Umpire, Boyle of Pennsylvania. Referee, Snow of Michigan. Time, 30 and 25 minute halves.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Dillon of Princeton is an Exeter man, and a brother of Dillon of Dartmouth.

The Dartmouth players were much displeased with the decisions of the umpire.

"Princeton was lucky to have won from Dartmouth. Those who saw the game say that nothing but tricks of Fate defeated Dartmouth and that the champion team of the year was outplayed in every department of the game."—Head Coach Williams of Penn. in the New York Journal.

Princeton's old half-back, "Bose" Reiter, who was Wesleyan's coach this year, saw the P.-D. game, and after the Dartmouth-Wesleyan game told Manager Gray that Dartmouth really had the strongest team in the East. In his opinion Dartmouth could have defeated Yale on October 31st, and he thought then that Yale was destined to defeat Princeton, as, indeed, she should have done.

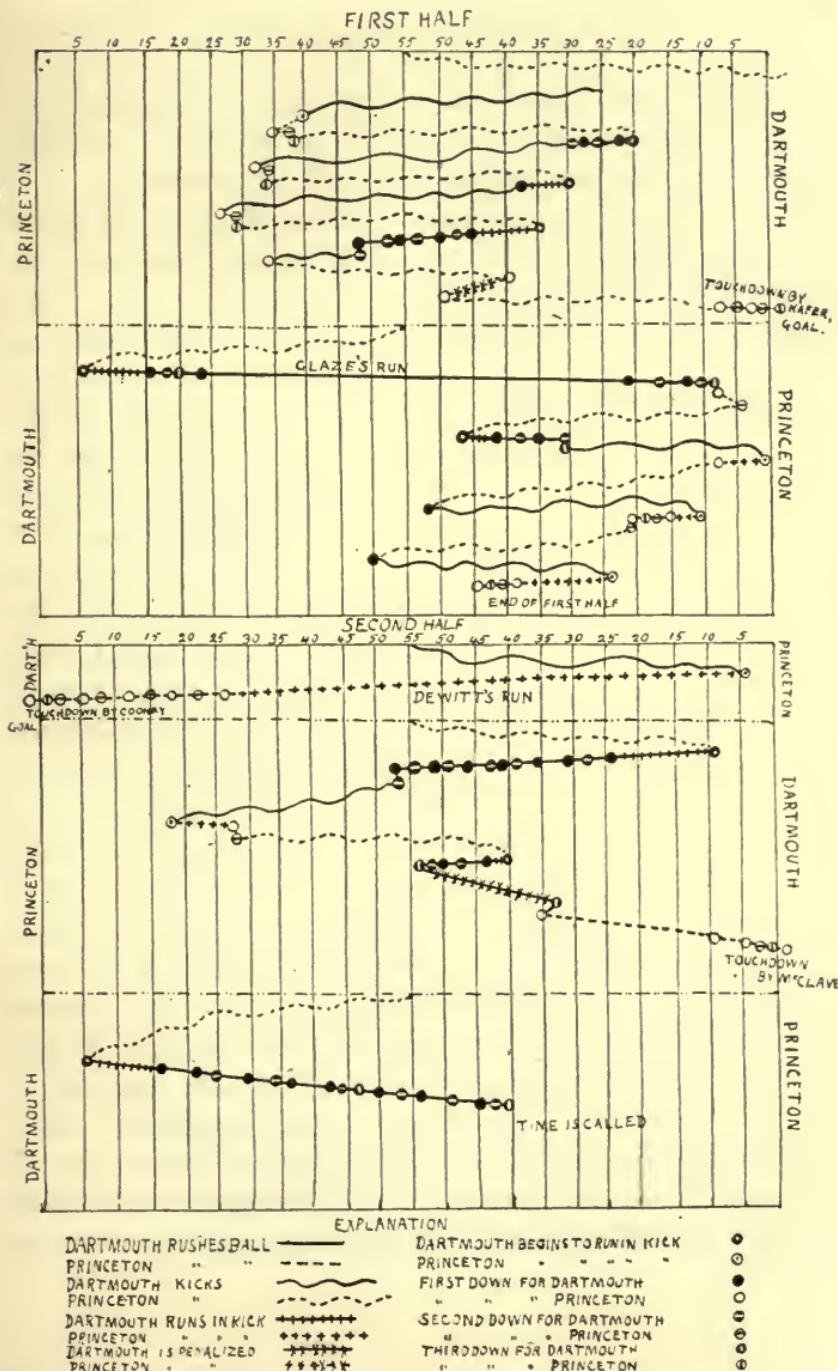
The following table gives the weights of the men who faced each other, as well as the team averages:

Lillard	150	.....	182	Henry
Brown	176	.....	174	Reed
Gilman	220	.....	210	De Witt
Hooper	236	.....	201	Short
Gage	199	.....	192	Dillon
Turner	211	.....	186	Cooney
Glaze	153	.....	180	Davis
Witham	170	.....	170	Vetterlein
Dillon	165	.....	187	Kafer
Vaughan	156	.....	166	Hart
Knibbs	163	.....	175	Miller

Dartmouth's average, 181 8-11.

Princeton's average, 183 10-11.

The following chart will show how Dartmouth rushed the ball 225 yards, Princeton 64, yet won the game through the work of Davis, Henry and De Witt:



## DARTMOUTH 34, WESLEYAN 6.

No game of the season so well illustrates Dartmouth's rise in the football world as her easy victory, with a substitute eleven, over the team representing her once victorious rival, Wesleyan. When, in the fall of 1892, Wesleyan sent her team up to Hanover, it was with the feeling that they were to play a light practice game; for Wesleyan had once beaten Harvard, and played an annual match with Pennsylvania. So that it was a very disgusted band of Methodists who left, that night, for Middletown, after a fierce contest which ended, thanks to the great playing of Bill Randall, '96, in their defeat, 20 to 4. Still, in '97, when Dartmouth had beaten Amherst 54 to 0 and Williams 52 to 0, and was seeking foemen more worthy of her steel, it was toward Brown and Wesleyan that she looked. And then, for three years in succession, Dartmouth's three worst teams in recent years saw Wesleyan celebrate victories over the Green: 23 to 5, 11 to 0, and 16 to 5. Mac's return, however, and 1905's advent brought a reversal of power, and two victories, 29 to 12 and 12 to 5, had brought the score in games up to "3 all" and the points to 71 apiece.

This year Wesleyan had her usual fast team. She had held Columbia to a very low score and had scored six points on Harvard to the latter's 17. This record would have been enough to make her a formidable opponent to an ordinary small-college team. But, strong and confident, Dartmouth began the game with five substitutes in her line, and before the contest was over put in 10 new men, all from the ranks of the second eleven. The two elevens were thus very equal in weight, Dartmouth averaging 175, Wesleyan 173 pounds per man. In spite of this the contest was very uninteresting

throughout. Wesleyan made her distance but twice during the first half, although Hanlon scored their only touchdown by picking up a fumbled ball and running 60 yards with it. In the second half, by means of trick plays and end runs, Wesleyan carried the ball to the Green's eight yard line, where Dartmouth's second eleven stopped them short. Unfortunate fumbles by Wesleyan aided Dartmouth in scoring her first two touchdowns; but on the other hand penalties robbed the Green of two other scores, both made on long runs.

The Dartmouth backs were as irresistible as usual, especially Amos Foster, who celebrated his return to the team by playing a smashing game.

In the second half Bill Clough, who had recently returned to college, was given a trial at his old position, right guard, and showed much of his old-time speed and aggressiveness.

At the opening of the first half, Glaze's kick-off was caught on the goal line by a Wesleyan back, who ran it in to the 17 yard line. Dartmouth stopped two line plunges, and Wesleyan fumbled, Glaze securing the ball. In six gains of three yards each, Dartmouth smashed her way to a touchdown. Vaughan's goal made it 6.

Stead ran Glaze's kick-off to the 25 yard line, and Hanlon made a yard through the line. On the next play a double pass was attempted, which failed to "function." Instead, the ball was dropped, and Lillard had it, 22 yards from the goal. Again it took but six plays to send Foster across the line, and Jimmy's usual perfect kick made Dartmouth's total 12.

Hanlon caught Glaze's kick-off on the very goal line, and ran it in 17 yards. Again the visitors were unable to make their distance, and a poor punt sent the ball out of bounds just 33 yards from the line. Foster fought his way through

the center for five yards, and Vaughan cleared the end for the rest of the distance to the goal. The umpire, however, called the play back, and penalized the home team 20 yards for holding. Two smashing gains through the line, nevertheless, made up the distance lost, and the ball was advanced to the visitors' eight yard line. Here, for the first time, Wesleyan's defense was good, and Glaze, dropping back to the 18 yard line, shot the ball over the bar for a goal from the field. Dartmouth 17.

This time Wesleyan kicked off and in three plays, two of which were long runs by Vaughan, Dartmouth had rushed the ball to the visitors' 50 yard mark. Foster was sent into the line again and Wesleyan was being swept back fast when Hanlon emerged from the bunch with a clear field before him. Lillard made a gallant attempt to run him down, but could not get within diving distance. The Hanover men lined up behind their own goal line and watched Gillespie score the 23d and last point made upon them this season.

Bankart ran in Wesleyan's next kick-off to the 40 yard line. A long run by Vaughan ended in a fumble which gave the ball to the visitors. Dartmouth regained it, however, by immediately holding Wesleyan for downs on the 54 yard line. Three smashes at the line and then a pretty run by "Pat" landed the ball 18 yards from the goal. Five more plunges through the line, and Foster scored the fourth touchdown. Vaughan's goal made it 23 to 6.

Again Glaze kicked the ball to the goal line, and Wesleyan ran it in 20 yards. Now, by two plunges through the tackles, Wesleyan made her distance for the first time, but another fumble gave the ball to the Green. Vaughan tore around the end for 22 yards, and two plunges by Foster resulted in another touchdown. From a very difficult angle Jimmy got his usual goal.

Wesleyan kicked off and "Pat" ran the ball in to the 37 yard line. After two plays Captain Witham punted, sending the ball to Wesleyan's 10 yard line, a clear gain of almost 58 yards. Unable to gain, Wesleyan punted, and Foster made a fair catch on the 30 yard line. Glaze missed the goal by a few inches, and Wesleyan punted out to the middle of the field. Witham immediately returned the punt, and it was Wesleyan's ball on her own 14 yard line. Hanlon got around the end for 18 yards, but the whistle ended the half. Score, Dartmouth 29, Wesleyan 6.

Only two of Dartmouth's original line-up remained to begin the second half. Bill Clough took Gage's place and Melvin, Coburn, Conley and Main went in instead of the original quartette of backs.

The kick-off was lucky for Wesleyan, for the ball hit Farrier and Gillespie fell on it 35 yards from the goal line. Six plays netted 12 yards, but Dartmouth's substitute line refused to budge further, and Hanlon was sent back to attempt a goal from the field. The ball went wide, and Donnelly fell on it near the corner of the gridiron. Main punted to the 37 yard line and Wesleyan resumed her attack. A trick play gained two yards, Hanlon ploughed through tackle for 18 and Gildersleeve cleared Donnelly for seven more, bringing the ball to the 10 yard line. But Dartmouth, awake to her danger, refused to retreat another five yards, and took the ball away on downs. Main punted, and after two line plunges had been repulsed with no gain, Dartmouth captured the ball on a fumble. Twice Melvin went around the end on a direct pass, carrying the ball 14 yards in all to the 47 yard line. On the next play, aided by remarkable interference on the part of Melvin, Main tore down the field for 63 yards and a touch-down. To the disgust of the spectators the play was not allowed, but instead Dartmouth was penalized 20 yards for

holding in the line. Main punted immediately, and Herr downed Garrison at Wesleyan's 37 yard line. But Wesleyan had shot her bolt and returned the punt, Dartmouth gaining eight yards and a first down by the exchange. The Hanover eleven now went to work with a will and smashed its way, by four and five yard gains, straight down the field for 75 yards and a touchdown. Clough and Smith opened up good holes in the line and Main, Coburn and Conley shot through for consistent gains. It was Conley who carried the ball on the final plunge, and the same player heeled Melvin's punt-on. Main missed the goal and the score stood Dartmouth 34, Wesleyan 6.

Onthrop caught Main's kick-off and ran it back 25 yards. Wesleyan gained one yard, then lost four and punted to Melvin, who recovered nine yards. Time was nearly up, so Melvin gave the ball to Herr for the fake end play. He made 22 yards, and might have gone free but for a brilliant tackle by Garrison. Before the teams could line up again the time-keeper's whistle ended the game. So much time had been consumed in attending to injuries and in discussions over penalties that the second half had to be cut short five minutes on account of darkness.

Summary:

Dartmouth.	Wesleyan.
Lillard .....	l. end r..... Onthrop
Donnelly	
Brown .....	l. tackle r..... Taylor
Keady	
Brayton	
Farrier .....	l. guard r..... Stead
	Good

Pratt .....	center.....	Schneider
Gage .....	r. guard 1.....	Coote
Clough		
Bankart .....	r. tackle 1.....	North
Smith		
Herr		
Witham .....	quarter.....	Garrison
Glaze .....	r. end 1.....	Vausurdam
Melvin		
Patteson .....	l. half-back r.....	Gillespie
Main		
Vaughan .....	r. half-back l.....	Gildersleeve
Coburn		
Foster .....	full-back.....	Hanlon
Conley		

Score, Dartmouth 34, Wesleyan 6. Touchdowns, Vaughan, Foster (3), Conley, Hanlon. Goals from touchdowns, Vaughan (4), Gillespie. Goal from the field, Glaze. Referee, Saul of Newton A. C. Umpire, Carleton of Bowdoin. Time, 25 and 20 minute periods.

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#### DARTMOUTH 18, AMHERST 0.

On Saturday, November 7th, the Dartmouth team went down to Amherst to wipe out the stain of the disgraceful 12 to 6 game of the preceding year, and half a hundred students went along to see the job well attended to. The feeling among these rooters was not that they were going to witness a well-fought battle between two worthy rivals, but rather that they were to behold the just and summary punishment of a small boy, who, having found his big brother in

a crippled condition, has pummeled him, and is now to receive, in return, what has been for some time due him. There was little or no excitement over the game; its result was taken as a foregone conclusion. The team knew what it had to do and was prepared to do it. Amherst, too, knew what was coming; up to October 31st she had had hopes; she had looked upon the Holy Cross game as a preliminary test, —as Dartmouth had beaten the Worcester team 18 to 0, the extent of Amherst's victory would be a fair gauge of her chances with Dartmouth; but alas for the conquerors of Harvard; on October 31st they had had their first taste of Dartmouth football; Frank Cavanaugh's light team had swept them off their feet; his swift charging forwards had torn up their line and his fast backs had circled their ends and plunged through their tackles at will; 36 to 0 was the final count of the slaughter. And so they had had to give up hopes of winning the game, which from the beginning of the season it had been their dearest wish to win, and the hard preparation of the preceding week had been with a desperate resolve that, if beaten, they should not, at least, be again disgraced.

And that is why Witham, though deprived by injuries of Bullock and Knibbs, dared to start the game with two substitute guards (for Bill Clough had been showing up stronger, in practice, than Gage) and a substitute tackle, and to leave Jimmy Vaughan on the side lines. It was the Harvard game which was in mind, of course, and it would not do to show our full strength beforehand.

There were some three thousand spectators present, and the game kept them in a constant state of excitement, as it was full of unusual incidents, long runs, open play, and a great many punts, which were either aided or retarded a

great deal by the high wind which was blowing. The incidents and accidents of the game were generally profitable to the home team, and a large number of penalties helped to keep Dartmouth's score down.

Dartmouth won the toss and chose the goal from which the wind was blowing. Amherst's 30 yard kick-off was run back more than half that distance, and Witham punted to the home team's 30 yard line. Lewis caught the ball and ran it in nine yards, and Amherst lined up for her first attack. The ball had hardly been passed when Witham was through, downing Shay for a four yard loss. The latter at once went back to punt, but with the Dartmouth men charging down on him from all directions, he sent one straight up into the air. The wind caught the ball, which was finally captured by Dartmouth only 31 yards from the goal. Foster and Main hurled themselves into the Amherst line, which crumbled rapidly before their savage plunges. It took but six plays to send the full-back across the line, and Glaze's goal made it 6 to 0.

The teams changed goals, and Amherst's full-back sent his kick-off over the line. Taking advantage of a temporary lull in the wind, Myron punted out 55 yards to Lewis, who was downed in his tracks by the Dartmouth ends on the home team's 35 yard line. By short rushes Amherst advanced to the middle of the field, aided by a penalty for off-side. Here Dartmouth refused to budge and a high punt, which was caught by the wind, was captured by Dillon behind the goal line. Witham punted out from the 25 yard line to Amherst's 50. On the very first play the swift-footed Hubbard, from a skin-tackle formation, ran 27 yards, but again the Hanover line refused to move, and another punt by Amherst sent the leather across the goal line. Amherst's poor return of

Witham's punt gave the New Hampshire eleven possession of the ball on their own 32 yard line, and they resumed their attack. Crashing through the home team's line for gains of three, four and five yards, with Foster carrying the ball in five plays out of six, they fought their way to Amherst's 20 yard line. Here the umpire set the Green back 10 yards, but two smashing gains by Dillon and Foster made up the loss and a yard more. It was third down and four yards to go, but Foster just failed to make it, and the ball went to Amherst on downs. Shay's punt sent the ball to Dartmouth's 30 yard line, whence seven plays, one a pretty run by Main, gained 40 yards. Here, for the only time in the game, Amherst's defense really stopped three successive plays and gained her the ball on downs. Another long punt by Shay was caught by Dillon on our 20 yard line and the teams lined up once more in Dartmouth territory. On the very first play Captain Witham took the ball on a direct pass and dodged and fought his way through the whole Amherst team for 90 yards and a touchdown. Of course the play was not allowed, as it had not started from a spot between the 25 yard lines, and instead, Dartmouth was penalized 15 yards. Dillon and Foster tore off 12 yards, and then Glaze, on a delayed pass, circled Amherst's right end, and, skilfully evading Lewis, ran 93 yards for the Green's second touchdown. Main kicked the goal, and the score stood, Dartmouth 12.

An exchange of punts after the kick-off left the ball in Dartmouth's possession in her own territory when time was called for the first half.

The second half opened with Dartmouth kicking off to Amherst, who once more had the advantage of the wind. After running in the kick-off to the 30 yard line and being

unable to make any impression on Dartmouth's defense, Amherst punted to the Hanover eleven's 50 yard line, but recovered the ball, on a fumble, in the middle of the field. Once more the Hanover line refused to retreat, and a second punt sent the spheroid to within 15 yards of the Hanover goal. The umpire, on the next play, set the visitors back to their five yard line, but two smashes by Dillon and Main covered the needed 15 yards. Foster and Main hammered out two more first downs and the ball was on the 33 yard line. Dartmouth was then penalized for off-side play, and as Conley, who here took Foster's place, was thrown for a loss, Witham punted to the home team's 40 yard line. Patteson took Main's place. Six yards was all that Amherst could make before being forced to punt. In spite of the advantage of the wind the ball traveled only to the visitors' 40 yard line, but to the intense joy of the local rooters Dillon dropped the ball, and Priddy fell on it. Once more, after making one first down, the home team was forced to punt, and Dillon gathered in the ball on the very goal line itself. Dartmouth's offensive machine now went to work and smashed its way down the field for 53 yards. At the center of the gridiron a double pass was attempted, which resulted in a loss. Witham punted, but the ball, going high, was carried back and gained only 18 yards. The Dartmouth ends and tackles had overrun the kick, and Amherst recovered 15 yards, bringing the ball to within a yard of the center. Shay circled the end for 32 yards, but here Dartmouth's defense again became stubborn, and rather than surrender the ball on downs, Amherst sent Shay back from the 25 yard line to try for a goal from the field. The ball struck a goal post and, rebounding, was caught by a green-jerseyed player near the line. Witham at once punted, but the wind carried the ball outside at the 29

yard line. Amherst now did her most effective rushing of the day, ploughing through Dartmouth's tired line for 14 yards and two first downs. Two charges, and it was third down only one yard from the white line second from the goal. All this time big Bill Lindsay, who, since the baseball game the preceding spring, had been pining to get into a contest with Amherst, had hung around John Bowler, begging to be let into the game. His lame back was entirely well, but with the Harvard game only a week off, the trainer hesitated about risking a fresh injury. At this stage of the game, however, when it looked as though Amherst might score, Mr. Bowler finally yielded to Lindsay's entreaties and sent him in to replace Fred Brown. On the very first play Bill shot his long body through the line, and downed Shay almost before the latter had started. This gave the ball to Dartmouth on downs, 12 yards from her goal. The teams lined up again and Myron called for a straight plunge through the left side of the line. Lindsay hurled himself at the Amherst tackle and half-back, the three went down together, and Patteson romped through a hole big enough for a coach and four. Eleven seconds later, having easily dodged the Amherst quarter, he was sitting on the ball underneath the home team's goal, and the figure representing the long run of the season had advanced to 98 yards. Turner kicked the goal, and the score stood, Dartmouth 18.

Amherst kicked off and Dartmouth smashed her way by five yard plunges through the rapidly weakening Amherst line to the home team's 52 yard line. Then "Pat" tore loose again and carried the ball to within 29 yards of another touchdown. But here the time-keeper intervened, cutting short the unequal struggle.

## Summary:

Dartmouth.		Amherst.
Lillard	l. end r.	Priddy
Brown	l. tackle r.	Diehl
Lindsay		
Farrier	l. guard r.	Leighton Joost
Hooper	center	Howard
Gage	r. guard l.	Palmer
Turner	r. tackle l.	Pierce
Glaze	r. end l.	Daniels Chase
Witham	quarter	Lewis Daniels
Main	l. half-back r.	Lynch
Patteson		
Dillon	r. half-back l.	Hubbard
Foster	full-back	Shay
Conley		Coggeshall.

Score, Dartmouth 18, Amherst 0. Touchdowns, Foster, Glaze, Patteson. Goals, Glaze, Main, Turner. Umpire, Mr. Dadmun of Worcester P. I. Referee, Mr. Saul of Newton A. C. Time, 25 and 19 minute halves.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The news of the victory was promptly telegraphed to Hanover, where the only feeling awakened was one of dissatisfaction at the Green's low score.

Throughout the game Dartmouth used simply her three-men-back formation, and attempted no formation plays nor any tricks, with the single exception of the end play which

resulted in Glaze's touchdown. The offense of the team was not quite up to its usual standard, nor was the defense all that could be desired.

How poor was Dartmouth's play in comparison with what it might have been may be judged from the fact that one of the Harvard coaches, inquiring of Mr. Saul, the referee, what kind of a game was to be expected from Dartmouth, was told that the Hanover eleven was heavy, but slow, and that it would not furnish any serious trouble for the Crimson.

Amherst, in spite of her defeats by Columbia, Holy Cross and Dartmouth, finished her season successfully by beating her old-time rival, Massachusetts Agricultural College, in a fierce game, 11 to 6.

In the 16 matches which had now been played between the two colleges, Dartmouth had scored 427 points, Amherst 72.

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### DARTMOUTH 11, HARVARD 0.

(“*Vox clamantis in stadio novo.*”—C. F. R.)

It has come;—November the 14th has come; the day for which we have been waiting for eight long years is here at last. And what is more, Dartmouth and Harvard are to dedicate, this afternoon, the magnificent new stadium on Soldiers' Field. This splendid structure, the largest concrete-steel building in the world, is itself worth a trip from Hanover to see. With tier after tier of white seats rising to the sky beyond, it suggests no structure of modern times. One half closes his eyes and, looking around, is startled by the effect. It would not surprise him in the least to see, below, an arched gateway swing open and pour forth a flood of Gauls and Thracians, of Samnites and retarii, all crying “Ave, Cæsar!” \* \* \* The sound of music bursts





THE CENTRE TRIO OF '03.

"Bill" Clough.

"Heinie" Hooper.

"Joe" Gilman.

upon the ear, and the centuries drop away;—the illusion vanishes, and here we are on Harvard's field.

The day is perfect. With just a gentle breeze blowing from the southwest and the November sun shining down from a cloudless sky, the air is mild and yet cool enough to be invigorating.

And now the spectators are gathering in great numbers. As the big crowds slowly pour in, the west end of the great structure, directly opposite us, is, with the exception of its curb and another white barrier, which separates the upper seats from these below, entirely obscured by a great mass of humanity, flecked with spots and stripes of fluttering crimson. On our own side, too, what with the host of Hanover graduates who have poured into Boston from all directions, the nine hundred and more whose home is in the "Hub," with the thousands of friends and sympathizers, and last, and least, (and most!) the train load of rooters who have come down from the college, there are gathered some eight thousand souls. To tell the truth, I think our Harvard friends over the way there are astonished right down to their soles. They have been taught to regard Dartmouth as a one-horse institution in the backwoods, attended by boys who come from the rural districts of New Hampshire. But here is this little college in the wilderness, fairly halving with them, in their own city of Cambridge, the support of the 20,000 spectators. No one but Yale has ever been able to do this before. And in the center of the east side is a great cheering section, where six hundred undergraduates and as many loyal young alumni are literally "whooping things up" under three enthusiastic cheerleaders. Truly wonders will never cease. There has always been cheering for the Green at Harvard-Dartmouth contests, and last year her supporters fairly went wild when it seemed impossible for Harvard

to win out; but here are two-thirds of the Hanover college, here are hundreds and hundreds of men splitting their throats for Dartmouth before the game has begun. Surely there is something unusual in the air.

Yes, there is. From that day in the fall of '95 when, with the score 4 to 0 against them, the Hanover boys carried the ball 86 yards straight down the field only to have it taken away from them, on Harvard's seven yard line, by one Bertram G. Waters, who had kindly consented to act as umpire, it has been in our minds that we should one day beat Harvard in football. We outrushed and outplayed Harvard that day, and they knew it.

We chafed the next year when we could not get a game with them, and in '97 were most grievously downcast when, after holding them 0 to 0 in the first half, we were beaten in the second.

We felt that our team had been as strong as theirs that day, and that bad generalship had lost us the game. All through the first half, with a gale of wind at our backs, we had rushed the ball, because on the second play of the game John Eckstorm had circled their end for 70 yards, and with a sure touchdown in sight, had dropped the ball. And in the second they had kicked and kicked, and scored upon us first through a disputed safety, then a place kick from a fair catch, and a blocked punt, resulting in a touchdown. Next day the Boston papers had headed the account: "Dartmouth Blundered! Failed to kick when they had the wind!"

The teams of '98 and '99 had held Harvard to small scores —(year after year we made a better showing against her than any one else except Yale, or, in the days of old, Pennsylvania) but this was not enough. No, still the score was mounting up. In '01 we encountered, with a team outweighed 15 pounds to the man, "Dave" Campbell's cham-

pionship eleven, and broke one spell by scoring upon them, two touchdowns to their four. And last year,—but that is too recent,—there are eight thousand people here to-day who remember what took place a year ago, and there are not a few uneasy minds across the way in consequence. Yes, there is something in the air. This crowd of six hundred rooters, these thousands of enthusiastic friends, are more than hoping, they are half-way expecting their team to win. For this year, for the first time in her history, Dartmouth has a team which is as heavy as her opponents. As they line up this afternoon the sum total of their weights will be identical, 2,039 pounds for each team. How we have yearned for this. Year after year we have been badly outweighed. Even last year's team, which fought such an even battle with the Crimson, was lighter, nine and a half pounds to the man, than Harvard. The Cambridge university, with its four thousand and more students, its professional schools and graduate department, playing alumni of other colleges on its teams, has always been able to put into the field a heavy, mature eleven, which outclassed, in strength and experience, the individual players of any smaller college. Dartmouth spirit and dash and Dartmouth team-play have often neutralized a great deal of this advantage, but have never succeeded in quite overcoming it. To-day there is to be no such advantage in weight, although Harvard has on her team two graduates of other colleges, one, an alumnus of Dartmouth, forced, on this occasion, to line up against his former college-mates. This Dartmouth team which we are to behold in a few moments has come to the crisis of its career. They have got to "make good" to-day. They have weight in their line, speed and aggressiveness in their backs, and a cool, experienced general to direct them. They have outclassed their former rivals in New England, but in their

one attempt at a higher flight, the game with Princeton, they made a most disappointing showing. To be sure we who have followed their career closely know that they gave the Tigers all they wanted, as it was, and that with Turner well and Lindsay, Patteson and Foster in the game, there might have been a different result. But to the disinterested public, the score, 17 to 0, was enough, and Dartmouth had failed to justify her claim to be a first class team. Whatever excuses there were for poor condition in the Princeton game, there are none to-day. The team is fit: coached and trained to the hour. It knows all the football that "P. I." Folsom and Jack Griffin and "Slugger" Mason and "Wife" Jennings can teach it. Even Fred Crolius has been up to help. If we are ever going to beat Harvard it must be to-day. Never shall we have another chance as good, if we fail now. No, the college demands a victory from this team of ours. And yet it is no easy battle to which we are looking forward. This is not the Harvard team that it was a month or so back. In its experimental stage it was beaten 5 to 0, by Amherst, a defeat which should have been a victory, or at least a tie, but for ignorance of the rules of the game displayed by the umpire and the Crimson's acting captain. Played in a drenching rain, and lasting only 25 minutes in all, this contest was anything but a fair test of the Crimson's strength, even at so early a date. Victories over West Point, Brown, and the Carlisle Indians, followed in quick succession, and on November 7th the Cambridge team went down to Philadelphia to meet Pennsylvania, which, with a rejuvenated and reorganized eleven, was again claiming championship honors. After seventy minutes of play, in which Harvard outclassed the Quakers in all departments of the game except that of clinging to the ball, the score stood 17 to 10, and

Harvard stock had taken a great jump upwards. During the week that has since elapsed, improvement has been very marked. The fumbling in the back field has almost disappeared and there was so much snap and dash in the practice on Wednesday and Thursday, and the work of the 'Varsity was so finished and perfect that yesterday's papers were full of predictions of a victory over Yale.

This is no crippled team, caught off its guard, whom we are to meet this afternoon, but a strong Harvard 'Varsity, flushed with success over one old rival, and, with spirit and morale entirely recovered, hopeful, for the first time this fall, of victory over the other.

See that great crowd over the way and hear their cheers. They, too, now that there is a chance for the eastern championship again in sight, are becoming enthusiastic. Cheer follows cheer, pouring across the white-streaked greensward in deafening volume. Suddenly a sharp Harvard yell from the south attracts us. There in the curved portion of the stadium are seated some two hundred laborers, mostly Italians, who have been working night and day to complete the structure. They have been given a half-holiday, evidently, to enjoy this game, and under a student leader have learned to give the regulation Harvard yell. Their effort brings forth a wild burst of applause, and incites them to give an encore.

But something has evidently caught the eye of the Harvard cheermaster. In obedience to his summons the whole west side is rising to its feet:—yes, there they come—see, over there,—thirty-six sons of John Harvard, who, headed by their captain, are trotting out upon the field. Just as they reach the checkerboard the yells burst forth, rousing long "Har-vards," given with a will.

A moment later, and our side responds with a "Wah-who-wah" for the Cambridge eleven, just as the substitutes take their places on the side lines while the regulars line up for practice.

We look them over with interest, endeavoring to pick out familiar forms. Tallest and heaviest and strongest of the lot, "Zeus" Marshall catches our eye first. How strange it seems to see him in crimson, and how queer to think that we will be grieved when he stops a play. No doubt it seems queerer yet to him to hear the old familiar yell across the way and to realize that he must fight for these others on his right. Yes, we remember the tackle who plays next to "Zeus." It is Knowlton, the one who scored for Harvard the touchdown which robbed us of the game a year ago. This end here is Clothier, the old Swarthmore player, who looks rather strange in anything else than tennis costume. The left guard is no less than the wonderful LeMoyne, about whom we have been hearing for two years, the greatest all-around athlete that the preparatory schools have turned out for a long time. He is world's champion short distance swimmer, can put the shot away up near record figures and is, so we hear, a remarkable punter.

This light-haired half-back, who gives such appearance of strength, must be Nichols, captain, last year, of the '06 team. The other is Hurley, whom many of the Crimson coaches preferred, even a year ago, to Putnam. The big full-back is Schoelkopf, who played that position for Cornell, two and three years past. The center is big Parkinson, who played tackle on the '06 team. He must be a good man, for the coaches have preferred him to Sugden, who played the position a year ago.

But here it is our turn to yell. See, there they come—our boys. The whole east side rises with a roar, as all Dartmouth hails its champions. Back from the west comes Harvard's greeting, and we respond to this act of courtesy with applause.

How good it is to see those familiar figures again; no need to name them over, we know them almost all. No one who has once seen Hooper's figure will ever forget it, nor Bill Lindsay's either. Aha! good! Joe Gilman is going to start the game. We will need Joe to-day, for he has "Zeus" Marshall to face. And Bill Clough is back at his old place. Bill has a stiff proposition in Harvard's freshman shot putter, but Bill "horsed" the great Barnard last year, and isn't afraid of any man that ever walked. And "Bill" Lindsay will have his hands full, for he has Knowlton to manage, and Meier will make Leigh Turner stir himself. And speaking of Leigh Turner, just look at him! See his broad back and big limbs; watch that quick start and sudden spurt of speed. By the great horn spoon! something will have to give way if those shoulders ever hit the line.

Hello! a new combination among the backs! We have seen Vaughan, Knibbs and Patteson in two big games, and Vaughan, Foster and Dillon in two others. In the Princeton game it was Vaughan, Knibbs and Dillon, and last Saturday we saw "Mary," Amos and "Pat." But here are "Jimmy," "Ame" and "Pat" lined up for practice, and evidently billed to begin the game. That big fellow among the substitutes must be Farrier, the freshman from Brooklyn, for there is no other 200-pounder in the second eleven, except Pratt and Gage, who are familiar to us from last year. And here, on the side lines, too, are "Mary" Dillon, "Bill" Knibbs and "Dave" Main. Think of it: this star trio of backs on the

side lines! There is no other college in the country which could afford to start a game with two of its best backs, veterans of three years' standing, sitting on the substitutes' bench.

'But see, the practice is over, and something is going to happen. There goes Myron Witham out to meet the officials, and a player in crimson, evidently Carl Marshall, is coming out from the other side. Bill Gray said, this morning, that the officials were to be Harry Dadmun and Paul Dashiell, and it is evidently the former who is to referee, for he is holding a coin in his hand, about to flip it into the air. There it goes, and they are stooping to pick it up. The group breaks up, each captain retiring to his own men. Ah, there is Mr. Dashiell now, bareheaded and wearing a gray sweater. We are fortunate in having the services of such excellent officials to-day.

There go the teams: Dartmouth to the middle of the field, Harvard to the north goal, near the great wooden stand. Evidently we have lost the toss. From both sides of the field ring forth, almost simultaneously, the two yells, as the crimson-jerseyed men spread out in fan-like order to receive the kick-off, and Leigh Turner tilts the ball to suit his taste. All around me men are moving uneasily, nervously shifting feet and hands, or squirming as though in pain. My own pulse is pretty fast, for some unknown reason, and I wish that whistle would sound. Ah-h-h!—high in the air and far down the field sails the ball, and behind it, at top speed, go ten gallant sons of Eleazar Wheelock. The sturdy right half catches it near the ten yard line, and behind beautiful interference comes back up the field again. He passes line after line—whack!—the sound of that collision is heard all over the field;—two Dartmouth men have struck Hurley, and he goes down like a log. One, two, three, four, five, six,

—it is just past the 30 yard line, and he has recovered twenty yards. They are lining up, twenty-one men, facing each other for the first scrimmage (Pat is in the back field) Smash! there goes Schoelkopf. The Harvard backs are quick, but the Hanover linemen are quicker,—there is a big heap piled up, but no one comes through. Have they gained? Not much, if at all; watch the score board; ah, second down, four to gain. A hearty cheer goes up from the east side. See, there goes Hurley around the end,—another heap; we have held them again. Why are our subs jumping around so? What! our ball? Yes, somebody has fumbled, and there is Myron at the bottom of the pile. With a roar the east side is on its feet, wild with excitement, for we have but 33 yards to go for a touchdown. And now Patteson comes running up, and Dartmouth begins her attack. Smash goes Jimmy for a good gain, bang goes Pat through the other side of the line, and a cheer goes up as the linesmen pick up their poles. Crash goes Amos for three yards through the center, and Jimmy ploughs through tackle for two more. It is off the checkerboard at last. Pat seems to have been stopped without gain. No, see, on the score board, second down, four to gain. There goes Amos again right through Lindsay's alley. Third down, and two to go; that isn't so pleasant. Ah, here comes Leigh Turner. On a quick wing shift Patteson goes up into the line, and the big tackle batters his way through. We breathe easier, for again the linesmen are moving, and there are only some eighteen yards to go. Turner is back again, and ploughs his way between Joe Gilman and Hooper for a good gain. Again he takes the ball, and Knowlton can not stop him until he reaches the 12 yard line. Dartmouth's supporters are getting wilder and wilder. Across the way the crimson cheer-

master is drawing great appealing "Har-yards" out of his rooters. Rip! smash! Turner again; they can't stop him. "Touchdown! touchdown!" screams the crowd on the east. Once more the big right tackle takes the ball, and amidst wild cheers from the Dartmouth contingent, it is first down on the six yard line. Ha, see, Turner in the line, and only three men back. Charge! Amos Foster fairly leaps at the line, driving the Crimson back two yards before they can pull him down. With a hoarse roar the east side is on its feet, yelling like mad. See Myron drive them! He has his opponents on the run, and he knows it. Smash! again Foster hurls himself at Knowlton, fighting desperately. How he keeps his feet! He is almost over—almost—ah, they have bent him back! Once more Pat goes up into the line and Turner comes back. A fast plunge, and there is a great heap of green and red just beyond the further goal post. Over the west side of the great structure there falls a gloomy stillness, while the east goes wild with joy. The whole eight thousand are on their feet, most of them madly dancing, shouting and screaming incoherently, and tossing up hats and canes in their joy. It is a full minute before "Sid" Rollins and "Jake" Smith can get control, but when they do, cheer after cheer bursts forth.

Myron is stretched out upon the ground, and Jimmy is coolly giving him directions how to tilt the ball. See the Cambridge eleven; isn't it worth a year of one's life to behold them, six minutes after the game has begun, lined up behind their own goal posts? And now Jimmy swings his foot and the ball goes sailing straight for the goal; a sharp cheer rings out from the east, followed almost instantly by the joyous, exultant song:

"Dartmouth's going to win to-day,  
Dartmouth sure must win. (Rah! Rah! Rah!)  
When old Dartmouth takes a brace  
Harvard must give in.  
The team must fight, the team will fight  
Till the whistle blows,  
For that's the way in every fray  
Old Dartmouth whips her foes."

There, good friends across the way, chew upon this; we are here to beat you. We wouldn't say so before, but now the cat is out of the bag; and a full-grown, life-sized, fighting Tom you'll find him.

Ha! Harvard wants to try her luck at rushing the ball. See, Dartmouth is about to kick off, against the breeze this time. There they go, after the ball; what's up? The kick-off went outside and they are taking their places again. Now once more ready! With a quick start and a mighty swing of his leg Leigh Turner lifts the ball. Great Scott, look at that kick-off! Away up in the air and far down the field. See the Harvard men scuttling back after it. Schoelkopf has it. Why doesn't he touch it down? It is away back of the goal line. The Dartmouth men are closing in on him; Glaze has him. Down they go, just past the fifteen yard mark. Smash! there goes the full back through our line. Myron and Jimmy throw him, but he has gained. Again! It is first down, and the Harvard rooters are cheering wildly. Are they going to rush through us just as we did through them? Another rush. Ha, that's better; not much gain there. Again, and a great heap shows that we have stopped the play. Watch the score board: Third down, four to gain; they can't make it. There goes Le

Moyne to the rear to punt, and Jimmy scurries back to join Pat. Myron Witham, Turner and Lindsay come tearing through the line, and it is with great difficulty that the Crimson punter gets the ball away at all. Jimmy captures it in the very center of the field and runs it in about five yards. Again the teams line up. Three smashes, one by each back, and we are six yards nearer another score. Again the three plunges, and it is first down on the 38 yard line. But what is that? Pat stopped for no gain? Another charge, and again the pile. Let's watch the score board: Third down, three to go. Myron and Ralph Glaze are dropping back. It is too far; they can never get a goal from that distance. Back comes the ball, straight and true as an arrow into Witham's hands. Aha! I half suspected it; it is a fake. There goes Glaze out toward the end. A big body shoots through the air, and the two of them go down together. The crowd gathers around—somebody is hurt; they are helping him off the field, and here comes his substitute to succeed him. It is Schoelkopf, who made the last tackle, and his successor must be Phil Mills.

That last play gave Harvard the ball on downs, of course, and they line up for a fresh attack. The new full-back smashes into Dartmouth's right for three yards. Hurley hits the left for two, and it is first down on the 50 yard mark. Watch the Dartmouth captain; hear his voice, even from this distance. Ha! stopped that time. Once more; see Bill Lindsay and Joe Gilman disappear under that pile! "No admittance" there. Four yards to gain, third down. Another punt. That boy will have one blocked for him before this game is over; it was a narrow escape that time, and he sent the ball almost straight up in the air. Pat captures it on the 35 yard line, and is nailed in his tracks. Now





DARTMOUTH VS. BROWN, '03.

(With the score 12 to 0, the Providence men stop Turner on their three yard line.  
Behind him are seen Clough, Hooper, Witham, Vaughan, Foster and Main.)



DARTMOUTH VS. HARVARD, '03.

Harvard's left gives way before a Dartmouth Plunge. (Dartmouth "rooters" in the background.)

Myron's voice rings out again, and Dartmouth's attack begins once more. On a direct pass the captain clears the end for four yards. Smash goes Amos Foster through the center. Just see Hooper toss Parkinson out of the way. "Zeus" Marshall has stopped him, but it is first down on the 42 yard line. Another charge, Jimmy, this time, through Le Moyne. We are four yards nearer. See Pat hit the line, with Foster and Vaughan behind him. He couldn't get off faster if he had his spikes on, and was starting with the pistol. Again the linesmen take up their poles; we are within five yards of the middle. Harvard is weakening, and Myron knows it. Before the heap is all unpiled he has the signal given, and the line is pierced for a telling gain. Bang! there goes Amos again for another four yards. No wonder that he is the hardest man on the team to tackle; he is all angles. His knees high in front, his head low, his very elbows, projecting as they do, offer no surface to be grasped, but help to ward off opponents. In spite of his light weight, he hits the line with great power and the speed of a locomotive. See, Jimmy has made it first down again! Two more charges and the score board reads, "third down, half a yard to gain." Half a yard is easy, and Foster pounds through Le Moyne for four. Hello! something is up; Umpire Dashiell is calling them back. A groan rises from the east side. Dartmouth is being penalized. Five, ten, what! twenty yards? It must have been holding in the line. Third down, and twenty yards to go. Ha, Myron is going back four and a half yards more. Now he has gone back twenty since the last first down, and it is still our ball. The east grand stand rocks with applause as the importance of this bit of strategy dawns upon the rooters, and Dartmouth begins her attack once more from her own 36 yard line. Pat crashes through

the line for two yards. There goes an end run, a good one, too,—Jimmy Vaughan with the ball. In an instant the east side is on its feet and is hoarsely screaming encouragement to the runner. See Amos bowl that fellow over. See Witham and Lillard, how well they protect him. Marshall has missed him, but he stumbles. There comes Mills, like a whirlwind. He has forced Jimmy across the side line and the run is over. It is more than thirty yards, however, and we are just past the 40 yard line. It was a narrow escape for Harvard; had there been five feet more space, the half-back would have gone free.

Smash, smash, two bucks through the line; see the score board: Third down, a yard and a half to gain. Another; Myron is driving them fast. But Harvard is desperate, and that was not much of a gain. They are measuring it. Harvard's ball; we have failed to make it. And now, for the first time in ten minutes, the west stand has an opportunity for something besides the perfunctory cheering.

On a tandem formation, with tackle and half-back changing places, the Cambridge eleven bangs out a first down, carrying the ball, from the 34 yard line, just five yards in three plays. Again they make it, and again, each time on the full limit of plays and the minimum distance. The distance has to be measured every time, before the referee is sure that it is still Harvard's ball. It is now first down again, on the 49 yard line. But here it stops; see that beautiful tackle? That was Lillard, the lightest man on the team, and it was the Crimson's left half who has been thrown for a three yard loss. LeMoyn goes back to punt. See that again; the boy has to hurry every time, for Joe Gilman and Turner, Bill Clough and Myron Witham are through on him like a flash. Patteson gathers in the kick just off the checkerboard, and recovers a yard or two.

Once more the Green starts on her march toward the Harvard goal. Myron has found that it is easier going through Harvard's left than the right and is sending his backs pounding through for gain after gain. There they go back for a conference, gathering around the captain. They have done that more than once before, and it has always heralded a good gain. Plunge after plunge brings three yards (or four). A halt for aid to the injured interrupts Dartmouth's progress. It is big Bill Lindsay, who has injured his head evidently. There is a short discussion with the officials, then Knowlton comes off the field, while the two teams stretch out to rest and wait, apparently, until he comes back. Meanwhile we relieve our feelings by singing and cheering. Somebody in front shouts down to "Sid" to know what the matter is, and he calls up that they have discovered metal armour on Knowlton, and that the latter has been ordered to remove it. Here he comes now, and they are getting ready to line up again. Again we plough through the Crimson forwards. There is nothing spectacular, nothing for the benefit of the grand stand in the play. Just straight, dogged football, with the better team fighting its way through a most determined opposition. No matter how weak a Harvard team may be in secondary defense, no line coached by Wm. A. Lewis ever showed the white feather when brought into contact with "the real article." "Zeus" Marshall is putting up a fierce game. Meier is fighting hard, but getting weaker as the game goes on. There goes the whistle. The first half is over, with the ball in Dartmouth's possession just over the line into Harvard's territory.

And now, with the game half done, and victory almost assured, our crowd of rooters gives way to a burst of enthusiasm. Why shouldn't they? Nothing can save Harvard unless it be a stroke of paralysis to Joe Gilman, Henry Hooper,

Leigh Turner and Myron Witham. Harvard has had the ball four times, fumbled it the first time, gained six yards before being forced to punt the second time, five yards the third and fifteen the fourth. Dartmouth has had four chances, rushed the ball over the goal line the first time, lost the ball on a fake kick the second, rushed it sixty-seven yards before being held for downs the third time, and was in possession of the ball at the end of the half. Dartmouth has gained one hundred and forty-three yards by scrimmage attack. Harvard just thirty. No wonder that our rooters feel like singing. Listen to them:

“As our backs go tearing by,  
On the way to do or die,  
Many sighs and many tears  
Mingle with the Harvard cheers.  
  
As our backs go tearing by,  
Making gain on steady gain,  
Echo swells the sweet refrain,  
'Dartmouth's going to win to-day,  
Dartmouth sure must win to-day,  
As our backs go tearing by.”

Across the way Harvard is answering cheer with cheer and song with song. Karl Skinner has just called for the old Dartmouth Song when the New Hampshire men, 28 in number, appear on the field for the second half of the battle, and they march to their places to its inspiring music.

Ha! no changes in the line; the backs look very much alike with those black inverted-coal-scuttle head protectors, but those are the same three who began the game, I am sure. Besides, if there were any changes in either team the score board would announce it. The Harvard men are out, and LeMoine is getting ready to kick off.

Mr. Dadmun's whistle blows, the big freshman lifts the ball high into the air, and the whole field is instantly in motion. Ralph Glaze nabs the ball only one chalk mark from the goal, and starts up the field like a shot. A Crimson end dives for him, but misses his tackle and falls. Another red-jerseyed player comes through, and runner and tackler go down in a heap, just past the limit of the checkerboard. They line up quickly, and Myron sends Jimmy smashing through between Joe Gilman and Hooper for two yards. Amos repeats the dose through LeMoyne, and it is first down. Patteson and Vaughan hammer out a yard apiece, and Witham goes back for a punt. A beautiful pass, and Myron lifts a punt high into the air. Watch it; see where it is caught. There, right on Harvard's 30 yard line Marshall secures it, and runs it in four yards. Let's see, it started from our 33 yard line—that gives 47 yards clear.

There goes LeMoyne to the rear—"Now Dartmouth! Get through and block this!" The words ring out so that we can hear them plainly even at this distance. Almost as fast as the ball itself come the two tackles, Bill Clough and Witham. Thud! The ball just grazes the captain's head and, rising high in the air, is carried along by the gentle breeze. Vaughan secures it on our 39 yard line, and we have gained six yards and a first down by the exchange. But here comes Amos to the side lines and Billy Knibbs is called for to replace him. He does not appear to be hurt, but as it is about a toss up between the two full-backs, it is no wonder that Myron wants to put in a fresh man. I was rather surprised, myself, that "Mary" and Bill did not start the second half.

Once more the teams line up. The Green's new full-back smashes his way through center for four yards. On the next play somebody lets Hurley through, and Vaughan is thrown

for a loss. Patteson is called on to make the necessary three yards. There he goes, through the center. The referee is beckoning for the linesmen. They come running up, and the distance is carefully measured. Harvard's ball, by all that's out! And it is only 43 yards or so from our goal. Now, fellows, you have got to do it. This is the crisis of the game. Harvard knows it as well as we do. They are gathering their strength for a last desperate effort to tie the score. Mills bangs through between Gilman and Lindsay for four yards, and the west stand breaks into cheers of joy. Vaughan downs Nichols for a loss, and it is our turn to yell. But Mills tears through again, just outside of Knowlton, and it is first down. Two more charges, and the Crimson has hammered out another six yards. First down on the 30 yard line! This will never do. See Myron storm behind the line! No one would ever recognize in this fierce fighter, hurling himself into play after play and raging like a mad bull, the mild-mannered, quiet-spoken president of the Y. M. C. A. Both sides are yelling for all they are worth, the Hanover cheerleaders, in particular, working themselves into a frenzy. But suddenly the "Hullabaloo" melts into a wild yell of joy. Lillard has dived in and thrown Nichols for a loss. The Harvard captain sends Mills, his surest ground gainer, at Lindsay, but Bill's fighting blood is up, and he stops the play completely. Third down, four and a half to gain. Once more the Harvard captain hurls the whole strength of his eleven at Dartmouth's big tackle in a last desperate effort to reach the edge of the checkerboard. They gain—but not enough. When the heap is unpiled there is Bill at the bottom, and it is our ball on downs on our own 27 yard line. And now the east side is on its feet once more. With yell after yell the Hanover rooters celebrate the stand that has

surely won the game. Still clinging to his rushing game, Myron sends Bill Knibbs for four yards through Marshall. Another plunge results in a three yard gain—no, five, for the Crimson has been off side. Pat and Billy make it first down again. Jimmy and Pat smash through for good gains, but the linesmen do no move. The score board reads, third down, half a yard to go. There goes Billy through for three yards. Smash goes Vaughan on a straight plunge through Meier, and Billy hurdles Knowlton for another first down. The ball is in the very center of the field now, and we have carried it 28 yards. Knibbs hits the center again but there is not much gain. Bang! Pat, too, finds trouble in getting through. Third down, three and a half to gain; that looks bad. Myron calls the team back for an instant, then sends them to their places and gives the signal. Ha! see Jimmy Vaughan! Behind perfect interference he comes tearing around towards us. Pat hurls himself at the Crimson end and the two go down together. Now the runner cuts in, and starts toward the Harvard goal, with only Marshall in his path. The east side rocks with applause, and the Hanover rooters are yelling like madmen. A stocky little body shoots through the air, and Hurley has stopped the runner on Harvard's 44 yard line, preventing another touchdown of a sensational kind.

The teams line up and Myron sends Billy into the line three times for five and a half yards.

A charge by Patteson and another by Knibbs, both directed at Meier, bring first down on the 33 yard line. We have carried the ball just 50 yards.

Jimmy Vaughan comes in, and "Mary" Dillon dashes out to take his place. Instead of the old "Triumvirate," here is a new combination which has never worked together before. Crash, goes Billy Knibbs through the center for four yards.

A halt is called, while big Bill Lindsay is led off the field. His substitute, Fred Brown, who weighs only fifty-four pounds less, takes his place, and Dartmouth resumes her march. "What did they take Bill off for?" shouts a rooter behind us. "Save him for the Brown game, of course," answers someone in front, and a roar of laughter and cheers follow this sally.

Meanwhile Billy Knibbs has hammered out a first down on Harvard's twenty-eight yard line, and two plunges by Dillon between Hooper and Gilman bring the ball two yards past the edge of the checkerboard. It is a great sight to see the Hanover team get into each play. The big linemen start before their opponents, toss them back every time, and open up alleys for the backs, through which the latter plunge swiftly in tandem order. As the boys in green work their way steadily onward, the rooters in our section have become more and more frantic. "Jake" Smith has "shed" his over-coat, coat, hat and vest as we pushed nearer and nearer, and he and the other cheermasters are fairly goading on the frenzied crowd.

Hello! there is Hooper laid out. Nothing serious, I guess, but he needs time. Meanwhile the east stand has started up a song:

"Eleazar Wheelock will be turning in his grave,  
While his sons go marching on.  
Glory, glory to old Dartmouth,  
Glory, glory to old Dartmouth,  
Glory, glory to old Dartmouth,  
For this is Dartmouth's day!"

There comes Leigh Turner. He ploughs through to the 20 yard line, and the east side once more roars forth its approval. Dillon makes it first down, and Knibbs hurdles

for another yard. Turner pounds through for three yards more, taking the ball to the 13 yard line. A new crimson-clad warrior takes the place of the tired Nichols. Smash, goes Billy Knibbs, getting stronger and stronger as we approach the goal line. The ball is just past the ten yard line. Listen to that great crowd of Dartmouth graduates down below there: "Touchdown! touchdown! we want a touchdown!" And listen to that from across the field. Could anyone ask more loyal support than the mighty chorus which Clarkson leads is giving to their team? Another change in the Crimson's back field; they are getting desperate. Turner breaks through for a yard and a half, and Knibbs for another yard through LeMoyne. It looks bad—third down, two and a half to go. See, a new Crimson center,—Parkinson is taken out. Myron calls his team back for a moment, then a quick line-up, and Billy fights his way through the very center. Hooper disposes of his fresh opponent, and the full-back goes through for four yards. It is first down again, inside the five yard line. And now the yelling on both sides reaches its climax as Turner once more changes places with Pat. Again the bewildering wing shift, and the big tackle smashes into the center as though shot from a catapult. He seems to be carrying the whole Harvard team with him, but never slackening his pace he ploughs through, leaving, for six yards behind him, a trail of men upon the ground.

Once more the east side is on its feet, wilder than ever. This settles it; for no fluke can now tie the score, and time is nearly up. Yell after yell splits the air, and Turner's failure to kick the goal does not dampen the spirits of the Hanover contingent in the least.

Slowly the Harvard men move up the field to take their places for the kick-off. Again they have chosen to receive the kick-off, and Turner is carrying the ball out to the center.

As the men stand waiting for the referee's whistle and all is quiet for a moment, suddenly from the east stand rings out, in a mighty chorus of two thousand voices, the old Dartmouth Song. Everybody listens, and as the sound dies away, the west stand generously applauds the singers.

And now once more Turner sends the ball down the field, and the Harvard right half-back gathers it in nine yards from the goal. Still Dartmouth's fighting spirit continues, and the crimson-clad runner goes down on his own 20 yard line. The left half tries Clough, but is thrown for a yard loss. The full-back bangs into Brown, but the ball is still behind the chalk line. The east side redoubles its cheers as LeMoyne goes back to punt. "Another touchdown! Block it! Block it!" scream the rooters; and like a flash four big green-clad linemen come through. But with wonderful good fortune the kicker gets the ball away for a poor punt, which Patteson gathers in on the 50 yard line. He runs it back five yards, and the teams face each other again. Knibbs pounds through for a good gain and Dillon fights his way for four yards through LeMoyne. Bang goes the full-back again, and the rooters are beginning to cry, "Touchdown!" once more. But see! Mr. Dashiell is calling them back. Ten yards to the rear he moves them and Myron goes back for a punt. Ha, a fake! But a red-jerseyed man is through fast, and downs the captain just over the line in Harvard's territory. The time-keeper's whistle! It is all over and we've won!

With a wild yell of joy the Hanover rooters pour in a great flood over the front of the stadium and out upon the field. And now the gridiron is full of maddened forms. Some are shouting, some are breathless; all are leaping into the air. Somebody locks arms with his neighbor, and in a jiffy the whole field is full of the zigzag dance.

Meanwhile the Harvard undergraduates with bared heads and aching hearts are sitting in their seats, loyally cheering their defeated team, which, though outclassed, has fought a hard, game battle.

And now a procession is formed of two thousand excited Hanoverites marching toward Harvard Square. The score is counted again and again, every man on the team is cheered to the echo, and things are made as uncomfortable as possible for the Harvard undergraduates. At the square we halt, and having cheered the team, the captain, the coaches, Mr. Bowler, until we can cheer no more, we disperse to various parts of the city. But to-night, in halls and theatres, in hotels and in stations, the "Wah-who-wah" will be heard, and Boston shall know that, after years of patient waiting, Dartmouth has at last seen her dearest wish fulfilled.

The summary:

Dartmouth.		Harvard.
Lillard .....	l. end	r..... Montgomery
Lindsay .....	l. tackle	r..... Knowlton
Brown		
Gilman .....	l. guard	r..... A. Marshall
Hooper .....	center.....	Parkinson
		Kidder
Clough .....	r. guard	l..... LeMoyne
Turner .....	r. tackle	l..... Meier
		Shea
Glaze .....	r. end	l..... Clothier
Witham .....	quarter.....	C. Marshall
Patteson .....	l. half-back	r..... Hurley
		Dodge

Vaughan . . . . .	r. half-back	1. . . . .	Nichols
Dillon -			Harrison
Foster . . . . .	full-back	. . . . .	Schoelkopf
Knibbs			Mills

Score, Dartmouth 11, Harvard 0. Touchdowns, Turner (2). Goal, Vaughan. Referee, Mr. Dadmun of Worcester P. I. Umpire, Mr. Dashiell of Lehigh. Linesmen, Wood of B. A. A., and Randall of Dartmouth. Time-keepers, R. Brown of Harvard and Dr. Bolser of Dartmouth. Time, 25 and 20 minute periods.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

Just before the close of the game came the news that Princeton had beaten Yale, 11 to 6.

“‘And now,’ say Dartmouth and Princeton, ‘let the tail-enders play it off.’”—Boston Globe.

“As Daniel Webster, also of Dartmouth, would say: ‘The present at least is secure.’”—Boston Globe.

“Dartmouth’s victory over Harvard admits of no ‘buts’ and ‘ifs.’ There is satisfaction in this. Hard luck stories are tiresome.”—Boston Journal.

“As Daniel Webster might have remarked, Dartmouth may be small, but there are those who say that she can play football.”—Boston Herald.

“The unexpected speed and fierceness of Dartmouth’s play and the strength of her defense was a revelation to Harvard.”—Boston Record.

The injury which caused Lindsay’s retirement was a blow upon the head, which partially stunned him so that he could not understand the signals. He had been once stunned in the first half by coming in contact with Knowlton’s aluminum armor.

"One of the Harvard coaches, when asked what he thought of the game, said: 'It was tough enough to be beaten by Dartmouth, but it was the limit when they pulled their best tackle out of the team to save him for the Brown game.'"—Boston Globe.

"Witham deserves great credit for his generalship, for he directed his plays at the right spots in the Crimson line and he kept his men on their toes from beginning to end."—Boston Journal.

"While it must be admitted that the Green has a much better team than she was generally given credit for possessing, it was humiliating for the Harvard team to be defeated in such a decisive manner right on the eve of her final game of the season."—Boston Herald.

"Outweighed, outplayed, outgeneraled. Harvard 0, Dartmouth 11. This is the story in a nutshell of the game yesterday that sent Dartmouth's supporters wild with joy, and caused Harvard and her followers to leave the field with heads bowed—disheartened, disgraced, defeated."—Boston Journal.

"The East never saw such discussion of football results and chances as took place yesterday. From the Canadian boundary of Maine and New Hampshire to well below Washington and Richmond, it is safe to say that 30 per cent. of newspaper readers talked nothing else but Yale-Princeton and Dartmouth-Harvard, and the more so because the short ends had been the winners."—Dudley Dean in Boston Globe.

"The result of the Dartmouth game did not leave nearly so bad a taste in Cambridge as the Amherst game, for nobody who saw the eleven from Hanover play could help admiring them. It was truly a team of giants, and they had the

speed of much smaller men. With the coaching that elevens like Yale and Harvard get, Dartmouth would be invincible this fall.”—Boston Globe.

“It was a very clean game for a Harvard-Dartmouth contest, for Dartmouth has never had any great love for Harvard, and Harvard has never wasted any affection on the Hanover college. In the last few years, however, the old feud has been buried, at least a little way down, and Saturday’s sportsmanlike game will do much more to put the hatchet further beneath the sod.”—Boston Globe.

“Harvard’s two tackles, Knowlton and Meier, were good, and ‘Andy’ Marshall, the big right guard, was a tower of strength. Marshall is an old Dartmouth man and, although he was pitted against his alma mater, still he put up the best exhibition of football that he has displayed since his connection with the Crimson eleven.”—Boston Journal.

“The position of Andy Marshall in the game was particularly hard, and only words of admiration are being expressed for the way in which he played for his adopted college against his alma mater. It was a question of getting Harvard’s team together before the Yale game; and, although the medicine was bitter, Marshall took it manfully, and it is safe to say did not thereby lose any of the esteem in which he is held in both universities.”—Boston Herald.

“It was a clean game of straight football won by the better team. Harvard was fairly outclassed in every part of the game and every place on the team, and after the game the wonder was that Dartmouth did not win by a larger score. Outweighed by many pounds from tackle to tackle, Harvard was thrown back on every rush; for only one short period did the Crimson linemen get the jump on their opponents so as to allow the backs to advance the ball.”—Boston Herald.

"Vaughan played a brilliant game, and made the only two gains of the afternoon which covered more than one chalk mark. In the first half he got free around right end, and ran 40 yards before he was brought down by Marshall, and in the second half he got started around right end once more, but was brought down before he had covered ten yards on a beautiful tackle by Hurley. With these two exceptions, the game was simply a question of hammer and tongs, with Dartmouth playing winning football from start to finish."—Boston Herald.

"Dartmouth's attack consisted chiefly of a regular back formation, and although Patteson, Vaughan, Foster, Dillon and Knibbs played hard, fast football, it was the men in the line who made Dartmouth's gains possible. Hooper at center was masterful, and on every play he went through the Harvard line, pushing everything before him, and finally turning around to help the rest of the team along. He kept his feet through everything and also stayed with the ball. It was generally in his wake or just to the left or the right of him that Dartmouth pushed her plays."—Boston Herald.

"Dartmouth played a rushing game throughout, and she followed the policy that the best defense is an offense. Captain Witham once moved the ball back to keep possession of it. Throughout the game he showed himself to be a quarter-back that should be reckoned with when the All-American elevens are made up this fall. But when Dartmouth had to kick she outkicked Harvard. LeMoyné's poor punting was undoubtedly due largely to the fact that he had not time to get the kick away, for the Dartmouth men came through all parts of the line."—Boston Globe.

"The game was one of the most sportsmanlike ever seen on Soldiers' Field and the Hanover boys won the admiration of all by their clean and wholesome conduct. Time and again a green-jerseyed man would help the crimson men to their feet, and Captain Witham's courteous conduct in allowing Knowlton to leave the field for some time to adjust his thigh guard was everywhere admired. There has been some little bitterness between the two colleges in years past, but it is safe to say that the conduct of the Dartmouth men last Saturday went far toward burying the hatchet."—Boston Herald.

"It was difficult to pick individual players from the Dartmouth team, but the work of Turner stood out from the rest. He was a tower of strength on the defense, and when Dartmouth got in a bad way on the offense he was drawn back from the line to carry the ball. He made both of Dartmouth's touchdowns. All of the backs did good work. Foster gained the most ground, but Vaughan, Dillon, Knibbs and Patteson were always on deck when they were needed for gains. Hooper at center was in evidence quite a bit. He played horse with Parkinson and a number of times helped along the man with the ball."—Boston Globe.

"Harvard on Saturday would seem to have no excuses to offer. She was beaten after being thoroughly outplayed, and with her it was not a case of isolated, grawsome mishaps or 45 yard placement kicks. It is a fact that Dartmouth this year requires sympathy from no one; that she is a full-fledged bird, and of the eagle variety; that Princeton, Yale's vanquisher, even while defeating her, had her hands full, and that the Elis, after looking over the Dartmouth crowd at the Murray Hill on the Saturday of the Yale-West Point game, expressed themselves as glad they were to meet the army

boys instead of those of the green."—Dudley Dean in the Boston Globe.

If Harvard had the offensive strength which seemed to show in the Pennsylvania game it proved powerless against the Dartmouth linemen, who towered above their crimson rivals and showed speed and aggressiveness not expected from men of their size and weight. On the defensive, Harvard was just as weak as she has shown herself throughout the whole season, and Dartmouth had an offense which would do credit to any team in the country. Her backs were fast, her linemen lifted with the snap of the ball and the whole team got into every play in splendid style. In fact there could be no apologies or excuses from the Harvard team, as they were up against a heavier, faster and more skilful team, and they were played to a standstill."—Boston Herald.

(With all due apologies to the Boston Herald, they were played off their feet.)

"New England college men, and Harvard and Dartmouth graduates and undergraduates in particular, have reason to be proud of Saturday's contribution to the athletic history of 1903. No gridiron battle of the year has been or will be more fiercely fought than that which christened the magnificent Stadium on Soldiers' Field with a defeat. Dartmouth had every reason to desire a victory, and Harvard, on the eve of her most important game of the season, had the greatest incentive to avoid defeat. Despite these considerations and the excitement attending such a struggle there was not one incident in the game which could mark it as other than clean sport and a gentlemanly, though strenuous, contest. Not once was Umpire Dashiell called upon to inflict penalty for slugging or any other similar infraction of

the rules, and neither Dartmouth's victory nor Harvard's defeat was tainted by any such happening as occasionally mars intercollegiate contests and furnishes argument for those who would make the collegian a bookworm on a milk diet instead of a healthy youth feeding on beef. Dartmouth's victory should be of advantage to the New Hampshire college, and the character of the contest should be a benefit to intercollegiate sport."—Boston Journal.

"Dartmouth's line, though heavier than Harvard's, got the jump on Harvard every time. Harvard's line was thrown back against its secondary offense, so that every attack meant a gain for Dartmouth. There was little chance for either team to show its interference in the open, but on close plays Dartmouth always had the man with the ball well covered. Dartmouth's attack spread across Harvard's whole line; every man was used for an avenue, but most of the plays stayed close to center, where the three heavy Dartmouth men would open holes big enough for band wagons. Most of Dartmouth's plays went through Harvard's left wing.

"Harvard, on the other hand, was unable to find a flaw in Dartmouth's line. She tried all parts, but the 'no admittance' sign was up everywhere. During the game Harvard was able to rush the ball scarcely 50 yards, while Dartmouth carried it 238. The nearest Harvard got to Dartmouth's goal was the 27 yard line, and that was the only time that she ever had the ball in Dartmouth's territory. In the first half the ball was on Harvard's side all the time, and the nearest the Crimson came to scoring was 62 yards."—Boston Globe.

"The boys from Hanover won because they played the better football of the two elevens. From first to last Dartmouth had full control of Harvard. The Green clearly

outclassed the Crimson in every department of the game, and as they played yesterday it is doubtful if a team in the country could have stood up against them.

"It was a beautiful sight to see the eleven men get into every play as a unit; to see them charge together, rally round the man with the ball, and push, pull and shove for every inch of distance. Every man knew his place in the plays, and got there every time. The victory of Dartmouth does not belong to any one man for brilliant work, but to the team as a whole for the hard, do-or-die football which they played.

"And besides knowing football the men had confidence in themselves. There was never a slump in the game. Every time they got the ball they hammered away at the Harvard line, and, short as their gains were, they got there. On the offense the line charged as a man, and the backs followed along behind them without a hitch. The backs hit the line together, low and fast. They were a combination that could discount anything that Harvard has been up against this fall."—*Boston Globe*.

The accounts of the game, as given in the Boston papers, were, on the whole, very fair. None gave undue prominence to the statement which, in several Western papers, caused indignation to Dartmouth alumni, that Harvard was badly outweighed. As a matter of fact, Dartmouth's advantage of weight in the line was exactly offset by the Crimson's greater weight behind it, and to prove that it was team play and speed which won the game, and not beef, Dartmouth's offense was just as irresistible and her defense as impregnable after Brown had replaced Lindsay as before, although now the Green was badly outweighed at four points out of seven in the line. The statistics follow:

## DARTMOUTH.

NAME.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Lillard, '05,	22	5 ft. 10 in.	160
Lindsay, '06,	22	6 ft. 3½ in.	230
Gilman, '06,	21	6 ft. 1 in.	220
Hooper, '07,	20	5 ft. 7 in.	236
Clough, '06,	23	6 ft. 1 in.	185
Turner, '04,	22	6 ft.	210
Glaze, '06,	21	5 ft. 8 in.	153
Witham, '04,	23	5 ft. 10 in.	170
Patteson, '05,	20	5 ft. 9½ in.	163
Vaughan, '05,	21	5 ft. 7 in.	163
Foster, '04,	23	5 ft. 9½ in.	159
Brown, '05,	19	5 ft. 9 in.	176
Dillon, '06,	21	5 ft. 11 in.	169
Knibbs, '05,	23	5 ft. 10 in.	163

Average weight of line, 197½.

Average weight of backs, 163½.

Average weight of eleven, 185½.

Average age of eleven, 21½.

Average height of eleven, 5 ft. 10½ in.

Weight of eleven which ended game, 181½.

## HARVARD.

NAME.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Montgomery, '05,	23	6 ft.	182
Knowlton, 1 G,	22	6 ft. 1 in.	197
Marshall, 3 L,	25	6 ft. 4 in.	210
Parkinson, '06,	20	5 ft. 8½ in.	208
Le Moyne, '07,	19	6 ft. 1 in.	195
Meier, '04,	23	6 ft.	192
Clothier, '04,	22	6 ft. 1½ in.	174
Marshall, '04,	21	5 ft. 8½ in.	162
Hurley, '05,	21	5 ft. 9 in.	160
Nichols, '06,	19	6 ft.	176
Schoelkopf, 2 L,	24	5 ft. 10 in.	183
Shea, '04,	23	6 ft.	202
Dodge, '05,	22	5 ft. 10 in.	166
Harrison, '05,	21	5 ft. 11 in.	172

Average weight of line, 194.

Average weight of backs, 170½.

Average weight of eleven, 185½.

Average age of eleven, 21½.

Average height of eleven, 5 ft. 11½ in.

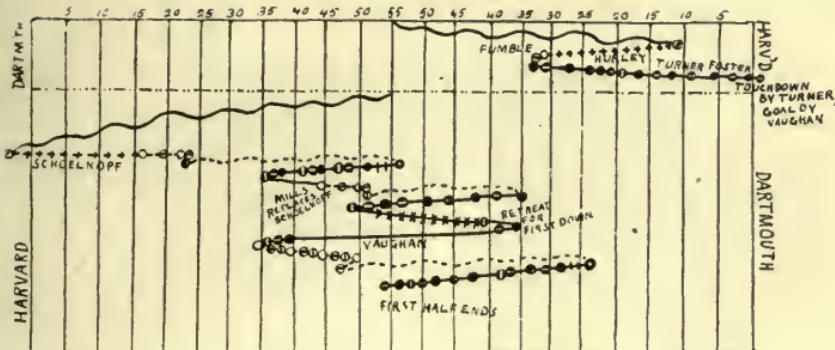
Weight of eleven which ended game, 185½.

It will be observed that the two elevens as they began the game totaled the same, to a pound. The substitution of Brown for Lindsay in the second half cost Dartmouth 5½ pounds and reduced the team average over four pounds. The average of the five Harvard substitutes, Kidder, Mills, Shea, Dodge and Harrison, was a little above that of the regular players.

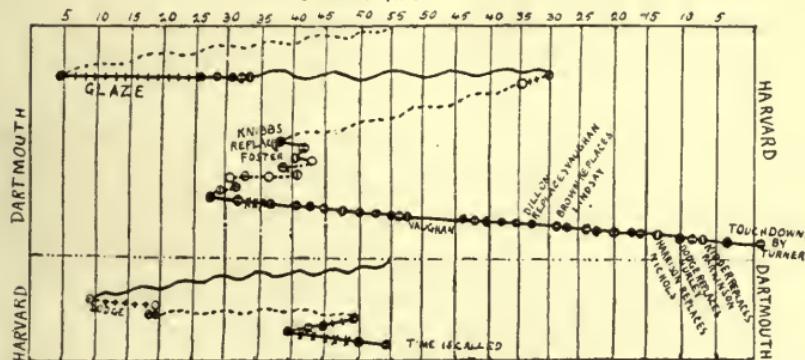
There is nothing which gives the reader quite so clear an idea of the movements of the ball and the course of the game as a chart.

The weakness of the Crimson, both on offense and defense, and Dartmouth's irresistible strength, together with the plan of game carried out by each captain, can be plainly seen in the following diagrams:

## FIRST HALF



## SECOND HALF



## EXPLANATION

DARTMOUTH PUSHES BALL	—	DARTMOUTH BEGINS TO RUN IN KICK
HARVARD	"	HARVARD
DARTMOUTH RUNS IN KICK	-----	FIRST DOWN FOR DARTMOUTH
HARVARD	"	" HARVARD
DARTMOUTH KICKS	+++	SECOND DOWN FOR DARTMOUTH
HARVARD	*	" HARVARD
PENALTY	====	THIRD DOWN FOR DARTMOUTH
		MARYABO



The reader will notice that in the whole game Dartmouth advanced the ball just 245 yards, Harvard exactly 45. Harvard's five punts averaged  $31\frac{1}{2}$  yards; Dartmouth's one punt was good for 47 yards. In short, the lordly Crimson was not only beaten, she was outclassed.

## DARTMOUTH 62, BROWN 0.

Thanksgiving Day, 1903, dawned bleak and cold in Manchester. With the thermometer at 18 degrees, a chilling wind blowing from the north, and the ground frozen to an adamantine hardness, it was anything but an ideal day for a football contest. While there were, no doubt, just as many enthusiastic rooters from out of town as came to see last year's grand battle, they were not so noticeable on the streets; the weather kept them indoors.

Again, there was not the same incentive to enthusiasm as then. A year before, both sides had come to the fight determined to win, each, however, realizing that it was an even thing, and that only after a desperate battle would the enemy be beaten.

What a change had taken place since then! This year Dartmouth had swamped Amherst, Williams, Wesleyan and Holy Cross, had outrushed Princeton, and roundly trounced the lordly Crimson. Brown, on the other hand, deprived of her captain, had made a disastrous beginning and had been beaten, 29 to 0, by Princeton and Harvard, and 30 to 0 by Penn., although this last score should have been 12 to 0 but for three disastrous fumbles close to the Brunonian goal.

The reappearance of Captain Webb and the addition of "Tom" Barry to the group of coaches had brought about a great change. In quick succession Brown defeated Williams (22 to 0), Vermont (24 to 0) and Syracuse (12 to 5), outrushing the latter team almost as completely as Yale had done. This game showed conclusively that Brown had a wonderfully strong line (Syracuse made her distance but once in the whole game and scored only by a fluke), and two sets of swift, heavy backs.





But for two fumbles and an off-side play, all within Syracuse's ten yard line, the score would have been increased by 18 points, and the call of time found Brown in possession of the ball only 14 yards from another touchdown.

Had it not been for another game which had been played upon the same day (Nov. 14th), the Providence men would have thought that there was still a good chance for them against Dartmouth.

Under the able coaching of Hunt and Murphy, "Dave" Fultz and Barry, the Providence team had rounded into a good, strong, representative Brown eleven. Their line averaged 193 pounds from tackle to tackle, and 180 as a whole. Their freshman quarter-back was so much of a star that he was preferred to Scudder, who had played that position for three years. Hascall, Schwinn, Colter and Webb were veterans of three seasons, and Higgins had beaten out, for the position of tackle, the veteran Savage, who had gone behind the line as half-back. Russ, who was placed last season on the second All-America team, was putting up a great game at full-back, and with Corp and Keen, Curtis, Pearsall, Walsh and Heekman, the back field positions were pretty well provided for. Yes, under ordinary circumstances, with such a team as this, Brown might have been confident of success against any eleven in the country, with the exception of Yale, Princeton and Harvard. But here was a team which outweighed them, even with their heaviest backs, ten and a half pounds to the man, a team which had outclassed Harvard—Harvard, who had beaten them 29 to 0.

No wonder that there was not a large attendance of undergraduates from Providence, and no wonder that Brown's supporters were grim rather than enthusiastic.

Dartmouth's backers, too, were very quiet; a feeling of subdued confidence was noticeable everywhere. Captain Witham's statement to the Boston Journal covered the case exactly: "We expect to win. If Brown should happen to beat us there would be no excuse to offer." And thus the morning of November 26th found two thousand Dartmouth men holding the usual Dartmouth reunion, both at the hotels and at the field, in a genuine holiday mood, looking for another exhibition of wonderful football from the team that beat Harvard. "Eke" Hall, "Bob" Lakeman, "Squash" Little, old players by the score, were recognized among the throng. Old graduates exchanged congratulations with a bright eye and a quiet smile, and were glad that they were Dartmouth men.

At Varick Park ten thousand people sat and shivered in the frosty morning air, waiting for the game to begin. Brown was host this year, and the Providence sympathizers, three thousand strong, occupied the main grand stand and the adjacent bleachers, where last year the Dartmouth rooters had held forth. Across the field, on the great wooden stand, which had been built to accommodate them, sat students, friends and alumni of Dartmouth to the number of five thousand. The ends of the field were thronged with spectators, gathered principally at the north. The teams came on the field and were hailed with the usual yells of greeting.

There was a little anxiety among the rooters in regard to Patteson, Glaze and Hooper, for the practice on November 18th had resulted in injury to all three, but, to the great relief of the crowd, all were seen in their usual places. By the line-up in practice it was seen that the same combination of backs, which began the Harvard game, would start this

one also. With the substitutes along the side lines, were seen the familiar forms of Jack O'Connor, who had been at Hanover ever since the successful ending of Bowdoin's season, "Dubsy" Farmer, who was to act as our linesman, and "Fat" Smith. "Fat" now really merited his nickname, for he was of aldermanic girth, and tipped the scales at 240. He and Jack had done great work at Hanover during the week preceding the game, and not a little of the finished perfection of the play was due to their efforts. Jack Griffin and "Wife" Jennings were also in attendance, and before the game was over "Vic" Place and Fred Crolius joined the group of coaches.

After the usual conference with the officials, the teams separated and it was seen that Dartmouth had won the toss. Brown was preparing to kick off and Dartmouth, spread out toward the north, was getting ready to receive the ball. Last of all the eleven, Captain Witham pulled over his head a grayish-green sweater, bearing a D which had once been white, and handed it to a substitute, who bore it reverently to the side lines. That old green sweater! What memories it recalled! I remembered as plainly as though it were but yesterday the day when I had first seen him wear it. That day we overcame, well, not the Nervii, but at least the strong Amherst eleven, flushed with unexpected success over Williams, and confident of the championship. Again I could see old "Put," raging like the bull that he was, disposing in grand style of Amherst's All-America tackle, Tyler. Once more Joe Edwards, with his right ear pounded to a pulp, seemed to smash through the opposing line for long gains. There still rang in my ears the hoarse, piercing voice of the little man that drove them, as, disdaining to use signals, he cried to Tyler that the play was coming

through him, to stop it if he could! Many times has the old sweater come back to us since then, and if, in latter years, its owner, wasted by sickness, no longer stretched it tight, still all the old fire, all the old spirit, all the old loyalty was there, and the sight of this old friend seems to say that he is with us in spirit to-day. Hark to that yell:

“Wah-who-wah!  
Wah-who-wah!  
Da-da-Dartmouth!  
Wah-who-wah!  
T-I-G-E-R.  
Mac’s old sweater!  
Mac’s old sweater!  
Mac’s old sweater!”

But Russ was standing ready, awaiting the referee’s whistle, and Myron was giving a last word of instruction to the backs behind him. How different from last year! Then it had been anxiety, nervousness, a mixture of hope and fear, in players and spectators alike. Now there was calm assurance. Joe Gilman and Henry Hooper, chums and comrades all their lives, had been laughing and joking together a few moments before, and the whole team wore a holiday look.

The whistle blew and Russ sent the ball along the ground to Gilman, who fell on it just 15 yards from the middle of the field. With just 70 yards to go for a touchdown Dartmouth lined up for her attack and sent Foster crashing into the line. It was seen at once that Brown had a most determined defense, for her linesmen charged as swiftly as their opponents and her big backs were under the play like a flash. Foster’s charge was as swift as the spring of a wild

beast, yet it was good for only three yards. Patteson and Vaughan took their turn, gaining but little over their own length. The two lines struck each other with a terrible rasp of canvas on canvas. The ball snapped, and, as the report of a gun follows the flash, came this loud "Hrrrrck," sounding over all the field. With two lines of the same speed and the same strength, it was only the superior weight of the Hanover forwards and the quicker start of the Dartmouth backs that sent them ahead for two and three yards at a jump. Twice Foster got through for five yards, twice for six, and once for seven, but the rest of the way it was the most dogged kind of fighting. Patteson and Vaughan would shoot into holes and fall with a two yard gain, and then Foster would fight his way through for four more. I have seen many line-bucking backs, but I have never seen anything to equal the playing of Amos Foster during those first ten minutes of the game at Manchester. Of one thing I am certain: There was not another back playing football in 1903 who could have torn the Brown defense to shreds as he did. The ball was on the four yard line with third down and two to go. Again Foster was called upon, and in a last fierce charge he carried it over, while joyful yells rang out from the Dartmouth cheering section.

Jimmy's trusty right foot sent the oval squarely between the posts, and the great crowd counted six. With the games of the past in mind I added up: Dartmouth 68, Brown 86.

Brown demanded that Dartmouth kick off, so the teams changed goals, and Turner sent one of his mighty kicks to Curtis almost on the goal line itself. The Providence half-back came up the field fast, dodging or warding off man after man. Twenty-eight yards he covered, but Witham

brought him down. A line-up, and Russ sent the Providence rooters wild with joy by skirting Turner for eight yards. But Dartmouth's line would give no more, and two desperate charges made no impression on its stone-wall defense. And to add the last straw to Brown's burden of misfortune, Gilman and Lindsay blocked Hascall's punt. It was Dartmouth's ball just 45 yards from a touchdown. Patteson's lame ankle, injured again in the second rush of the game, now gave out for good, and Dave Main went in. Two charges by the halves gained but a yard apiece, and Witham punted outside at Brown's 26 yard line. Again on the first rush Brown made her distance, and again Dartmouth stopped her opponents twice at the line. The second play was a well executed trick, but Glaze's sinewy grasp clutched one ankle of the runner and held him firmly. Hascall punted to Main, and the latter by beautiful dodging ran the ball in 16 yards. Hrrrrck! Foster charged through for four yards. Hrrrrck! Turner added a like amount. It was positively cruel to see it. Brown would not budge an inch and Dartmouth was literally trampling them under foot. At the 25 yard line she was almost stopped, and again at the 15. Finally it was on the seven yard line, and Brown held twice. Her defense was really magnificent in its doggedness and determination. With the instinct of a born leader Myron did exactly what his opponents did not expect. From the left side line he sent a quick on-side kick across the field. The ball struck the right hand goal post and bounded off across, with 22 men in pursuit. Schwinn just got his fingers on it in the air, but Vaughan and Foster were too quick. It was Dartmouth's ball, three yards from the line. Still Brown was game and it took two plays to send Jimmy across.

DARTMOUTH VS. BROWN, '03.

(With the score 6 to 0, Witham's quarter-back kick takes Brown by surprise. Dartmouth gains the ball on the three yard line.)





Again the yells, culminating as the great, little right half kicked a perfect goal from an extreme angle. Dartmouth 12 (and I mentally added Dartmouth 74, Brown 86).

Once more the Providence eleven chose to receive the kick-off, and Turner sent the ball to the very goal line. Curtis was not so fortunate this time, recovering but 17 yards. Smash! Webb struck the line but failed. Crash! Russ had no better luck. Third down, four and a half to go. Hascall went back to punt and barely succeeded in getting the ball away. It was the same with him as it was with LeMoyne: he had no time to punt properly. The ball went to the 48 yard line and Dartmouth started for the goal line a third time.

So far Myron had been pounding, pounding at his opponents' line. The Brown ends were both veterans, and in the Harvard-Brown game had thrown the Crimson backs for a loss at almost every attempt. Dartmouth's weight and strength were bound to win the line bucking game, and every exchange of punts meant ten yards' gain for the Green. Now, however, with the game well in hand, Myron changed his tactics, and, after one five yard smash by Foster, shot Dave Main around his opponents' left. Vaughan put Schwinn out of the play, and Dave went clear. Nineteen yards he covered, amidst the wild yells of the Hanover contingent, but Russ pulled him down. Smash! Smash! Two ripping plays through the line, then Turner was brought back. Three times he ploughed through, covering 14 yards. It was first down on the three yard line, but Brown was game to the last. Twice Turner plunged into the line, and twice they stopped him short. A third time the big tackle was given the ball, and the weary Brunonians fell back before his strength. It was

a touchdown, in the extreme corner of the field. Witham's punt-out failed, and the score stood, Dartmouth 17.(D. 79, B. 86.)

Still Brown had an idea that once in possession of the ball she could rush it down the field, and once more Captain Webb requested that Dartmouth kick off. Accordingly Turner sent the ball to the 19 yard line, whence Keen ran it in 16 yards. Brown tried right end, but Glaze threw his man for a two yard loss. Again Brown tried the end, and in their desperation they tackled two Hanover men who were about to down the runner. The play cost them 20 yards for holding, and from the eight yard line Hascall sent a punt to Vaughan, who, catching it on the bounce near the right side line, ran it in 16 yards, dodging and fighting all the way. Keen was injured and gave way to Corp. Two smashes by Foster brought first down inside the 25 yard line. Turner banged through for three, then Vaughan, clinging to Witham's shoulder, tore around right end and ran 21 yards for a touchdown. Foster gave great interference, and Witham warded off man after man. The Hanover rooters rose as one man to cheer the play, and the enthusiasm did not abate when Myron's punt-out was not caught. Dartmouth, 22. This equaled the high score thus far in Brown-Dartmouth contests and made the total, Dartmouth 84, Brown 86.

This experience disgusted Brown with receiving the kick-off and Russ sent the ball to Main on Dartmouth's five yard line. The left half back ran the kick in splendidly to the 28 yard line, and Dartmouth's attack began again. Foster got his usual five yards, and Vaughan cleared Hascall for 15. Here the umpire took a hand in the game and set Dartmouth back ten yards. On the very first play Glaze

got loose and tore down the field for thirty-six yards. Once more Brown put up a most stubborn defense and repulsed two plays with little gain. Witham punted to Brown's 12 yard line, Brown ran it in five yards and punted back, giving Dartmouth the ball and four yards advance. Foster made his distance, and Glaze a second time cleared Hasscall, for 12 yards on this occasion. On a direct pass the captain cleared Schwinn for 15 yards, falling finally near the western side line. A brown-clad player landed heavily on Witham's neck as he lay there, and it was feared that he would have to be taken out. He took the limit of time, then resumed the game. The boasted Brown ends were powerless to stem the tide, overwhelmed by the power and speed of the Dartmouth offense. Vaughan skirted Hasscall for seven yards, Turner ploughed through for four, and Main crossed the line for Dartmouth's fifth touchdown. As Vaughan's kick gave us our 28th point, the east stand sang:

"Fill up the glass to the ruddy brim,  
    Drink to the glory that naught can dim,  
Dear old Dartmouth's splendid name,  
    Dear old Dartmouth's deathless fame,  
For hers is the strength of the Granite hills,  
    Strong to resist when the tempest thrills,  
Hers of old the victory;  
    Hers the triumph yet to be."

I counted 90 to 86 as the teams changed goals, and for the first time in ten years the New Hampshire college led in total points.

Says "The Dartmouth:" "Lindsay received the next kickoff on his 20 yard line and pushed the whole Brown team back 12 yards." While this statement may be a slight

exaggeration of the truth as one reads it, it certainly seemed so at the time. He looked for all the world like a great bear dragging after him eight or nine hounds who had fastened themselves to him. Witham went around the end for a bare yard and a half, Vaughan made it first down, and Foster smashed through for six yards more.

Time was nearly up and Myron sent Dave Main around on a double pass. Schwinn was awake, however, and threw the runner for a seven yard loss. A fake kick let Main recover six yards of this, and Witham punted to Brown's 30 yard line, where Schwinn's fumble gave the ball to the Green once more just at the call of time.

Between the halves the Dartmouth Band made itself heard and song and cheer followed each other in quick succession. Most of us were busy speculating on the final score, the prevailing opinion placing it at 45 to 0. Before the game, John Bowler, in his optimistic way, had prophesied 30 to 0, but we were within two points of that already.

As the teams came out for the second period Billy Knibbs and "Mary" Dillon were seen among the number, and were duly greeted by the crowd. It was Dartmouth's kick-off and Leigh Turner sent one of his great twisters to Schwartz, who gathered it in on Brown's seven yard line, and started up the field. He traveled 12 yards before Turner picked him off his feet and slammed him to the ground. In the first play Lindsay broke through Webb and stretched Pearsall on the sod just four yards back of the line. With the Hanover linemen charging down on him, Hascall got off a hurried punt, which was captured by Dillon on the 53 yard line. Shaking off Schwinn and dodging Corp, the swift half-back recovered 13 yards.

Brown was too eager, and it cost them five yards of distance. The next play showed what marvellous team work

could do, even against determined opposition. Billy Knibbs smashed into the center, Joe Gilman and Hooper grabbed him, and the three of them pushed back the whole Brown eleven for 14 yards before they could get the runner off his feet. Four more smashes by Dillon and Knibbs took the ball to the ten yard line. Dave Main cleared Schwinn for five more, and another touchdown was imminent. Still Brown was game, and two plunges into the line left the ball on the two yard line, with only one more trial allowed. Turner was brought back, and shot his great body through Webb for the required distance. For the only time in the game the trial for goal was unsuccessful, and the score stood, Dartmouth 33.

Main caught Brown's short kick-off on the 25 yard line and carried it back 15 yards. One smash into the line and the left half-back circled Schwinn for an even ten yards. Knibbs ploughed through Colter for a long gain, keeping his feet beautifully, and covering 16 yards before he was brought down. Again Brown's defense stiffened and they contested every foot of the distance from here on. Once Dartmouth rushed for no gain, but the next play sent Main through Webb for six yards. Lindsay was playing a magnificent game, both on offense and defense. He had the hardest man in the Brown line to handle, and he was handling him without gloves. Dillon made it first down just four and a half yards from the goal. Turner was stopped with a foot gained, Main smashed through to the two yard line, and it was third down. Dillon shot through and was just falling across the goal line when two Brown men seized him, and quickly twisted him around to the right. "Mary" fought hard, but to no avail; it was Brown's ball on downs just one foot from the line.

The east side generously applauded this gallant stand and the west cheered wildly. Brown's punter went back for a kick, but Dartmouth's linemen, furious at having been robbed of their touchdown, shot through from all directions and poor Hascall had barely time to hit the ball a feeble tap with his shin, which scarcely sent it over the heads of the players. The crowd ran back, and big Bill Lindsay reached up over the heads of the others and, still running backwards, caught the ball some nine feet from the ground, heeling it at the same moment. A great yell greeted this bit of clever work and a louder one hailed Turner's beautiful goal from the field. Dartmouth 38.

Dartmouth spread out to the south, and Hascall sent a poor kick to Witham on Dartmouth's 21 yard line. The captain started like a shot, cutting off toward the right. The whole team contributed to his interference, but Glaze and Dillon were especially prominent. At the very center of the field a Brown man stood squarely in his way, but Glaze hurled himself at the tackler and Myron ran on. On Brown's 40 yard line he hurdled a player, but did not land squarely on his feet; he stumbled and, before he could get up speed, was tackled from the side and fell. He had covered 54 yards, the longest run of the game so far. Smash! Knibbs tore through center for six yards. Main threw himself at Hascall, and Dillon ran around the right end for 16 yards. Four short charges took the ball to the seven yard line, and Knibbs tore through, aided by Hooper and Witham, for the rest of the distance to the goal. Turner's goal added our 44th point.

A touchdown in seven plays was too much for Brown, and they decided that they would do better to receive the kick-off. Accordingly Turner lifted the oval into the air,

and Pearsall, catching it on the very goal line, ran it in 24 yards, dodging three Dartmouth men as he went. Corp tried the line, but Lillard threw him for a loss, and Haskell went back to punt. Witham had several times succeeded in almost blocking Brown's kicks, and now was successful, meeting the ball squarely in the air. Turner picked it up and, with beautiful interference by the captain, he banged and dodged his way through the whole Brown team for a touchdown, scored in exactly three plays. The big tackle then kicked the goal, and the score stood, Dartmouth 50.

This experience disgusted Brown with receiving the kick-off and Captain Webb demanded the ball. A poor kick was caught by Clough on the Green's 40 yard line, Knibbs tore through the line for 11 yards, and Dillon made one of the prettiest runs of the game, falling at last on Brown's 36 yard line. Three short plunges by the halves netted seven yards, Knibbs smashed through for six more, and Turner was brought back. With tremendous power he forged ahead for 12 yards, ploughing, as one man said, "like a rotary snow-plough through a Dakota blizzard." Still Brown did not "quit," and it took three plays for the next first down. The ball was on the six yard line and Turner was called back once more. With a crash and a plunge he shot through and fell across the line. Myron carried the ball out and Turner kicked a perfect goal. Dartmouth 56.

Brown's kick-off went only 25 yards to Lillard, who brought it back more than half that distance. Knibbs smashed through Webb for 11 yards, and the ball was in the very center of the field. A fake by Glaze carried the leather close to the eastern side line, but advanced it a

bare yard. The next play resulted in the longest run of of the game. On the same end play that let Glaze loose in the Princeton game, Lillard skirted Brown's line and ran 54 yards for a touchdown. Turner kicked the goal, making Dartmouth's total, 62.

And now a remarkable thing happened. Brown put in five fresh men: Elrod, Leland, Walsh, Savage, and the old M. I. T. full-back, Heckman, and demanded the kick-off. Turner sent the ball for the fourth time whirling to the goal line, and little Schwartz ran it in 16 yards. Turner was injured and took the full limit of time. And now to the consternation of the Dartmouth supporters, the joy of their own, and the surprise of every one, Brown began to hustle their heavy opponents back up the field in quick order. The plays were aimed at Glaze, Turner and Clough for the most part. Four smashes through and around the injured tackle netted 19 yards. Heckman cleared Glaze for eight yards, but the second trial, aimed at Clough and Hooper, resulted in a loss.

Schwinn skirted left end for six yards, and it was first down. The two crowds, which had settled back to behold the avalanche early in the game and had yelled in a perfunctory manner all through the contest, now woke up and fairly made things hum. Bullock took Lillard's place and was given a great ovation as, wearing his heavy shoulder protector, he trotted out upon the field. Brown was caught for no gain on the next play and made only two yards on the next, but managed to squeeze out a first down in spite of this on the third play. Schwinn gained another first down and Savage another, carrying the ball for an even ten yards. But here, on their own 35 yard line, the Dartmouth line repulsed two plays for a loss, and Leland went back to punt.

A bad fumble occurred, and the kick was blocked, but Savage chased the ball back and saved it for Brown. As the play had resulted in a 20 yard loss, it was first down again. Gage took Clough's place. Again Dartmouth came out of her trance, and repulsed the next two plays with a loss. Leland, punting, sent up a high one, which, carried by the wind, bounced and rolled down the field and over the goal line. Main made the touch-back and Captain Witham kicked out from the 25 yard line. Schwartz was downed on Brown's 45 yard line, and the Providence eleven lined up once more for their attack. Two plunges brought first down, and then began a curious contest. Dartmouth held Brown for two downs three times in succession, only to relax and allow them their distance on the last trial. Farrier was given a chance, and Joe Gilman, who had been playing like a fiend, was called to the side lines, with the skin half torn off his hands, lame and sore in body, and panting with weariness, but fighting mad at the idea of being taken out. Brown barely got her distance twice more, but with the ball on the 30 yard line Dartmouth made a last determined stand. Bullock threw Heckman for a loss, and Gage stopped Savage at the line. With the ball on the 30 yard line, third down and five to go, the time-keeper's whistle ended the game.

The summary:

Dartmouth.	Brown.
Lillard .....	l. end r.....
Bullock	Hascall
Lindsay .....	Elrod
Gilman .....	Webb
Farrier	Fletcher
	Leland

Hooper	center	Colter
Clough	r. guard 1	McGregor
Gage		
Turner	r. tackle 1	Higgins
Glaze	r. end 1	Schwinn
Witham	quarter	Schwartz
Patteson	l. half-back r	Curtis
Main		Pearsall
		Savage
Vaughan	r. half-back 1	Keen
Dillon		Corp
		Walsh
Foster	full-back	Russ
Knibbs		Heckman

Score, Dartmouth 62, Brown 0. Touchdowns, Foster, Vaughan (2), Turner (4), Main, Knibbs, Lillard. Goals from touchdowns, Vaughan (3), Turner (4). Goal from the field, Turner. Umpire, Mr. Whiting of Cornell. Referee, Mr. Pendleton of Bowdoin. Head linesman, Mr. Saul of Newton A. A. Linesmen, Farmer of Dartmouth and Hunt of Brown. Time, two 35 minute halves.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

"Vic" Place was very much struck by the playing of Dave Main. "Just look at Dave Main!" he exclaimed on one occasion. "How he has improved! He is as good as any of them now."

The apparent weakening of Dartmouth's defense at the end of the game was due, no doubt, to the fact that very few of the men had slept the night before. The hotel was

crowded with guests, and five or six of these had persisted in racing up and down stairs and yelling in the halls all through the night.

The field was in terrible shape before the game was ten minutes old. The sun had brought enough of a thaw to leave, in certain places, a thin film of mud, which was just enough to make footing uncertain without softening the former hardness of the ground. In the course of Dartmouth's second march to the goal line in the latter half of the game, Dillon, making a remarkable hurdle over two men, tripped and struck the ground head first. He was picked up perfectly black in the face from mud, but when this was washed off two great red patches were evident, from which the skin had been scraped clean.

Sixty-two to nothing! Never since the coming of Hopkins and Millard in '93, had Brown received such a trouncing as this. Sixty-two to nothing!! We had read of the University of Michigan's beating Michigan Agricultural Institute 88 to 0, but no such score as this was ever heard of in the East, between colleges of any standing. This to Brown! Brown who had tied Yale and tied and beaten Pennsylvania, and scored upon Harvard time and again. Sixty-two to nothing! I fear that in spite of my attempt to be charitable there is a touch of malice in my gloating. I think now how, after Brown had held Harvard 11 to 6, in the fall of 1900, her team came to Hanover and won a desperate battle, which they would have lost had not Halliday slipped in the snow as he punted out from behind the goal line. Then came the Liber Brunensis, wearily complaining that Brown could not find anybody to play with who was just in her class. She could almost win from the big three, but not quite, and there was no one else who could make a fight interesting for her.

Interesting, forsooth! Since the publication of the aforesaid wail Dartmouth has scored 96 points on Brown in three games, an average of 32 per game; Brown has scored six points in the same period, an average of two. I wonder if our Providence friends will admit that their games with us have increased in interest!

One of the features of the game was the kicking of Turner. Time and again, with or against the wind, he sent his kick-offs whirling to the goal line. In spite of one poor one of 41 yards, his six attempts averaged just 51 yards. Brown's seven kick-offs averaged but  $28\frac{1}{2}$  yards. In the punting, too, Dartmouth's superiority was very manifest. Witham's first kick was carried outside by the wind, and counted for only 19 yards, but in his other trials he made 38, 36 and 45 yards, an average of 39 yards. Brown's punts traveled 30, 30, 35, 28, 33, 14 and 55 yards, an average of 32 yards. In addition, three of Brown's punts were blocked.

"After the game the Dartmouth men bunched up and started to count the score, but when they reached 43 and were out of breath some one yelled: 'Cut it out, you'll lose the train,' and the attempt ended in a laugh."—Boston Post.

"The interference on end runs by Dartmouth swept all before it. In her kicking, too, Dartmouth was far superior. The whole Dartmouth team played good ball, but Witham and Turner stood out above the rest. Hooper, the star center, was always covered by three men, but in spite of this he was frequently conspicuous in the plays. Gilman and Lindsay opened the best holes in the line. The ends were always in the game, and they were successfully used in rushing the ball. Of the two sets of backs that Dartmouth used it would be hard to choose the best man. Every one of the six men was a sure ground gainer, and they all worked together.

Dartmouth's playing throughout the game was such that she justified herself in being classed up in the big four this fall. After the game Coach Murphy of Brown said that the Dartmouth eleven was the best that he had ever seen play football."—Boston Globe.

"Dartmouth simply outclassed Brown in every single department of the game. In rushing the ball it had some 590 yards to its credit, to Brown's scant 100. In running back kicks its advantage was not so great, it having 130 odd yards to something over 90. In the kicking department there was little comparison, Dartmouth was so overwhelmingly to the fore in this respect. Brown was really surprisingly weak in booting the ball, and even on the kick-offs failed, except in few cases, to get anything like distance. Weight, as well as full knowledge of the game, and the power contained in the team, counted in Dartmouth's triumph. Its magnificent lines of giants and its sets of swiftly moving and heavy backs made a force which was nothing else but irresistible. Its attack was not so rapid as that which was shown in the game with Harvard, but it was much more varied, and the plays more complicated. Line bucking was alternated with end forays, and all were ground gainers. The line opened up all kinds of holes, no place in particular on the Brown side being exempt from puncture. The end plays were splendidly executed, and the same fine interference that was shown in the Harvard game was again in evidence. There was a push and haul spirit from the start, and player off his feet was no sign that the movement forward was ended, for almost every time the man was hauled ahead for further gain. The whole team was utilized, and once it swept across nine men in an oblique movement for the protection of the two going around."—Boston Herald.

"Brown was by no means a weak combination, and against an ordinary team would have proved a difficult opponent. In every department of the game the boys from Providence were outgeneraled, outclassed and in fact outplayed. On both the offense and defense Dartmouth was well nigh perfection, and in this line nothing better could have been desired. Dartmouth's kicking department was hands down over Brown, and every time Captain Witham planted his foot against the ball it was sure to land not less than 40 or 50 yards away, and not a single attempt was blocked."—Boston Journal.

"The vaunted quickness of the lighter men on the Brown team was not much in evidence either, and if there was any choice between the two teams in this respect, the heavier Dartmouth men were the more agile of the two. The Brown offense in the first half was absolutely ineffective and the ball was carried for a first down only once during the first 35 minutes. After one or two futile attempts to find a hole to slide through, Hascall would be sent back to punt and not once in the half did he get away with a really good punt. If the kick were not blocked, it never exceeded 25 yards in distance, and more often than otherwise the ball would be run back half of the distance."—Manchester Union.

"Captain Witham of Dartmouth not only showed remarkable judgment in directing his men, but did splendid work himself, gaining every time he made an exchange of punts with Hascall and also making many long runs."—Boston Evening Record.

"Brown's fight was one of the sandiest and most desperate in the great record between these two colleges. They died game, as ever was the case with the loser in these annual battles, and have nothing to apologize for. In the Dartmouth

team they were up against the nearest thing to perfection that 1903 has produced in the shape of a football eleven. The players on both sides played magnificent football. Witham at quarter was a perfect wizard. Hooper could not be budged. Gilman was all over the field, tackling like a fiend, opening up wagon roads and playing a game at all times that would have done credit to any two players. What can be said of these three can be said of practically the whole Dartmouth team, substitutes and all. A most pleasing feature of the game was the five minutes' play of Bullock, Dartmouth's old war horse end, right at the close of the game. He played in a way that made Brown mighty thankful he had not started the game."—Boston Traveller.

"Irving O. Hunt, coach of the Brown eleven, said after the game: 'I saw the Harvard-Dartmouth game a week ago last Saturday, and my idea is that Dartmouth has got the strongest football team I ever saw. Captain Witham, quarter-back of Dartmouth, is the best man in the position I know of. I never saw any team play sandier ball than Brown did. Our defense was good, while Dartmouth's offense was superb. The brace that our team took in the last twelve minutes of play was the most remarkable piece of business I ever witnessed.'"—Manchester Union.

CAPTAIN WEBB—"Dartmouth has a wonderful team and they play grand football. They deserved to win."

HEAD COACH FRED MURPHY, BROWN—"That Dartmouth team is the best football eleven I have ever seen, and I don't think there are many teams who can beat them. Brown played a plucky game."

COACH HUNT, BROWN—"Dartmouth outweighed us, but this had nothing to do with the result. The best team won."

"SLUGGER" MASON—"The best football team in the country showed its true form to-day. My only regret is that Dartmouth can not have a chance to meet Yale, and to replay the game between Princeton and Dartmouth which came early in the season."

CAPTAIN WITHAM—"Brown made a good fight, but she had many weak places. Her right end and right guard positions were not strong. Dartmouth has had a good season, and the only regret is that we did not win from Princeton."

REFEREE PENDLETON—"There could be little improvement in the present Dartmouth team. The eleven has been well coached and trained and to this as much as anything else is due its success."

COACH FOLSOM, DARTMOUTH—"Brown played a plucky game and stayed to the limit, bracing well in the last five minutes."—Boston Journal.

"Never before in the history of Brown university has a football eleven of that institution received such a stinging and overwhelming defeat as was administered by the Green and White aggregation of Hanover. The Dartmouth team clearly and forcibly demonstrated its superiority over its opponents, and in accomplishing the feat rolled up the largest score that has been made in any game of prominence in the East this season."—Boston Journal.

"Among the most interested spectators at the game were the Revs. Edgar Blake, E. J. Palisoul and C. C. Mitchell. All three of the gentlemen were much impressed with the showing made by Dartmouth, and Mr. Pallisoul, who was formerly a student at Springfield several years when the Yale-Harvard games were played in that city, and saw most of the games at that time, says that he never saw a Yale

or Harvard team which, in his opinion, was the equal of the Dartmouth team as it played yesterday. Mr. Blake said: 'It was a wonderful team. It seems scarcely creditable that such large men could handle themselves as lightly and quickly as those big forwards did. As a spectacle, the game was not so interesting as the Andover-Exeter game of this year, but the playing of Dartmouth beat anything I ever saw.' Mr. Mitchell agreed with his brother clergymen as to the greatness of the Dartmouth team, and was of the opinion that it would be a wonderful team that could defeat them as they played yesterday. He said he believed that Brown was not a weak team but was opposed to a set of men of such forceful possibilities that its weakness was more apparent than real."—Manchester Union.

"Turner, the giant right tackle, was, if any one, the bright, particular luminary of the game for Dartmouth. He was used for everything, as a hole opener, to carry the ball, and to kick the goals, the latter after Vaughan had withdrawn. In everything he was superb. Four of the touch-downs were made by him. He kicked four goals after touch-downs, missing one, and got one goal from placement. Next, if not level with him, was Captain Witham, the quarter-back of the year. This player's part in the game was nothing short of extraordinary. He was in every play, interfering or pulling and hauling, and his interference for the runners was of a most telling sort. He ran the team splendidly, varying the attack in a refreshing manner, and his work in carrying the ball was great. With Lillard, Witham shared the honors for long runs, he reeling off one of 54 yards in the second half. Gilman and Lindsay between them opened some tremendous holes in the line, and the brunt of the attack went through where they made the space. The ends, Glaze and Lillard, were all to the good, and each did his

full share in the work. Each got in a long run, and Lillard's 54 yards for a touchdown was one of the features out of the ordinary. Hooper was the good center that he has always been. It would be hard to choose between the backs, every man of whom did his full share. With such a line in front of them it would have been hard for them to do otherwise.”—Boston Herald.

“Every man on the Dartmouth team played football of a high class order, and praise should be given all. But of those who stood boldly, the most prominent was Captain Witham. He led his team in a manner which was above criticism. His punting was far better than that of either Hascall or Leland and his work on the offense proved a tower of strength. Turner at right tackle did mighty service and was in every play. Every time he took the ball there was sure to be a gain and when a first down was needed Turner was the man called on to carry the ball. Hooper at center showed his usual strong game, but he had no mean opponent in Colter, who kept the Hanoverian on the jump from the beginning of the game to the finish. Lillard and Glaze are a clever pair of ends and missed few tackles. Patterson, Vaughan and Foster started in the back field for Dartmouth and later in the game Main, Dillon and Knibbs were substituted for the first trio. Both sets did not find much trouble in gaining ground, but the bright particular stars were ‘Jimmy’ Vaughan and Foster, both of whom are reliable men and can be depended upon for sure gains. For Brown, Schwinn did the best work of the day, when he started the grand attempt to score. He did good work at left end, though a number of gains were made around him. At carrying the ball he is sure and certain to make his distance. Captain Webb and Lindsay had a battle royal, with the odds slightly in favor of the latter.”—Boston Journal.

There was a great sameness to the details attendant upon each piece of scoring, and the relieving incidents were far apart. It may have been in MacCornack's old sweater, which Witham wore, but at all events, everything was Dartmouth, even to the winning of the toss. Brown lacked in weight and its pluck could not offset the handicap. It met the attacks with a grim, despairing effort which was commendable though ineffective, and stuck to what must have been a disagreeable and disheartening task. It was best inside its own ten yard line in defense, and it was here they put up their greatest fight, and offered the most successful opposition to Dartmouth's onward movement. This was noticeable in the second half, when on one occasion it held the mighty Hanoverian line buckers for downs, and got the ball when it was within six inches of the goal line. The line was pretty thoroughly punctured from end to end, and no one place was weaker than another. Both tackles were heavily hammered, and got all that was coming to them. Most of the plays were aimed at Webb, and it was here that Lindsay and Gilman were always busy."—Boston Herald.

"Dartmouth defeated Brown yesterday in their annual game, which, as ever, winds up their football season. Some 10,000 people crowded into Varick Park, a goodly two-thirds of whom wore the green of Dartmouth. Two bands were with the Hanover boys, and rooters galore. In fact it seemed as though all Hanover had journeyed to Manchester for the game. This is one feature of Dartmouth, the college stands behind its athletic teams as a unit. Thrice this year has Hanover been deserted in order that the team could have loyal support, in its gridiron battles. Incidentally, yesterday's game clinches Dartmouth's position for

second honors in the big four, and shows how lucky Princeton was that she faced Dartmouth at a time when her team was two weeks nearer top form than the New Hampshire boys. Hanover, with its marvelous quarter, center and back field, should come pretty near furnishing the majority of the All-America team."—Boston Traveller.

In the nine games which had now been played between the colleges, Dartmouth had scored 124 points, Brown 86, distributed as follows: 1894, Brown 20, Dartmouth 4; 1895, Brown 10, Dartmouth 4; 1896, Brown 10, Dartmouth 10; 1898, Brown 12, Dartmouth 0; 1899, Brown 16, Dartmouth 5; 1900, Brown 12, Dartmouth 5; 1901, Brown 0, Dartmouth 22; 1902, Brown 6, Dartmouth 12; 1903, Brown 0, Dartmouth 62.

The following table gives the statistics of the men who played in the game:

DARTMOUTH.				BROWN.			
NAME.	Age.	Height.	Weight.	NAME.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Lillard, '05,	22	5 ft. 10 in.	150	Hascall, '04,	22	5 ft. 9 in.	153
Liudsay, '06,	22	6 ft. 4 in.	230	Webb, '05,	22	5 ft. 11 in.	193
Gilman, '06,	21	6 ft. 1 in.	220	Fletcher, '07,	20	6 ft. 1 in.	201
Hooper, '07,	20	5 ft. 7 in.	236	Colter, '05,	23	6 ft.	191
Clough, '06,	23	6 ft. 1 in.	185	McGregor, '06,	23	6 ft. 1 in.	185
Turner, '04,	22	6 ft.	210	Higgins, '07,	22	5 ft. 11 in.	196
Glaze, '06,	21	5 ft. 8 in.	153	Schwinn, '05,	22	5 ft. 4 in.	140
Witham, '04,	23	5 ft. 10 in.	170	Schwartz, '07,	17	5 ft. 8 in.	149
Patteson, '05,	20	5 ft. 9½ in.	163	Curtis, '07,	18	5 ft. 8 in.	160
Vaughan, '05,	21	5 ft. 7 in.	163	Keen, '06,	20	5 ft. 9 in.	166
Foster, '04,	23	5 ft. 9½ in.	160	Russ, '06,	25	6 ft.	176
Main, '06,	21	5 ft. 9 in.	164	Pearsall, '06,	21	5 ft. 9 in.	168
Dillon, '06,	22	5 ft. 11 in.	169	Savage, '04,	23	5 ft. 10 in.	178
Knibbs, '05,	23	5 ft. 10 in.	163	Walsh, '06,	20	5 ft. 9 in.	165
Bullock, '04,	22	6 ft.	160	Elrod, '06,	21	5 ft. 8 in.	160
Gage, '06,	21	5 ft. 8 in.	200	Heckman, '04,	23	5 ft. 10 in.	175
Farrier, '07,	20	5 ft. 10 in.	208	Leland, '04,	24	6 ft. 2 in.	192

Average weight of eleven who began the game, 185 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of line, 197 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of backs, 164.

Average age of eleven, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average height of eleven, 5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

Average weight of eleven who began the game, 173 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average weight of line, 180.

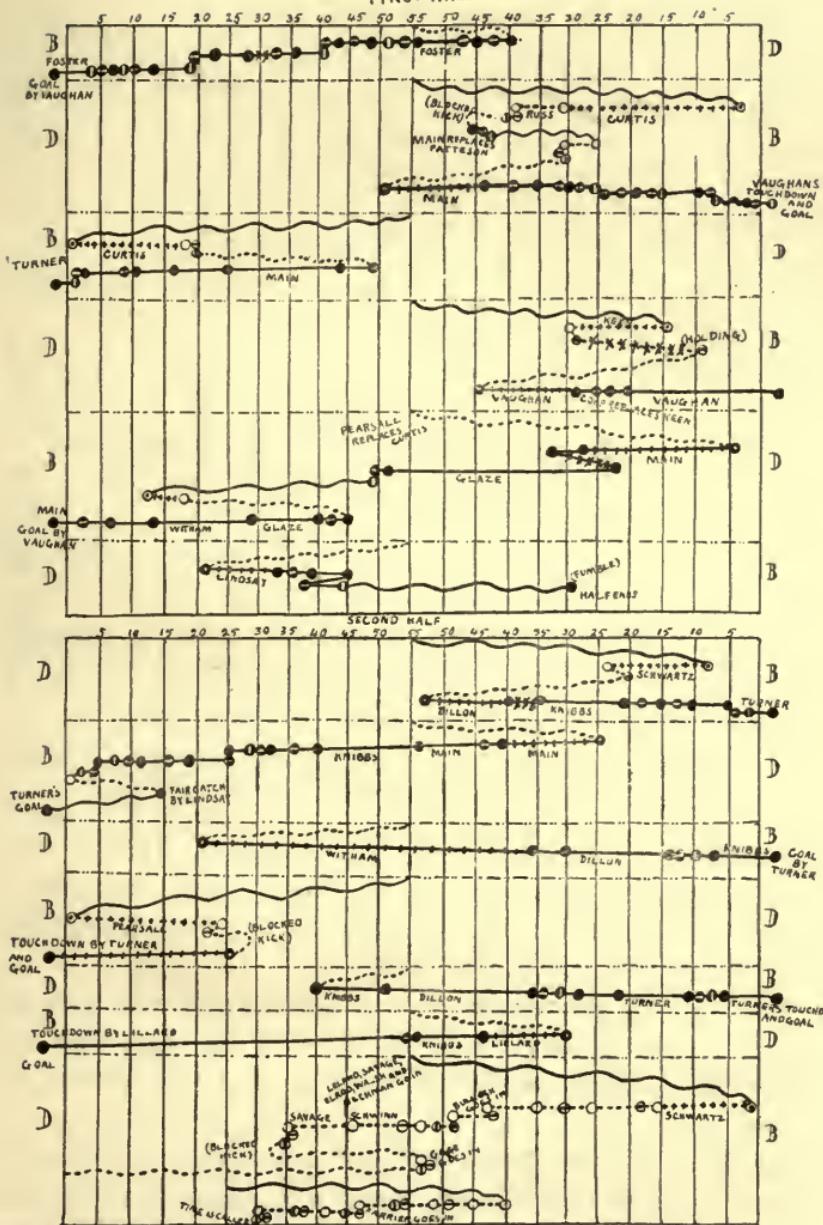
Average weight of backs, 162 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average age of eleven, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Average height of eleven, 5 ft. 10 in.

DARTMOUTH 62, BROWN 0.

FIRST HALF



## EXPLANATION

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DARTMOUTH RUSHES 84  
DECEMBER

**BROWN**  
**DARTMOUTH RUNS IN HIGH  
SCHOOL**

BROWN  
DAIRY MOUNTAIN MILK

DRAWMOUTH KID  
DRAWN

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• 2000 •

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PUNT OR KICK-OFF CAUGHT

FIRST DOWN  
SECOND -

SECOND -  
THIRD -

DARTMOUTH

1

1

8

BROWN

6

80

De

## SUMMARY OF SEASON.

Thus closed the remarkable season of 1903, the most successful in the history of the college. Dartmouth had swamped her old-time rivals, Amherst, Wesleyan, Williams and Brown, had outclassed Harvard, and with a crippled and half-formed team had outrushed the champions of the year three yards to one. The close of the season found only Princeton and Yale in her class, and so high a sporting authority as Trainer McMasters, of Harvard, considered Dartmouth by far the best team of the year.

"I have seen football for a good many years," said Mr. McMasters to a Boston Globe reporter, "but I never saw a heavier, faster, or better team than Dartmouth had. I am perfectly satisfied with the result of the game. We were simply licked by a better team. If Dartmouth were to play either Princeton or Yale with the team she had Saturday, I would back her with my last dollar." Other opinions of the same sort will be given later on, showing that critics who had closely followed the play in the eastern colleges, realized that Dartmouth, in the latter part of November, was the strongest team in the country. If anyone doubts this let him consider the following facts:

1. That Dartmouth, with Vaughan and Turner sick, and Clough, Patteson, Foster, Lindsay and Bulloek out of the game, outrushed, 225 yards to 69, the best eleven that Princeton could put in the field.
2. That on November 14th, Princeton's offense was not nearly as strong as Yale's, and that in the first half the Princeton defense could not begin to stop the Blue's advance.
3. That Yale's offense and defense, which had been so strong against the Tigers, were not nearly so effective

against Harvard, for the Blue was outrushed, 240 yards to 120.

4. That Harvard's attack, which tore up Yale and gained at will through Pennsylvania, was powerless against Dartmouth's line, while the Hanover eleven in less than two-thirds as much playing time, gained exactly twice as much ground through Harvard as Yale did.

Says Mr. Caspar Whitney, editor of "Outing," in his review of the season:

"Dartmouth played the fastest game of the year, and handled the ball the cleanest, from first to last, notwithstanding some loose work early in the season, notably at Princeton. The line was an unusually heavy and an exceptionally quick one, which got the jump on every opposing line it met; and the back field and forwards worked together as though tied. The backs got off like lightning. It was a well-captained, efficiently equipped combination, in my judgment not only outranking Yale, but entitled to follow Princeton so closely that the outcome of a game, as both teams finished their season, would be no foregone conclusion."

Mr. Whitney's ranking of the ten best teams in the country follows:

1. Princeton.
2. Dartmouth.
3. Yale.
4. Minnesota.
5. Michigan.
6. Harvard.
7. Carlisle.
8. West Point.
9. Columbia.
10. Pennsylvania.

Mr. Charles E. Patterson, in his review of the play in the East, after discussing the Yale-Princeton game, says of Dartmouth:

"Third in rank are the lusty men of Dartmouth, men not only of individual brilliancy, but of almost irresistible power as a team. They were the only eleven, outside of Yale's, to make any impression on Princeton's defense; they rushed the ball twice as far as any team they played; they buried the colleges formerly in their class; they completely outplayed Harvard, by 11 to 0, one week before the latter played Yale, and when all the Crimson regulars, save Bowditch, were in line. Their season was far more consistent than that of Harvard or Columbia, and their only serious setback was their Princeton defeat of 0 to 17. It must be said, in fairness," (Mr. Patterson is a graduate of Princeton,) "that they were at least as much below their subsequent game as, of course, was Princeton. Dartmouth's advance in football prominence seems to be proportionate to her general growth as an institution. She certainly is well out of the 'small college' class."

Mr. Patterson ranks the ten best teams in the East in the following order

1. Princeton.
2. Yale.
3. Dartmouth.
4. Harvard.
5. West Point.
6. Columbia.
7. Amherst.
8. Pennsylvania.
9. Lehigh.
10. Cornell.

Mr. Walter Camp, the old Yale player, in his comments on the season, makes no attempt to rank the teams, but discusses them in the following order: Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia, Carlisle, West Point, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell and Annapolis. Concerning Dartmouth he says:

"Dartmouth, which came so near to defeating Harvard last year, reaped rich satisfaction this year by winning a decisive victory over the lordly Crimson. Better than that, Dartmouth played a remarkably powerful game throughout the season, and, although defeated by Princeton, felt more cheerful a week later, when she knew she had been whipped by the champions of them all."

In discussing Harvard's misfortunes later on, he says, "In the Dartmouth game the next week they came up against a very powerful team, a team far better than the general public supposed, and it is not so surprising that they lost the game as it is that they were unable to gain ground." Had Mr. Camp ever bumped up against Henry Hooper, Bill Clough or Joe Gilman, or tried to gain ground through Bill Lindsay or Leigh Turner, he would have no further questions on this score.

A wonderful line; averaging over 215 pounds stripped, this quintet moved with the speed of much smaller men, getting the jump on every line they met. Dartmouth has always had star backs, but such forwards as these she had never seen before.

Henry Hooper was the center of the year. Even Short of Princeton, who so completely outplayed his Yale opponent, could make no impression on him. The heaviest lineman of the season, he yet was quick and agile, wonderful at keeping his feet, a great help to the runner, absolutely

impregnable on defense, and the most accurate and steadiest handler of the ball that the college world has seen for some time.

Joe Gilman was the best guard of 1903. The only two men who were in his class were John DeWitt and "Zeus" Marshall, both of whom Joe was called upon to face, and both of whom he completely outplayed. DeWitt was a great runner and dodger, a wonderful place kicker and punter, but when it came to playing guard, he was forced to give ground before the New Hampshire man, as was also Andrew Marshall.

Bill Clough was light for a guard on a championship team, weighing but 185 pounds, but his speed, knowledge of the game and fierce aggressiveness made him a worthy running mate for Gilman. In the Harvard game it was always through Clough that Witham aimed the play when three yards were needed for first down.

In the comments on the 1902 eleven I have said that "Vic" Place did not meet his match throughout the whole season until he struck Webb of Brown. I must correct this statement at once, for it is not true. He did meet his match, in fact, more than his match, every day that he faced Leigh Turner in practice. The veteran tackle was a hard man to handle, but the younger man handled him well, overcoming the other's knowledge and experience by his superior speed and strength. John Eckstorm had said of him that he would make the greatest tackle that ever played football for Dartmouth, and he fulfilled that prophecy to the letter. Think of Folsom and Segur, of Jones and "Squash" Little, of "Auntie" Lewis, of Putnam and Jack Griffin, and realize how much this means. One of the two star players of Dartmouth's greatest team: such he showed

himself. He sent his great, high kick-offs to the goal line and beyond time after time, he kicked goals from the field; he was almost as impregnable as Hooper himself on the defense, and on the offense he smashed the opposing line with the speed of a half-back and the strength of a mad bull. Hogan was the only taeckle of the year who was his equal on the offense, but the Dartmouth man was faster and better on the defense. Had Meier of Harvard reeovered from the effects of his tussle with Turner in time to get into the Yale game, this would have been plainly evident. With his splendid abilities in so many lines Turner was, with DeWitt and Witham, one of the great all-around players of the year.

There were many men in college who firmly believed that Bill Lindsay would never "make good" as a first-class taeckle. His great height, his slowness in starting, his apparent clumsiness, all tended to eonfirm this impression. The early games were poor ones to judge by, and although he played well against Williams, the injury which he received kept him out of the line-up until the last half of the Amherst game. Meanwhile "Wife" Jennings and Fred Crolius had taught him a thing or two, as he showed when they let him into the game. By his individual work in the first two plays he prevented all chanee of Amherst's scoring, and opened up a hole for Patteson's hundred yard dash for the goal. In the Harvard game he completely outplayed the veteran Knowlton, who was picked by both Camp and Whitney as an All-America man. It was in the Brown game, however, that he reached his climax and surprised his most ardent admirers. Higgins and Schwinn were fighting hard on the right, and it was through Captain Webb, Lindsay's opponent, that Witham was sending his plays.

There are no two ways about it, Bill Lindsay showed himself, that day, in a class with the best of them, Turner and Hogan not excepted.

Read the account of the Williams game and you will understand what Dartmouth lost when Matt. Bullock went out of the Princeton game with a dislocated shoulder. It was a year of great ends, yet, had this magnificent player gone through without injury, Davis and Henry, Rafferty, Bowditch and Shevlin would have had to look to their laurels.

The lightest man on Dartmouth's team was Walter Lillard, who tipped the scales at 150 pounds. Taking Bullock's place at left end, the Chicago boy put up a game which increased in excellence steadily as the season wore on. He reached his climax in the Harvard game, where he repulsed, for a loss, every attempt to circle his end, and furnished great interference for the runner. He was fast and sure, at times brilliant, and always reliable.

Lillard and Glaze were the "finds" of the year. Outside of these two the personnel of the final team was known from the beginning. Glaze's baseball record outshone his other abilities, but from the start he exhibited the same cool nerve and strength which were so evident the day that he held Yale down for nine innings while his team mates hammered out twelve runs. His wiry, muscular arms and shoulders stood him in good stead, and he could box an opposing tackle as well as any man who ever wore a "D." His place kicking was of high order, and in running with the ball he distinguished himself on many occasions.

The work and abilities of the Dartmouth backs were so thoroughly discussed at the close of last season that it is needless to repeat it here. Suffice it to say that they all had

improved, especially Foster. Amos had not been quite up to Knibbs in '02, but in '03 he surpassed him slightly on offense, and was almost his equal in defensive work. Jimmy Vaughan was called by many the best half-back of the year, but although steadier, less liable to injury and more versatile than Dillon or Patteson he was not as brilliant as these veteran players. In any other company he would have been a conspicuous star, but at Dartmouth he was marked above his comrades only by his stamina, his reliability and his unerring goal kicking. One goal missed throughout the season—and that at a bad angle, in the teeth of a strong wind and a driving rain!

The surprise of the season, at Hanover, was to see Dave Main develop into a player who, save for lack of experience, was right in a class with the other five. Indeed, with the possible exception of Foster, he did better work in the Brown game than any of the other backs.

The Boston Record hits the nail on the head when it calls the sextette "the most remarkable aggregation of high-class backs ever gathered together at any college." Charles E. Patterson, in Leslie's Weekly, says: "Dartmouth had a remarkable back field, consisting of two sets of the best backs in the country, between whom there was little choice."

We have spoken of them all except the captain, the life, the soul, the brains of the team. I cannot do better than to quote, at this time, the words of a well known young alumnus, on the occasion of his return from seeing the Harvard game. Said he, "Myron Witham aroused in me an admiration higher than I have ever felt for another Dartmouth athlete. He didn't fly around like a chicken with its head chopped off, as 'Mac' used to, sometimes, but he was so cool and masterful, so business-like and yet so inspiring, that

it did one's heart good to watch him." Yes, so it did. His voice rang out all through that stadium as no voice has ever sounded over a Harvard field before. He was there to win the game—win it he must. Foster and Knibbs, Turner and Dillon, Vaughan and Patteson were but his pawns and pieces. He was the master, the general in charge. They were the weapons by which the enemy were struck down, his the skilful hand that hurled them. No one who saw the game could doubt the wisdom of Caspar Whitney and Charles E. Patterson, who chose the Dartmouth man as captain of the All-America team.

Mr. Whitney, who was the first man to make out an All-America team, and who is the most experienced and impartial of the critics, picks two Dartmouth men, Hooper and Witham, for his all-star eleven, as against three each from Yale and Princeton, and one each from Michigan, Minnesota and Harvard. Taking his first and second elevens, however, we find five Dartmouth men (the two mentioned above, and Gilman, Turner and Vaughan) as against four each from Princeton and Yale, two each from Michigan and West Point, three from Harvard, and one apiece from Carlisle and Minnesota.

Mr. Patterson confines his all-star eleven to men from Princeton, Dartmouth and Yale, choosing five men from among the ranks of his alma mater, three from Dartmouth and three from Yale. The Hanover men are Gilman, Turner and Witham, on whom he comments as follows: "Gilman of Dartmouth, weighing 220 pounds, of ideal build, stout in defense, and working beautifully with his center in attack."

"Turner, of Dartmouth, a bull in strength, 210 pounds in weight, and a line-bucker of fierce powers, is an easy second" (to Hogan).

"Witham has thoroughly earned the honor of the best quarter-back in the East. His chief advantages over Rockwell are, his greater weight, 171 pounds to 148; his immunity from injury; his ground-gaining abilities, Witham having been the only quarter-back to have systematically taken advantage of the new rules; and his splendidly placed long-distance punting. Both are excellent leaders, having fine judgment and getting all possible work out of their teams."

On his first two elevens Mr. Patterson places six Dartmouth men (Hooper, Vaughan and Foster on the second), six from Princeton, six from Yale, two from Harvard and one each from West Point and Pennsylvania.

Thirteen Dartmouth men are accorded honorable mention, as are twelve Princetonians, nine from Yale and six from Harvard.

Bullock and Glaze are named among the eight best ends of the year; "Lindsay, of Dartmouth," says Mr. Patterson, "is another giant, who, especially in defensive work, could not be omitted from any All-American eleven except for such a wealth of material." Gage is named among the ten best guards of the year. Hooper is placed second to Short because of the latter's greater versatility, although the critic admits that in many ways the Dartmouth man is the better of the two. "Hooper is one of the strongest centers ever seen on a college field," says Mr. Patterson, "and has a brilliant future before him." In speaking of the back field candidates he says, "Dartmouth had a remarkable back field, consisting of two sets of the best backs in the country, between whom there was little choice. Vaughan, Patterson and Dillon were three backs of such exceptional abilities, strength and carrying powers that it is hard to select Vaughan to the exclusion of the other two." After picking

Farmer (Dubsy's brother) as the best full-back of the year, Mr. Patterson adds, "Yet there is little choice as between him and Foster and Knibbs of Dartmouth."

Mr. Walter Camp includes four Dartmouth men (Hooper, Witham, Gilman and Turner) in his All-America elevens, as against four each from Princeton and Yale, and three from Harvard. Hooper, however, is the only Dartmouthite to be chosen for the first eleven, although "Zeus" Marshall is given left-guard.

Dartmouth men figured prominently in All-America teams chosen by the sporting editors of leading New York and Boston papers. The majority of them gave us three men, all agreeing on Hooper and Witham, but variously choosing Turner, Gilman or Foster for the third (or fourth).

The following comments upon Dartmouth's play may prove of interest:

"Without doubt one of the biggest surprises of the season was the development of Dartmouth into a team little short of the first magnitude. As Daniel Webster remarked on a celebrated occasion, Dartmouth is a small college; its resources for playing material are comparatively limited. Yet it built up an eleven which, for all-around finish, is worthy of comparison with any of the season. Its attack was smooth, perfectly organized, and executed with a dash and unity difficult to excel or to stop. Its defense was strong and well drilled and cool. There were better players on other teams, and other elevens had a higher average of individual ability, but none turned out a better organized machine. Dartmouth scored a total of 242 points, against 23 for her opponents. Only two elevens scored against her, Princeton being her only successful rival, and Princeton's triumph was won early in the season, when Princeton had

already reached a high state of development and was probably a better team than when she beat Yale. The pith of it is, ‘the Big Four’ is reduced to the ‘Big Three,’ the components of which are Princeton, Yale, and Dartmouth.”—New York Tribune.

“Jaek McMasters, the Harvard trainer, has expressed the opinion that Dartmouth had the greatest football team of the year in the East. In fact, he believes that the Dartmouth eleven was the greatest ever turned out by any college in the history of the game. ‘The Dartmouth players were in their real form,’ says McMasters, ‘when they beat us 11 to 0 and Brown 62 to 0. They were at their highest point of development when they met Brown, and they simply bowled the Providence men over like men of straw. I never saw such strapping fellows in my life, and in addition they knew the game thoroughly. The moment I clapped eyes on them I knew it was all up with us.’”—New York Journal.

“A team that could walk that Harvard team from one end of the gridiron to the other and only permit them within their own territory once or twice in the game comes pretty close to leading the big four or any other four. Hats off to Coach Folsom and his Dartmouth boys, the greatest team that has represented the Green and mighty close to the greatest team of 1903.”—Boston Traveler.

“The Dartmouth eleven sustained its great reputation, and proved conclusively that it is the equal of any of the Eastern teams. If the mighty Princeton aggregation had faced Dartmouth Thanksgiving Day it is an open question whether Dartmouth would not have come out victorious. Such a magnificent exhibition of team play as the New Hampshire eleven gave has seldom been seen on a college gridiron.”—Brown Herald.

"It is the concensus of opinion at Cambridge that the Dartmouth team is a much better one than that of Yale."  
—New York Evening Post.

"If Dartmouth had played Yale with the same team that she had against Harvard, I should have staked my last dollar on their team. I consider them the best team in the country. What scores they made before they played Harvard don't count. I mean the Princeton game, of course. They were not in their real shape then. In fact, they were n't in their best shape when they played us. We were not their climax. Brown is their climax, just as Yale is Harvard's, and they were as much better a team two weeks after the game with us as we were one week after our game with them. People say, 'Oh, yes, Dartmouth had a heavy team, but then, weight don't count.' I tell you weight does count when it is like Dartmouth's weight. I never saw such men, great, big, strapping fellows, and not an ounce of fat on them. They're the fellows that play football. Yes, sir, in my mind Dartmouth was easily the best of 'em this year. And I'll tell you another thing, you'll have to look a long way to find a team that could ever have shown its heels to them."—Trainer McMasters, Harvard, in Boston Globe.

"Aside from its own brilliant season, Phillips-Exeter takes much satisfaction in the showing made by her old players in the big football games this season. At Yale, Hogan and Rockwell are Exeter men, as are Cooney and Moore at Princeton, while on the Dartmouth eleven are Witham, Gilman, Knibbs, Dillon and Hooper."—Boston Herald.

Now, having printed what Harvard men, and Princeton men, and Yale men have to say about the relative strength

of the various elevens, and how they should be ranked, may I be permitted to give the humble opinion of a Dartmouth man?

You won't find in the length and breadth of this land a Dartmouth man who does not believe that our team, in its final perfection, could have cleaned up any eleven in the country, East or West. And if we all believe it, and Head-Coach Williams of Penn., and Head-Coach Murphy of Brown, and Trainer McMasters of Harvard dare to come out in print and say it openly, why should we not be as frank, and say honestly, that we give our own team first rank among the elevens of 1903?

Amherst beat Harvard, in mid-season, yet no critic was foolish enough to rank her above the Crimson at the end of the season. Why then, if Harvard could become a better team than Amherst, could not Dartmouth, in a like space of time, become a better team than Princeton? They could; and what is more, they did!

The strength at the end of the season, that is what counts; and on this basis, is not this a fair ranking of the teams?

1. Dartmouth.
2. Yale.
3. Princeton.
4. Harvard.
5. Carlisle.
6. West Point.
7. Pennsylvania.
8. Holy Cross.
9. Lehigh.
10. Columbia.
11. Cornell.

When Yale scored her touchdown on Princeton, the Blue's superior strength was so evident that bets were freely offered that her total score would reach 24, and had it not been for fumbling of the most inexcusable variety, such must have been the result. The following week saw this error corrected, and had Yale met the Tigers on the day of their final contest, it must have been a decided victory for the Blue.

Columbia beat Pennsylvania in mid-season, yet was not in her class on Thanksgiving Day. The New Yorkers escaped defeat at the hands of Cornell only by the Ithacans' fumble on the 10 yard line, while Pennsylvania, ten days later, swamped the Red and White, 42 to 0.

Holy Cross had a notable season. Defeated only by Yale and Dartmouth, they scored 10 points on the Blue, beat U. of M., champions of Maine, trounced Tufts, and smothered Amherst, conquerors of Harvard, 36 to 0.

Poor old Harvard! It was bad enough to be beaten, even through a fluke, by Amherst; but to be pushed back the length of the gridiron twice by a team representing a college one-sixth the size of their own—it was too much.

They expected to be beaten by Yale, and had rushed the stadium to completion in order that it might not be christened by a defeat,—only to see their team outclassed by a rival which they had affected to despise. Truly, as one Cambridge student said on November 21st, "Never did the sky appear so blue nor the earth so green!"

To hastily sum up, for the last time, this season: Dartmouth beat M. A. C., 12 to 0, Holy Cross 18 to 0, Vermont 36 to 0, Union 34 to 0, and Williams 17 to 0. She was beaten by Princeton 17 to 0, but showed greater strength on both offense and defense, than did the Tigers. A member

of the Dartmouth eleven, in a letter to the writer, says of this game: "Personally, I played the worst game, mentally and physically, that I have played all season, and I can say as much for almost every man on the team, captain included. About the decisions of the officials you have probably heard."

Dartmouth beat Wesleyan 34 to 6 and Amherst 18 to 0, the high wind assisting the latter team to keep the score down. On November 14th, the Hanover eleven made its name famous for all time, outclassing Harvard 11 to 0, before 20,000 spectators, in the first game in the new stadium, then set a new mark for championship games in the East by smothering her old-time rival, Brown, 62 to 0.





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